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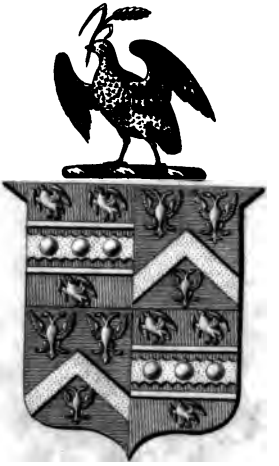

Joseph Ashley Partridge.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE,

WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

VOL. II.

Father and God of mercy, give me Wisdom, the
assistant of thy seats: send her from thy
holy heavens, from the seat of thy greatness;
that she may be present with me, and
labour with me, and teach me what
is acceptable to Thee!

THE

WORKS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SIR WILLIAM JONES embarked for India in the Crocodile frigate; and in April, 1783, left his native country, to which he was never to return, with the unavailing regret and affectionate wishes of his numerous friends and admirers.

As to himself, the melancholy impressions which he could not but feel on such an occasion, were alleviated by various considerations. The expectations of five years were now accomplished in the attainment of his wishes; he anticipated the utility of his official labours to the public, and the occupation

ſo peculiarly delightful to him, of inveſtigating unexplored mines of literature. Sir William Jones was now in his thirty-ſeventh year, in the full vigour of his faculties, and he looked forward with ardour to the pleaſures and advantages ariſing from his ſituation in India, without any apprehenſion that the climate of that country would prove hoſtile to his conſtitution. A difference of opinion on great political queſtions, without diminiſhing his regard for his friends, had narrowed his habits of intercourſe with ſome whom he ſincerely eſteemed, and he felt therefore the leſs regret in quitting thoſe whoſe principles he wiſhed to approve, but from whom, an adherence to his own frequently compelled him to diſſent. He reflected with pleaſure on the independency of his ſtation, that the line of duty, which it preſcribed, was ſtrait and defined, and in leaving his native country, for which he retained the warmeſt affection, he was not ſorry to abandon all political cares and diſcuſſions. But his greateſt conſolation and enjoyment were derived from the ſociety of Lady Jones.

To thoſe who are deſtitute of internal reſources, whoſe habits have led them to ſeek for amuſement in the miſcellaneous occurrences and topics of the day only, a ſea voyage is a period of fatigue, languor, and anxiety. To Sir William Jones every new ſcene was intereſting, and his mind, exerciſed by inceſſant ſtudy and reflection, poſſeſſed an inexhauſtible fund of ſubjects; which he could at pleaſure ſelect and apply to the purpoſes of recreation and improvement, but his application during his voyage was more particularly directed to thoſe ſtudies, by which he was to enlarge the requiſite qualifications for diſcharging the duties of his public ſtation, with ſatisfaction to himſelf, and benefit to the community*.

* The following memorandum was written by Sir William Jones during his voyage.

Objects of Enquiry during my residence in Asia.

1. The Laws of the Hindus and Mohammedans.
2. The History of the *Ancient* World.
3. Proofs and Illustrations of Scripture.
4. Traditions concerning the Deluge, &c.
5. Modern Politics and Geography of Hindustan.
6. Best Mode of governing Bengal.

The following short letter to Lord Ashburton, written a few weeks after his em-

7. Arithmetic and Geometry, and mixed Sciences of the Asiatics.
8. Medicine, Chemistry, Surgery, and Anatomy of the Indians.
9. Natural Productions of India.
10. Poetry, Rhetoric, and Morality of Asia.
11. Music of the Eastern Nations.
12. The Shi-King, or 300 Chinese Odes.
13. The best accounts of Tibet and Cashmir.
14. Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Commerce of India.
15. Mogul Constitution, contained in the Defteri Alemghiri, and Ayein Acbari.
16. Mahratta Constitution.

To print and publish the *Gospel* of St. Luke in Arabic.

To publish Law Tracts in Persian or Arabic.

To print and publish the *Psalms* of *David* in Persian Verse.

To compose, if God grant me Life,

1. Elements of the Laws of England.
   Model—The Essay on Bailment—Aristotle.
2. The History of the *American* War.
   Model—Thucydides and Polybius.
3. Britain discovered, an Heroic Poem on the Constitution of England. Machinery. Hindu Gods.
   Model—Homer.
4. Speeches, Political and Forensic.
   Model—Demosthenes.
5. Dialogues, Philosophical and Historical.
   Model—Plato.
6. Letters. *Model*—Demosthenes and Plato.

12th July, 1783. Crocodile Frigate.

barkation, may not be unacceptable to the reader:

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Lord ASHBURTON.

April 27, 1783.

Your kind letter found me on board the Crocodile: I ſhould have been very unhappy had it miſſed me, ſince I have long habituated myſelf to ſet the higheſt value on every word you ſpeak, and every line you write. Of the two incloſed letters to our friends, Impey and Chambers, I will take the greateſt care, and will punctually follow your directions as to the firſt of them. My departure was ſudden indeed; but the Admiralty were ſo anxious for the ſailing of this frigate, and their orders were ſo peremptory, that it was impoſſible to wait for any thing but a breeze. Our voyage has hitherto been tolerably pleaſant, and, ſince we left the Channel, very quick. We begin to ſee albicores about the ſhip,

and to perceive an agreeable change of climate. Our days, though ſhort, give me ample time for ſtudy, recreation, and exerciſe; but my joy and delight proceed from the ſurpriſing health and ſpirits of Anna Maria, who joins me in affectionate remembrance to Lady Aſhburton. As to you, my dear Lord, we conſider you as the ſpring and fountain of our happineſs, as the author and parent, (a Roman would have added, what the coldneſs of our northern language will hardly admit) the *god* of our fortunes. It is poſſible indeed, that by inceſſant labour and irkſome attendance at the bar, I might in due time have attained all that my very limited ambition could aſpire to; but in no other ſtation than that which I owe to your friendſhip, could I have gratified at once my boundleſs curioſity concerning the people of the Eaſt, continued the exerciſe of my profeſſion, in which I ſincerely delight, and enjoyed at the ſame time the comforts of domeſtic life. The grand jury of Denbighſhire, have found, I underſtand, the bill

againſt the Dean of St. Aſaph, for publiſhing my dialogue; but as an indictment for a theoretical eſſay on government was I believe never before known, I have no apprehenſion for the conſequences. As to the doctrines in the tract, though I ſhall certainly not preach them to the Indians, who muſt and will be governed by abſolute power, yet I ſhall go through life with a perſuaſion, that they are juſt and rational, that ſubſtantial freedom is both the daughter and parent of virtue, and that virtue is the only ſource of public and private felicity. Farewell.

* * * * * *

In the courſe of the voyage he ſtopped at Madeira, and, in ten additional weeks of proſperous ſailing from the rugged iſlands of Cape Verd, arrived at Hinzuan or Joanna. Of this iſland, where he remained a few days only, he has publiſhed an intereſting and amuſing deſcription. He expatiates with rapture on his approach to it, delineates with the ſkill of an artiſt the beauties of the ſcenery, and ſketches with the diſcriminating pen

of a philoſopher, the characters and manners of the unpoliſhed but hoſpitable natives. The novelty of the ſcene was attractive, and its impreſſion upon his mind is ſtrongly marked by the following juſt and elegant reflection, which in ſubſtance is more than once repeated in his writings:—"If life were not "too ſhort for the complete diſcharge of all "our reſpective duties, public and private, "and for the acquiſition even of neceſſary "knowledge in any degree of perfection, "with how much pleaſure and improve-"ment might a great part of it be ſpent in "admiring the beauties of this wonderful "orb, and contemplating the nature of man "in all its varieties*!"

But it would be injuſtice to his memory, to paſs over without particular notice, the ſenſible and dignified rebuke, with which he repelled the rude attack of Muſſulman bigotry on the divinity of our Saviour. During a viſit which he made to a native of the iſland, a Coran was produced for his inſpec-

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. iv. p. 274.

tion, and his attention was pointedly directed to a paſſage in a commentary accuſing the Chriſtians of blaſphemy, in calling our Saviour the Son of God. "The commentator (he replied) was much to blame for "paſſing ſo indiſcriminate and haſty a cenſure; the title which gave your legiſlator, "and which gives you ſuch offence, was "often applied in *Judea* by a bold figure, "agreeably to the *Hebrew* idiom, though "unuſual in *Arabic*, to *angels*, to *holy men*, "and even to *all mankind*, who are commanded to call God their father; and in "this large ſenſe, the Apoſtle to the Romans "calls the elect the *children* of God, and "the Meſſiah the *firſt born among many brethren*; but the words *only begotten* are applied tranſcendantly and incomparably to "him alone; and as for me, who believe "the Scriptures which you alſo profeſs to "believe, though you aſſert without proof "that we have altered them, I cannot refuſe "him an appellation, though far ſurpaſſing "our reaſon, by which he is diſtinguiſhed

" in the Goſpel; and the believers in Mo-
" hammed, who expreſsly names him the
" Meſſiah, and pronounces him to have
" been born of a virgin (which alone might
" fully juſtify the phraſe condemned by this
" author) are themſelves condemnable, for
" cavilling at words, when they cannot ob-
" ject to the ſubſtance of our faith, con-
" ſiſtently with their own*."

This quotation affords a deciſive proof of the belief of Sir William Jones, in the ſublime doctrines of the Chriſtian religion. Had he been an infidel, he would have ſmiled at the ſcoffs of Muſſulman bigotry; and had he been indifferent to his faith, he would have been ſilent on an occaſion, where he could expect neither candour nor conceſſions from his antagoniſts. Indeed he was well aware, that a religious diſpute with thoſe zealots, would have been fruitleſs and unſeaſonable, and might have been dangerous; but, as it was inconſiſtent with his principles, to diſavow or conceal what he firmly believed

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. iv. p. 269.

and profeſſed, he could not ſuffer the attack to paſs without reprehenſion, and he grounded it on premiſes, which his opponents could not diſpute, nor did they venture to anſwer.

From Hinzuan to the Ganges, nothing material occurred, and he landed at Calcutta, in September 1783. His reputation had preceded his arrival, which was anxiouſly expected, and he had the happineſs to find, that his appointment had diffuſed a general ſatisfaction, which his preſence now rendered complete. The Students of the Oriental languages were eager to welcome a ſcholar, whoſe erudition in that branch of literature was unrivalled, and whoſe labours and genius had aſſiſted their progreſs; while the public rejoiced in the poſſeſſion of a magiſtrate, whoſe probity and independence were no leſs acknowledged than his abilities.

With what rapture he himſelf contemplated his new ſituation, may be more eaſily conceived than deſcribed. As a magiſtrate of the ſupreme court of judicature, he had

now that opportunity, which he ever ardently desired, of devoting his talents to the service of his native country, and of promoting the happiness of the community in which he resided; while the history, antiquities, natural productions, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, opened an extensive and almost boundless field to his enquiries. He was now placed amidst a people, whose pretensions to antiquity had hitherto eluded research, and whose manners, religion, and customs, still retained the same characteristical peculiarities, by which they were originally distinguished. Time, who spreads the veil of oblivion over the opinions and works of mankind, who annihilates empires and the records of their existence, had spared the doctrines and language of the followers of Brama, and amidst the ravages of conquest and oppressions of tyranny, seemed to protect with parental care some of the earliest monuments of his reign. The Hindoos in fact presented to the observation of Sir William Jones, a living picture of antiquity;

and although the colouring might be ſomewhat faded and obſcured, the lineaments of the original character were ſtill diſcernible by the moſt ſuperficial obſerver, whilſt he remarked them with diſcrimination and rapture.

In December 1783, he entered upon his judicial functions, and, at the opening of the ſeſſions, delivered his firſt charge to the grand jury. The public had formed a high eſtimate of his oratorical powers, nor were they diſappointed. His addreſs was elegant, conciſe, and appropriate; the expoſition of his ſentiments and principles was equally manly and conciliatory, and calculated to inſpire general ſatisfaction, as the known ſincerity of his character was a teſt of his adherence to his profeſſions. In glancing at diſſentions, which, at no remote period, had unfortunately prevailed between the ſupreme executive and judicial powers in Bengal, he ſhewed that they might and ought to be avoided, that the functions of both were diſtinct, and could be exerciſed without danger

of colliſion, in promoting what ſhould be the object of both, the public good.

In the intervals of leiſure from his profeſſional duties, he directed his attention to ſcientific objects; he ſoon ſaw that the field of reſearch in India, was of an extent to baffle the induſtry of any individual; and that whatever ſucceſs might attend his own indefatigable labours, it could only be explored by the united efforts of many. With theſe ideas, he deviſed the inſtitution of a ſociety in Calcutta, on the plan of thoſe eſtabliſhed in the principal cities of Europe, as beſt calculated to excite and facilitate the enquiries of the ingenious, as affording the means of preſerving the numerous little tracts and eſſays, which otherwiſe would be loſt to the public, and of concentrating all the valuable knowledge, which might be obtained in Aſia. The ſuggeſtion was received with the greateſt ſatisfaction by ſeveral gentlemen to whom he communicated it, and the members of the new aſſociation aſſembled for the firſt time, in January 1784.

The repetition of a narrative, which has already appeared in ſeveral publications*, may be deemed ſuperfluous; but a detail of the circumſtances attending the formation of an Inſtitution, of which Sir William Jones was not only the founder, but the brighteſt ornament, cannot with propriety be omitted in the memoirs of his life.

It had been reſolved to follow, as nearly as poſſible, the plan of the Royal Society in London, of which the King is the patron, and at the firſt meeting, it was therefore agreed, to addreſs the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, explaining the objects of the ſociety, and ſoliciting the honour of their patronage, which was granted in the moſt flattering terms of approbation. The members next proceeded to the nomination of a preſident: and as Warren Haſtings, Eſquire, then Governor-General of India, had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as the firſt libéral promoter of uſeful knowledge in Bengal, and eſpecially

* Asiatic Researches, vol. i. Introduction. The account is omitted in the works of Sir William Jones.

as the great encourager of Perſian and Sanſcrit literature, they deemed him entitled to every mark of diſtinction, which it was in their power to offer: and although they were aware, that the numerous and important duties of his public ſtation, might prove an inſurmountable objection to his acquieſcence, they nevertheleſs determined to ſolicit his acceptance of the honorary title of preſident of the ſociety, as a juſt tribute of reſpect, which the occaſion ſeemed to demand, and which could not have been omitted, without an appearance of inattention to his diſtinguiſhed merit.

The application was received with the acknowledgment due to the motives which dictated it: but Mr. Haſtings, for the reaſons which had been anticipated, declined his acceptance of the proffered title, and "begged "leave to reſign his pretenſions to the gen-"tleman, whoſe genius had planned the in-"ſtitution, and was moſt capable of conduct-"ing it, to the attainment of the great and "ſplendid purpoſes of its formation." Sir

William Jones, upon the receipt of this anſwer, was immediately and unanimouſly requeſted to accept the preſidency of the ſociety. On this occaſion, he addreſſed the following letter to Mr. Haſtings:

MY DEAR SIR;

Independently of my general preſumption, that whatever you determine is right, I cannot but admit the ſolidity of the reaſons, which induce you to decline that precedence, to which, if our ſociety were in its full vigour inſtead of being in its cradle, you would have a title paramount to all, who have been, are, or will be, in this country. Every part of your letter (except that which your kind indulgence makes ſo honourable to me) carries with it the cleareſt conviction. Your firſt reaſon (namely, an unwillingneſs to accept an honorary truſt, and want of leiſure for one, that may require an active part) muſt appear ſatisfactory to all. I truſt, you will conſider our act as proceeding ſolely from our anxiety to give you that diſtinction, which juſtice obliged us to give. As to myſelf, I

could never have been ſatisfied, if, in traverſing the ſea of knowledge, I had fallen in with a ſhip of your rate and ſtation, without ſtriking my flag. One thing more, my dear Sir, I muſt aſſure you of, that in whatever manner your objections had been ſtated, I ſhould have thought them juſt and wiſe; and if it were not for the pleaſure, which your friendly communication of them has given me, I ſhould repent of the trouble which our intended homage has occaſioned.

I return Mr. Turner's letters, with many thanks for the entertainment which Lady J. and myſelf have received from them. I promiſe myſelf much delight and inſtruction from his converſation, and hope that when he ſhall think proper to communicate a relation of his travels *, he will prefer our ſociety to that of London. I will pay my re-

* This relation was published in 1800, under the title of "An Account of an Embassy to the Court of Teshoo Lama in Tibet;" &c., by Captain Samuel Turner. It is exceedingly curious and interesting. The author, whose amiable manners and good qualities had endeared him to his friends, was seized with an apoplexy as he was walking the streets of London, and died within two days.

ſpects to you in the evening, and am concerned, from a ſelfiſh motive, that the place where I now write, will ſo ſoon loſe one of its greateſt advantages. Believe me to be, with unfeigned regard, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient ſervant,

WILLIAM JONES.

* * * * * *

To this public and private record of the merit of Mr. Haſtings, in promoting and encouraging the purſuits of literature in Aſia, the addition of any further teſtimony muſt be ſuperfluous; yet I cannot deny myſelf the ſatisfaction of ſtating briefly the grounds of his claims to that diſtinction, which excited the acknowledgments and prompted the ſolicitation of the ſociety.

Mr. Haſtings entered into the ſervice of the Eaſt-India company, with all the advantages of a regular claſſical education, and with a mind ſtrongly impreſſed with the pleaſures of literature. The common dialects of Bengal, after his arrival in that country, ſoon became familiar to him; and at a period

when the uſe and importance of the Perſian language were ſcarcely ſuſpected, and when the want of that grammatical and philological aſſiſtance, which has facilitated the labours of ſucceeding ſtudents, rendered the attainment of it a taſk of peculiar difficulty, he acquired a proficiency in it. His ſucceſs not only contributed to make known the advantages of the acquiſition, but proved an inducement to others to follow his example, and the general knowledge of the Perſian language, which has been ſince attained by the ſervants of the Eaſt-India company, has conſpired to produce political effects of the greateſt national importance, by promoting and accelerating the improvements, which have taken place in the ſyſtem of internal adminiſtration in Bengal.

If Mr. Haſtings cannot claim the merit of having himſelf explored the mine of Sanſcrit literature, he is eminently entitled to the praiſe of having invited and liberally encouraged the reſearches of others. But he has a claim to commendations of a higher nature;

for a conduct no leſs favourable to the cauſe of literature, than to the advancement of the Britiſh influence in India, by removing that reſerve and diſtruſt in the profeſſors of the Braminical Faith, which had taught them to view with ſuſpicion all attempts to inveſtigate their code, and to apprehend the infringement of its ordinances, in our political rule. The importance of his ſucceſs will be readily acknowledged by thoſe, whoſe obſervation qualifies them to form a due eſtimate of it; and to thoſe who have not had the advantages of local experience, the communication of my own may not be unſatisfactory.

The ſpirit of the Mohammedan religion is adverſe to every appearance of idolatry, and the conqueſt of Hinduſtan by the Muſſulmans, was proſecuted with the zeal of a religious cruſade. The rage of proſelytiſm was united with the ambition of dominion, and the ſubverſion of the Hindu ſuperſtition was always conſidered a religious obligation, the diſcharge of which might indeed be ſuſpended by political conſiderations, but could

never be renounced: and, notwithſtanding occaſional marks of toleration in ſome of the emperors of Hinduſtan, or their viceroys, their Hindu ſubjects were ever beheld by them, in the contemptuous light of infidels and idolaters. They were of courſe naturally diſpoſed to apprehend the effects of a ſimilar bigotry and intolerance in their European governors, ſo widely diſcriminated from themſelves in manners, language, and religion. The Bramins, too, (who had the feelings common to the bulk of the people,) deemed themſelves precluded by laws, in their opinion of ſacred and eternal obligation, from any development of their ſecret doctrines to a race of people, who could only be ranked in the loweſt of the four claſſes of mankind, and to whom, with little exception, their ſecrecy and reſerve had hitherto proved impenetrable. To ſurmount theſe obſtacles, to ſubdue the jealouſy and prejudices of the Bramins, and to diminiſh the apprehenſions of the people at large, required a conduct regulated by the moſt liberal and equitable

principles, and the influence of perſonal intercourſe and conciliation. The compilation of a code of laws by Pundits, convened by the invitation of Mr. Haſtings, the Perſian verſion of it, made under their immediate inſpection, and the tranſlation of the Bagvhat Geeta, a work containing all the grand myſteries of the Braminical Faith, are incontrovertible proofs of the ſucceſs of his efforts, to inſpire confidence in minds where diſtruſt was habitual, while a variety of uſeful publications, undertaken at his ſuggeſtion, demonſtrate the beneficial effects of his patronage and encouragement of Oriental literature.

Amongſt the original members of the ſociety, who ſubſcribed the addreſs to the Governor-General and Council, propoſing the inſtitution, will be found the names of ſeveral who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their proficiency in Oriental learning; of Mr. William Chambers, whoſe knowledge of the dialects on the coaſt of Coromandel, as well as of Perſian and Arabic literature, was critical

and extenſive, and his leaſt praiſe; of Mr. Francis Gladwyn, the author of many works calculated to aſſiſt the ſtudents of the Perſian language, the tranſlator of various Oriental manuſcripts, and particularly of the inſtitutes of Akbar, the wiſeſt, greateſt, and moſt tolerant monarch, that ever ſwayed the ſceptre of India*; of Captain Charles Hamilton,

* The toleration of Akbar, and his curiosity to investigate the religious tenets of other nations, have exposed him to the charge of heresy amongst the Mohammedans in general. In a collection of his letters, published by his learned minister Ab-ul-fuzl, there is one addressed to the king of Portugal, in which he censures in the strongest terms, the slavish propensity of mankind, to adopt the religious principles of their fathers and those amongst whom they have been brought up, without evidence or investigation; he avows his own pleasure and profit, in conversing with the learned professors of different persuasions, and desires that some person of that character, conversant in the Oriental and European languages, may be sent to him. He also requests translations of the *heavenly books*, the Pentateuch, Psalms, and Gospels, or of any others of general utility.

In a code of instructions, specifically addressed to the officers of his empire, I find the two following passages:

" Do not molest mankind on account of their religious " principles. If in the affairs of this world, which are " transitory and perishable, a prudent man is guided by a " regard to his interest; still less, in spiritual concerns, " which are eternal, whilst he retains his senses, will he

who publiſhed a tranſlation of the Hedaiya, a code of Mohammedan laws, which has been found of great uſe in the adminiſtration of juſtice in Bengal; and of Charles Wilkins, Eſquire, the firſt Engliſhman who acquired a critical knowledge of the language of the Bramins, and who by the application of rare talents and induſtry, by his own perſonal exertions, invented and caſt types of the Debnagree, Perſic, and Bengaleſe characters, in ſuch perfection, that no ſucceeding attempts have exhibited any improvement upon his labours. Of theſe names, two only ſurvive.

The loſs of Mr. Chambers muſt be particularly lamented, by all who feel an intereſt in communicating a knowledge of the doc-

" adopt what is pernicious. If truth be on his side, do " not oppose it and molest him; but if it be with you, and " he from want of understanding should have imbibed " erroneous notions, ignorance is his malady, and he is " to be considered an object of your compassion and " assistance, not of molestation and severity. Keep on " good terms with the upright and virtuous *of all per-* " *suasions.*

" The best adoration, which man in this world can " pay to his Maker, is duly to administer the affairs of his " creatures, discarding passion and affection, and without " distinction of friend or foe, relation or stranger."

trines of ſalvation, to the natives of India. In an early period of life he ſaw and felt the truth and importance of the Chriſtian Religion, and while his own conduct exhibited the ſtrength of his conviction, he thought it a duty to employ his talents and acquirements in diſſeminating amongſt the untaught natives a knowledge of that faith, which he regarded of ſupreme and univerſal importance. In this view, he determined to undertake a tranſlation of the New Teſtament into Perſian, and devoted all his leiſure to the performance of this taſk, with the moſt zealous ſolicitude to make it accurate; but he had not completed half the Goſpel of St. Matthew, when it pleaſed Providence to call him out of this life.

Such, amongſt others, were the original members of the ſociety formed at Calcutta, for enquiring into the hiſtory, antiquities, the natural productions, arts, ſciences, and literature of Aſia, under the patronage of Sir William Jones, who at the firſt meeting after the inſtitution was completed, in his capacity

of preſident, unfolded, in an elegant and appropriate addreſs, the objects propoſed for their reſearches, and concluded with a promiſe, which he amply diſcharged, of communicating the reſult of his own ſtudies and enquiries. That he might be qualified to perform this promiſe, in a manner worthy his high reputation, as well as from more commanding motives, he determined to commence without loſs of time the ſtudy of the Sanſcrit. His reflection had before ſuggeſted, that a knowledge of this ancient tongue would be of the greateſt utility, in enabling him to diſcharge with confidence and ſatisfaction to himſelf, the duties of a judge; and he ſoon diſcovered, what ſubſequent experience fully confirmed, that no reliance could be placed on the opinions or interpretations of the profeſſors of the Hindù law, unleſs he were qualified to examine their authorities and quotations, and detect their errors and miſrepreſentations. On the other hand, he knew that all attempts to explore the religion or literature of India, through any other medium than a

knowledge of the Sanſcrit, muſt be imperfect and unſatisfactory; it was evident, that the moſt erroneous and diſcordant opinions on theſe ſubjects, had been circulated by the ignorance of thoſe who had collected their information from oral communications only, and that the pictures exhibited in Europe, of the religion and literature of India, could only be compared to the maps conſtructed by the natives, in which every poſition is diſtorted, and all proportion violated. As a lawyer, he knew the value and importance of original documents and records, and as a ſcholar and man of ſcience, he diſdained the idea of amuſing the learned world, with ſecondary information on ſubjects which had greatly intereſted their curioſity, when he had the means of acceſs to the original ſources. He was alſo aware, that much was expected by the literati in Europe, from his ſuperior abilities and learning, and he felt the ſtrongeſt inclination to gratify their expectations in the fulleſt poſſible extent.

Of his time he had early learned to be a

rigid economiſt *, and he frequently regretted the ſacrifices of it, which cuſtom or ceremony extorted. An adherence to this principle, while it reſtrained in ſome degree his habits of ſocial intercourſe, neceſſarily limited his correſpondence with his friends. From the few letters which he wrote, I ſhall now ſelect ſuch, as deſcribe his feelings, thoughts, and occupations, a few months only after his arrival in Bengal.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. Juſtice HYDE.

Friday Evening, at the Chambers, Jan. 1784.

DEAR SIR;

Ramlochimd has raiſed my curioſity by telling me, that when you had oc-

* As a proof of the ſtrict regularity of Sir William Jones in the application of his time, the reader is preſented with a tranſcript of a card in his own writing. It contains, indeed, the occupations which he had prescribed to himſelf in a period of the following year; but may ſerve as a ſample of the manner in which he devoted his leiſure hours at all times.

DAILY STUDIES
for the
Long Vacation of 1785:

Morning.....One letter.
Ten chapters of the Bible.
Sanſcrit Grammar.
Hindu Law, &c. *After-*

caſion to receive the evidence of ſome *Mugs*, they produced a book in ſtrange ſquare characters, which they called *Zuboor*. Now *Zuboor* is the name by which the *Pſalms of David* are known in Aſia. May not this book be the Pſalms in old Hebrew or Samaritan, and the people a ſect of Jews? Can you give me any information on this head?

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. Juſtice HYDE.

Garden, May 14, 1784.

Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind concern and attention. I was on the bridge by Col. Tolly's houſe in the midſt of the ſtorm, my horſes mad with the fear of the lightning, and my carriage every moment in danger of being overſet by the wind; I was wet to the ſkin, and ſaved from worſe inconvenience by the diligence of my ſervants, who took off the horſes and drew the carriage to a place of ſafety. I am nevertheleſs in good health; but Lady Jones is

Afternoon.....Indian Geography.
Evening.....Roman History.
Chess. Arioſto.

not quite recovered from a ſevere cold and rheumatiſm, attended with a fever.

Remember that I am always ready to relieve you at the chambers in the Loll Bazar *, and will cheerfully take the labouring oar next month if you pleaſe; eſpecially, as I propoſe to ſpend the long vacation in a floating houſe, and to leave Calcutta as ſoon as the ſeſſion is over; but I ſhall return dead or alive before the 22d of *October*. I am inexpreſſibly amuſed by a Perſian tranſlation of an old Sanſcrit book, called Siry Bha'gwat, which comprizes almoſt the whole of the *Hindu* religion, and contains the life and achievements of *Criſhen*; it is by far the moſt entertaining book, on account of its novelty and wildneſs, that I ever read.

Farewell, and believe me, dear Sir,

Ever affectionately yours,

WILLIAM JONES.

* A house in Calcutta, where the puisné judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature attended by rotation in the evening, as justices of the peace.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to Dr. PATRICK RUSSEL.

Calcutta, March 10, 1784.

You would readily excuſe my delay in anſwering your obliging letter, if you could form an idea of the inceſſant hurry and confuſion, in which I have been kept ever ſince my arrival in Bengal, by neceſſary buſineſs, or neceſſary formalities, and by the difficulty of ſettling myſelf to my mind, in a country ſo different from that which I have left. I am indeed at beſt, but a bad correſpondent; for I never write by candle-light, and find ſo much Arabic or Perſian to read, that all my leiſure in a morning, is hardly ſufficient for a thouſandth part of the reading that would be highly agreeable and uſeful to me; and as I purpoſe to ſpend the long vacation up the country, I wiſh to be a match in converſation with the learned natives, whom I may happen to meet.

I rejoice that you are ſo near, but lament that you are not nearer, and am not without hope, that you may one day be tempted to

visit Bengal, where I flatter myself you will give me as much of your company as possible.

Many thanks for your kind hints in regard to my health. As to me, I do not expect, as long as I stay in India, to be free from a bad digestion, the morbus literatorum, for which there is hardly any remedy, but abstinence from too much food, literary and culinary. I rise before the sun, and bathe after a gentle ride; my diet is light and sparing, and I go early to rest; yet the activity of my mind is too strong for my constitution, though naturally not infirm, and I must be satisfied with a valetudinarian state of health. If you should meet with any curiosities on the coast, either in your botanical rambles or in reading, and will communicate them to our society, lately instituted for enquiring into the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, we shall give you our hearty thanks. There is an Abyssinian here, who knew Mr. Bruce at Gwender. I have examined him, and he confirms Bruce's account. Every day supplies me with something new

in Oriental learning, and if I were to ſtay here half a century I ſhould be continually amuſed.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to ———

April 13, 1784.

* * * * * * *

I am diſcouraged from writing to you as copiouſly as I wiſh, by the fear that my letter may never reach you. I incloſe however a hymn to the Indian cupid, which is here ſaid to be the only correct ſpecimen of Hindu mythology that has appeared; it is certainly new and quite original, except the form of the ſtanza, which is Milton's. I add the character of Lord Aſhburton, which my zeal for his fame prompted me to publiſh *.

* Lord Ashburton died on the 18th of August 1783. His character, written by Sir William Jones, is published in vol. viii. of his works, page 538. I transcribe from it the last paragraph, as a proof of the gratitude and sensibility of the writer.

"For some months before his death, the nursery had "been his chief delight, and gave him more pleasure "than the cabinet could have afforded: but this parental

our patrons. Our meetings are well attended, and the ſociety may really be ſaid, conſidering the recent time of its eſtabliſhment, to flouriſh.

We have been rather indiſpoſed, the weather being ſuch as we had no idea of in England, exceſſive heat at noon, and an inceſſant high wind from morning to night; at this moment it blows a hurricane, and my ſtudy reminds me of my cabin at ſea. Our way of life however is quite paſtoral in this retired ſpot; as my prime favourites, among all our pets, are two large Engliſh ſheep, which came with us from Spithead, and, having narrowly eſcaped the knife, are to live as long and as happily with us as they can; they follow us for bread, and are perfectly domeſtic. We are literally lulled to ſleep by Perſian nightingales, and ceaſe to wonder, that the Bulbul, with a *thouſand tales*, makes ſuch a figure in Oriental poetry. Since I am reſolved to ſit regularly [illegible] court as long as I am well, not knowing ſoon I may be forced to remit my attenſineſs, I ſhall not be at liberty to

My dialogue contains my ſyſtem, which I have ever avowed, and ever will avow; but I perfectly agree (and no man of ſound intellect can diſagree) that ſuch a ſyſtem is wholly inapplicable to this country, where millions of men are ſo wedded to inveterate prejudices and habits, that if liberty could be forced upon them by Britain, it would make them as miſerable as the crueleſt deſpotiſm.

Pray remember me affectionately to all my friends at the bar, whom I have not time to enumerate, and aſſure my academical and profeſſional friends, that I will write to them all when I have leiſure. Farewell, &c.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to CHARLES CHAPMAN, Eſq.

Gardens, near Allipore, April 26, 1784.

Allow me, dear Sir, to give you the warmeſt thanks in my own name, and in that of our infant ſociety, for the pleaſure which we have received from your intereſting account of Cochin-china, with conſiderable extracts from which we have been favoured by

our patrons. Our meetings are well attended, and the ſociety may really be ſaid, conſidering the recent time of its eſtabliſhment, to flouriſh.

We have been rather indiſpoſed, the weather being ſuch as we had no idea of in England, exceſſive heat at noon, and an inceſſant high wind from morning to night; at this moment it blows a hurricane, and my ſtudy reminds me of my cabin at ſea. Our way of life however is quite paſtoral in this retired ſpot; as my prime favourites, among all our pets, are two large Engliſh ſheep, which came with us from Spithead, and, having narrowly eſcaped the knife, are to live as long and as happily with us as they can; they follow us for bread, and are perfectly domeſtic. We are literally lulled to ſleep by Perſian nightingales, and ceaſe to wonder, that the Bulbul, with a *thouſand tales*, makes ſuch a figure in Oriental poetry. Since I am reſolved to ſit regularly in court as long as I am well, not knowing how ſoon I may be forced to remit my attention to buſineſs, I ſhall not be at liberty to

enter my budgerow till near the end of July, and muſt be again in Calcutta on the 22d of October, ſo that my time will be very limited; and I ſhall wiſh if poſſible to ſee Benares.

* * * * * *

The principal object of his meditated excurſion was to open ſources of information, on topics entirely new in the republic of letters. The indiſpoſition which he mentions, not without apprehenſions of its continuance, had not altogether left him when he commenced his journey, and during the progreſs of it returned with a ſeverity, which long held the public in anxious ſuſpenſe, before any hopes could be entertained of its favourable termination.

The author of theſe memoirs ſaw him in Auguſt 1784, at the houſe of a friend in the vicinity of Moorſhedabad, languid, exhauſted, and emaciated, in a ſtate of very doubtful convaleſcence; but his mind had ſuffered no depreſſion, and exhibited all its habitual fervour. In his converſation he ſpoke with rapture of the country, of the novel and in-

tereſting ſources opened to his reſearches, and ſeemed to lament his ſufferings, only as impediments to the proſecution of them. From Moorſhedabad he proceeded to Jungipore, at the diſtance of a day's journey only, and from this place continued his correſpondence, which deſcribes his condition.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to CHARLES CHAPMAN, Eſq.

August 30, 1784.

Nothing but a ſeries of ſevere attacks of illneſs could have prevented my replying long ago to your friendly letter. After reſiſting them by temperance and exerciſe for ſome time, I was quite overpowered by a fever, which has confined me ten weeks to my couch, but is now almoſt entirely abated, though it has left me in a ſtate of extreme weakneſs. I had a relapſe at Raugamutty, which obliged me to ſtay three weeks at Afzalbang, where the judgment and attention of Dr. Glas, prevented perhaps ſerious conſequences. I have ſpent two days at this place,

and I find myſelf ſo much better, that I propoſe to continue my voyage this evening: whether I ſhall be able to go farther than Patna, (I long to ſee Benares) is very uncertain. This is only the ſecond attempt I have made to write ſince my illneſs; and as I hold my pen with ſome difficulty, I will ſay no more than that I am, with great eſteem, &c.

P. S. I cannot help adding, that your propoſal of extracting ſuch parts of your very intereſting narrative concerning Cochin-china, as you may think proper to depoſit among the archives of our ſociety, is the very thing I wiſhed, and I really think it will be one of our moſt valuable tracts *.

* The extracts alluded to, have not yet appeared in the Asiatic Researches. The voyage which led to that narrative, was undertaken on the following occaſion: Two Mandarins of Cochinchina, had been accidentally brought to Calcutta, in 1778; the Governor-General of India, W. Haſtings, Esq., from motives of humanity and policy, furniſhed the means of their return to their native country, and Charles Chapman, Esq., at his own requeſt, was appointed to accompany them with a public commiſſion, with inſtructions to eſtabliſh, if practicable, a commercial intercourſe between the Company's ſettlements in India and Cochinchina, and to procure ſuch

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But his thoughts and attention were not confined to the periſhable concerns of this world only; and what was the ſubject of his meditations in health, was more forcibly impreſſed upon his mind during illneſs. He knew the duty of reſignation to the will of his Maker, and of dependence on the merits of a Redeemer; and I find theſe ſentiments expreſſed in a ſhort prayer, which he compoſed during his indiſpoſition in September 1784, and which I here inſert:

"O thou Beſtower of all Good! if it "pleaſe thee to continue my eaſy taſks in "this life, grant me ſtrength to perform "them as a faithful ſervant; but if thy wiſ-"dom hath willed to end them by this thy "viſitation, admit me, not weighing my un-"worthineſs, but through thy mercy declared "in Chriſt, into thy heavenly manſions, that "I may continually advance in happineſs, by

privileges and advantages for English veſſels reſorting thither, as the government of that country might be diſpoſed to grant.

" advancing in true knowledge and awful love
" of thee. Thy will be done!"

I quote with particular ſatisfaction, this ſhort but deciſive teſtimony of the religious principles of Sir William Jones. Among many additional proofs, which might be given of them, is the following ſhort prayer, compoſed on waking, July 27, 1783, at ſea, alſo copied from his own writing:

" Graciouſly accept our thanks, thou Giver
" of all Good, for having preſerved us an-
" other night, and beſtowed on us another
" day. O, grant that on this day, we may
" meditate on thy law with joyful veneration,
" and keep it in all our actions, with firm
" obedience."

Minute circumſtances frequently tend to mark and develop character. As a farther inſtance of this obſervation, however trifling it may appear, the application by Sir William Jones to himſelf, of two lines of Milton in his own writing under a card with his printed name, in addition to more ſubſtantial proofs,

may be quoted in evidence of his habitual frame of mind:

Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him to a land unknown.

On another ſcrap of paper, the following lines appear; they were written by him in India, but at what period is not known, nor indeed of any conſequence:

Sir EDWARD COKE,
Six hours in ſleep, in law's grave ſtudy ſix,
Four ſpend in prayer,—the reſt on nature fix:
RATHER,
Seven hours to law, to ſoothing ſlumber ſeven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to Heaven.

If we ſometimes ſuffer the humiliation, of ſeeing great talents and extenſive erudition proſtituted to infidelity, and employed in propagating miſery by endeavouring to ſubvert the baſis of our temporal and eternal welfare, we cannot but feel a more than common gratification, at the ſalutary union of true genius and piety. Learning, that wantons in irreligion, may, like the Sirius of Homer, flaſh its ſtrong light upon us; but though brilliant, it is baneful, and while it dazzles, makes us tremble for our ſafety. Science therefore,

without piety, whatever admiration it may excite, will never be entitled to an equal degree of reſpect and eſteem, with the humble knowledge, which makes us wiſe unto Salvation. The belief of Sir William Jones in Revelation, is openly and diſtinctly declared in his works; but the unoſtentatious effuſions of ſequeſtered adoration, whilſt they prove the ſincerity of his conviction, give an additional weight to his avowed opinions. More might be added on this ſubject, but it will be communicated in another place.

His next ſtage was Bhagilpoor, the reſidence of the friend, to whom the preceding letters were addreſſed, and here he was long detained by illneſs and debility. The vigour of his mind however ſtill continued unimpaired, and except during the ſevere paroxyſms of diſorder, his reſearches for information were never ſuſpended, nor would he ſuffer himſelf to be debarred from any intercourſe by which they could be promoted. It was at this place, during the hours of convaleſcence when he was confined to his couch,

that he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of botany; a ſcience for which he had early entertained a great partiality, and which he pronounces the moſt lovely and faſcinating branch of natural knowledge. With the works of Linnæus before him, he procured the plants of the country to be brought to him, and comparing the productions of nature, with the deſcriptions and arrangements of the Swediſh philoſopher, he beguiled the hours of languor and diſeaſe, and laid the ſolid foundation of that botanical knowledge, which he ever afterwards cultivated with increaſing ardour and delight.

From Bhagilpoor he purſued his journey to Patna, where he was again attacked with a ſevere indiſpoſition. It did not however prevent him from proceeding by land to Guyah, famous as the birth-place of Boudh, the author of a ſyſtem of philoſophy which labours under the imputation of atheiſm; but more famous for the annual reſort of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of India, who repair to the holy city for the purpoſe of making preſcribed

oblations to their deceaſed anceſtors, and of obtaining abſolution from all their ſins.

The city of Benares was his next ſtage, and the limits of his excurſion. He had here an opportunity of ſeeing the profeſſors of the Hindu religion, at the moſt celebrated and ancient univerſity of India, and had only to regret, that his knowledge of their language was inſufficient to enable him to converſe with them without the aſſiſtance of an interpreter. After a ſhort reſidence, which his ſenſe of duty would not allow him to protract unneceſſarily, he returned by the Ganges to Bhagilpoor*, where, as he obſerves, he had

* From a note written by Sir William Jones, on Major Rennel's account of Butan and Tibet, I extract the following passage. It is endorsed, as having been intended for the Researches of the Asiatic Society, but is not published in them.

" Just after sun-set, on the 5th of October 1784, I " had a distinct view from Bhagilpoor of CHUMALURY " peak, and the adjoining mountains of TIBET, which " are very clearly seen from *Perneia*, and were perfectly " recollected by a learned member of our society, one of " the latest travellers to that interesting country, who had " obligingly communicated to me a correct note of the " bearings and courses observed in his journey from " *Rengpur* to *Tassisudden*, and thence through *Parad-*

already found ſo much health, pleaſure, and inſtruction for two months.

In his journey from this place to Calcutta, he viſited Gour, once the reſidence of the ſovereigns of Bengal. This place ſtill exhibits architectural remains of royal mag-

" *gong* to *Chumalury*. The peak bore very nearly due " north to the room, from which it was seen, in the " house of Mr. Chapman; and from the most accurate " calculations that I could make, the horizontal distance " at which it was distinctly visible, must be at least 244 " *British miles;* there was a strong glare from the setting " sun on the snows of its more western side, and it might " assuredly have been discerned at a much greater di- " stance. By an observation of Mr. Davis, at Rengpur, " and another at Tassisudden, the difference of latitude " between the place last mentioned and Bhagilpoor, is " 163 *geographical*, or 188 and a fraction, *British miles:* " now although the road from *Buxadewar* in Butan, the " latitude of which was found to be 26° 53′, consisted of " rough mountains and deep valleys, yet the way between " Paradgong and Chumalury, especially from Chesa- " camba, the frontier of Tibet, was very level; and the " accuracy of our travellers gives us reason to believe, " that their *computed* miles from Tassisudden were but " little above the standard; so that having measured the " northern sides of the two triangles, formed by their " courses WNW. and NNW. we could not be far from " the truth."

" The mountains of Chumalury, are the second or third " ridge described in the Memoir. The Major justly con- " siders the mountains of Himola, for so they are named

nificence, which the traveller is obliged to explore at ſome perſonal riſk amidſt foreſts, the excluſive haunts of wild beaſts; for nature has here reſumed her dominion, and triumphs over the ſhort-lived pride of man. In a letter to a friend *, written after his arrival in Calcutta, he has briefly deſcribed ſome parts of his journey. "The Mahanada was beau-" tiful, and the banks of ſome rivers in the " Sunderbunds were magnificent; we paſſed " within two yards of a fine tiger, who gazed " on us with indifference; but we took care " for ſeveral reaſons to avoid the narrow " paſſes at night. As we approached Cal-" cutta, we perceived the difference of climate, " and thought of Bhagilpoor with pleaſure " and regret.

" I find Calcutta greatly changed; the loſs

" by the natives from a word ſignifying *snow*, as equal in " elevation to any in the old hemiſphere; and an obſer-" vation of Mr. *Saunders* at *Perneia*, added to a remark " of Mr. Smith on the appearance of *Chumalury* from " *Moreng*, gives abundant reason to think, that we saw " from *Bhagilpoor*, the highest mountains in the world, " without excepting the ANDES."

* Charles Chapman, Esq.

" of Mr. Haſtings and Shore *, I feel very " ſenſibly, and cannot but fear that the plea- " ſure, which I derive from other friendſhips " formed in India, will be followed by the " pain of loſing my friends next ſeaſon. " This was a great evil at the univerſity, " and abates not a little the happiness I ex- " pected in this country.

" Will you have the goodneſs to aſk " Maheſa pundit, whether the univerſity of " Tyrhoot is ſtill ſupported, and confers " degrees in Hindu law? One of our pundits " is dead, and we have thoughts of requeſting " recommendations from the univerſities of " Hinduſtan, particularly from Benares, and " Tyrhoot, if it exiſts; ſo that the new pun- " dit may be univerſally approved, and the " Hindus may be convinced, that we decide " on their law from the beſt information we " can procure †."

* Warren Haſtings, Esq. and Mr. Shore embarked in February 1785, for England.

† The pundits are the expounders of the Hindu law; in which capacity, two constantly attended the supreme court of judicature, at Fortwilliam.

"I am juſt returned," (thus he writes to another correſpondent, Dr. P. Ruſſel, March 2, 1785,) "as it were from the brink of an-
"other world, having been abſent near ſeven
"months, and reduced to a ſkeleton by fevers
"of every denomination, with an obſtinate
"bilious flux at their heels. My health is
"tolerably reſtored by a long ramble through
"South Behar, and the diſtrict of Benares; of
"which if I were to write an account, I muſt
"fill a volume."

They who have peruſed the deſcription of Joanna, by Sir William Jones, will regret that this volume was never written. The objects preſented to his inſpection during his journey, afforded ample ſcope for his obſervation, which was equally qualified to explore the beauties of nature, the works of art, the diſcriminations of character, and the productions of learning and ſcience. Many of the remarks and reflections which he made in this tour, are transfuſed through his various compoſitions, two of which were actually written, during the courſe of his journey.

The elegant little tale in verſe, under the title of *The Enchanted Fruit*, or *Hindu Wife*, was compoſed during his reſidence in Beyhar, and affords a proof of the ſucceſs of his enquiries, as well as of his ſkill in the happy application of the intelligence obtained by them.

The other production was a Treatiſe on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India, which he afterwards reviſed, and preſented to the ſociety. The deſign of this eſſay was to point out a reſemblance, too ſtrong to have been accidental, between the popular worſhip of the old Greeks and Italians, and that of the Hindus, and between their ſtrange religion and that of Egypt, China, Perſia, Phrygia, Phœnicia, and Syria, and even remoter nations. The proof of ſuch reſemblance, if ſatisfactorily eſtabliſhed, would, as he remarks, authorize an inference of a general union and affinity between the moſt diſtinguiſhed inhabitants of the primitive world, at the time when they deviated, as they did too early de-

viate, from the rational adoration of the only true God.

To this journey, under Providence, he was in all probability indebted for the preſervation of his life, which without it might have fallen a ſacrifice to the accumulation of diſeaſe: after his arrival in Calcutta, his health was almoſt completely reſtored.

He now reſumed his functions in the ſupreme court of judicature, and renewed the meetings of the ſociety, which had been interrupted by his abſence. In his ſecond anniverſary diſcourſe, which was delivered in February 1785, he notices with pleaſure and ſurprize the ſucceſsful progreſs of the inſtitution, and the variety of ſubjects which had been diſcuſſed by the members of it: and as in his firſt addreſs, he had confined himſelf to the exhibition of a diſtant proſpect only of the vaſt career on which the ſociety was entering; in the ſecond, he delineates a ſlight but maſterly ſketch of the various diſcoveries in hiſtory, ſcience, and art, which might juſtly

be expected to reſult from its reſearches into the literature of Aſia. He mentions his ſatisfaction at having had an opportunity of viſiting two ancient ſeats of Hindu religion and literature, and notices the impediments oppoſed by illneſs to the proſecution of his propoſed enquiries, and the neceſſity of leaving them, as Æneas is feigned to have left the ſhades, when his guide made him recollect *the ſwift flight of irrevocable time*, with a curioſity raiſed to the height, and a regret not eaſy to be deſcribed.

I now return to the correſpondence of Sir William Jones, which in this year, conſiſts of few letters, and thoſe chiefly addreſſed to *John Macpherſon, Eſq. who, in February 1785, ſucceeded to the ſtation of Governor-General of India, on the departure of Mr. Haſtings. If, in theſe letters, Sir William adverts to topics not familiar to his readers, they are ſuch as naturally ariſe out of his ſituation and connections. Removed at a diſtance of a quarter of the circumference of the

* The present Sir John Macpherson, Bart.

globe from the ſcene of politics, in which he had taken a deep intereſt, his attention is transferred to new objects and new duties. The ſentiments which flow from his pen, in the confidential intercourſe of friendſhip, diſplay his mind more clearly than any narrative; and they are often ſuch as could not be omitted without injury to his character. Some paſſages in the letters, which, as leſs generally intereſting, could be ſuppreſſed without this effect, have not been tranſcribed.

Sir WILLIAM JONES to J. MACPHERSON, Eſq.

March 12, 1785.

I always thought before I left England, that a regard for the public good required the moſt cordial union between the executive and judicial powers in this country; and I lamented the miſchief occaſioned by former diviſions. Since I have no view of happineſs on this ſide of the grave, but in a faithful diſcharge of my duty, I ſhall ſpare no pains to preſerve that cordiality which ſub-

ſiſts, I truſt, and will ſubſiſt, between the government and the judges.

Lord Bacon, if I remember right, adviſes every ſtateſman to relieve his mind from the fatigues of buſineſs by a poem, or a proſpect, or any thing that raiſes agreeable images; now as your own gardens afford you the fineſt proſpects, and I ſhould only offer you a view of paddy fields*, I ſend you for your amuſement, what has amuſed me in the compoſition, a poem † on the old philoſophy and religion of this country, and you may depend on its orthodoxy. The time approaches when I muſt leave theſe recreations, and return to my deſk in court, where however a knowledge of the Hindu manners and prejudices may not be uſeleſs.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherſon*, Eſq.

May 17, 1785.

I have ſo many things, my dear Sir, to thank you for, that I ſcarce know where

* Rice fields.

† The Enchanted Fruit; or, Hindu Wife. Works, vol. xiii. p. 211.

to begin. To follow the order of time, I muſt in the firſt place give you my hearty thanks for your kind and pleaſing letter of laſt week, which ſhews that your mind can graſp the whole field of literature and criticiſm, as well as that of politics, and that in the manner of ancient rulers in Aſia, particularly Cicero, the governor of Cilicia, you unite the character of the ſtateſman and the ſcholar. Next for the news, which has on the whole given me pleaſure, and in particular, what both pleaſes and ſurpriſes me, that Lord Camden has accepted the poſt of preſident of the council. You know the opinion which I early formed of Pitt; and that opinion will be raiſed ſtill higher, if he has ſhewn himſelf (not merely indifferent, but) anxious that the reins of this government may long continue in the hands which now hold them, and which, though mortals, as Addiſon ſays, cannot command ſucceſs, will certainly deſerve it. I anxiouſly wiſh, for the ſake of the public, that not only the operations of the law, but the cordial aſſent of thoſe on whom it

depends, have already ſecured your ſeat, as long as it may be conſiſtent with your happineſs to fill it.—

* * * * * *

I will not fail to talk with Mr. Chambers on the college, and beg you to aſſure yourſelf, that I ſhall ever be happy in my ſphere to give my humble aſſiſtance whenever you may require it.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherſon*, Eſq.

May 22, 1785.

It was my intention to preſent to you in the author's name, the books which I now ſend. The poet Zainudeen was recommended to me ſoon after I came to India, as a worthy ingenious old man. I incloſe his verſes to you, with a haſty tranſlation*

* This translation, as a specimen of the *taste* and adulatory style of modern Persian poets, is inserted for the reader's entertainment.

Macpherson exalted as the sky, prosperous in thy undertakings, who like the sun receivest even atoms in thy beams! Thou art the just one of this age; and in thy name, that of Nushirovan revives. With the aid of

on the back of the paper, of the beſt couplets. The ſmaller volume contains part of the epic

Jesus (blessed be his name!) the government acquires its stability from thy mind. I have composed a poem in words of truth, beginning with a panegyric on the company. It contains a recital of the wars of the *English*, described with an animated pen. By the command of *Hastings*, entitled to reverence, I began a book on the victory of *Benares;* but before the completion of my task, that honourable man returned to his country. In thy government has my work been completed, and with thy name have I adorned its opening, in hope that thou wilt send me fresh materials, to decorate with golden verses the cheeks of my book. If I compose a Shahnameh, on the glorious name of the King of England, the book will fly over Iran and Turan, and the deeds of thy nation will blaze like the sun; if I sing the achievements of the English, the name of Parveiz will be no more mentioned. If I open a chapter of their conquests, Afrasiab will tremble under the earth; the rapid motion of my dark reed will make Rustem halt and droop. Hear my strains with discernment, and my pen shall soar with the wings of a falcon. Favour me, as Sultan Mahmoud shewed kindness to Ferdosi, that we may be a pair of tuneful nightingales.

The actions of all nations are commemorated, let those of the English be celebrated under thy auspices. May thy orders be resistless as the sea; the head of the contumacious be in thy power, and the seal of government bear thy name!

On the names mentioned in this translation, it may be sufficient to observe that Ferdosi is the Homer of Persia,

poem, which is written with enthuſiaſm; and the other volume is filled with odes and elegies, all in the old man's writing. He is *married to immortal verſe*, and his higheſt ambition is to be *an atom in one of your ſunbeams.*

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherſon*, Eſq.

May, 1785.

The ornament of the faith (for that is the bard's name) *Zainudeen* will wait upon you on Wedneſday; his ſtyle of compliments is moderate in compariſon of moſt Oriental compoſitions; other poets of this country would have entreated you not to ride on horſeback, leſt you ſhould cauſe an earthquake in India when you mounted. This was actually ſaid to a prince at Delhi, who pleaſantly bade the poet comfort himſelf, and aſſured him, that he would ever after go in a palanquin.

who composed an heroic poem under the title of Shahnameh; that the name of Nushirovan, is proverbial for justice; that Iran and Turan are Persia and Tartary; and that the other persons introduced were kings or heroes of those countries.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherſon*, Eſq.

May 26, 1785.

The regulation which you made concerning the Madriſſa * is ſo ſalutary, that few things would grieve me more than to ſee it fruſtrated. Your predeceſſor has often mentioned to me, the high opinion which he had formed of the rector, but (I know not for what reaſon) he is very unpopular. Perhaps it is only faction, too common in moſt col-

* The passages in these letters relating to the Madrissa or college, as an establishment of national importance, merits a more particular explanation. Mr. Hastings, whilst he held the office of governor-general, with a view to promote the knowledge of Mohammedan law, as essential to the due administration of justice to the natives of India, had established a college at Calcutta, in which native students were admitted and taught at the public expence. This institution was dictated by a wise policy; it was calculated to conciliate the affections of the Mussulmans, and to ensure a succession of men properly qualified by education to expound the law of the Koran, and to fill the important offices of magistrates in the courts of justice. The president of this college had been selected with every attention to his character and ability; but some representations having been made to his disadvantage, the succeeding governor-general, J. Macpherson, Esq. consulted Sir William Jones, on the regulations proper to be established for promoting the laudable objects of the institution, and controlling its conduct.

leges at our univerſities, of the ſtudents againſt the head.

It is a remark of Johnſon's*, that as ſpiders would make ſilk, if they could agree together, ſo men of letters would be uſeful to the public, if they were not perpetually at variance. Beſides my approbation as a good citizen of your regulations, I have a particular intereſt in the conduct of Mujduddeen, who is Maulavy† of the court, and as ſuch ought to be *omni exceptione major*. I believe from my converſation with him, that he is not a man of deep learning; but his manners are not unpleaſing. The propoſal which you make, cannot but produce good effects; but I hardly know any member of our ſociety who anſwers your deſcription for a *viſitor* under *your directions*, except Mr. Chambers, and his report might be depended on. I will, if you pleaſe, propoſe it on Thurſday. The ſtudents brought a complaint before me laſt term, which I diſmiſſed as not being with-

* Originally Reaumur's.

† Expounder of the Mohammedan law.

in my cognizance, that their allowances were taken by the head, who left them without ſubſiſtence; but whether this be true or falſe, it will not be amiſs for the Maulavy to know, that he is ſubject to viſitation from time to time.

If the beſt intentions can enſure ſafety, you have nothing to apprehend; but, alas! my friend, if you can be *ſafe only* in fixed unanimous opinions of *ſtatute law*, you can ſeldom, I fear, act with perfect confidence. Such is the imperfection of human language, that few written laws are free from ambiguity; and it rarely happens that many minds are united in the ſame interpretation of them.

A ſtateſman told Lord Coke, that he meant to conſult him on a point of law. "If it be "common law," ſaid Coke, "I ſhould be "aſhamed if I could not give you a ready "anſwer; but if it be ſtatute-law, I ſhould "be equally aſhamed if I anſwered you im-"mediately."

I will here only ſet down a few rules of interpretation which the wiſdom of ages has

eſtabliſhed, where the ſenſe of the words is at all ambiguous.

1. The intention of the writer muſt be ſought, and prevail over the literal ſenſe of terms; but penal laws muſt be ſtrictly expounded againſt offenders, and liberally againſt the offence.

2. All clauſes, preceding or ſubſequent, muſt be taken together to explain any one doubtful clauſe.

3. When a caſe is expreſſed to remove any doubt, whether it was included or not, the extent of the clauſe, with regard to caſes not ſo expreſſed, is by no means reſtrained.

4. The concluſion of a phraſe is not confined to the words *immediately* preceding, but uſually extended to the whole antecedent phraſe.

Theſe are copious maxims, and, with half a dozen more, are the ſtars by which we ſteer in the conſtruction of all public and private writings.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherſon*, Eſq.

Court House, July.

We have juſt convicted a low Hindu of a foul conſpiracy, which would have ended in perjury, and (as his own law-giver ſays) in every cauſe of damnation. If richer men were of the plot, I hope our court will eſcape the reproach of the ſatiriſt, that "laws "reſemble cobwebs, which catch flies and let "the waſps break through."

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherſon*, Eſq.

August 14, 1785.

I give you my hearty thanks, my dear Sir, for the hiſtory of the Roman Republic, which I read with particular pleaſure.

Looking over my ſhelves the other day, I laid my hand on the annexed little book aſcribed to Sir Walter Raleigh; it is, like moſt poſthumous works, incorrect, but contains, with ſome rubbiſh, a number of wiſe aphoriſms and pertinent examples; it is rather the common-place book of ſome ſtateſman,

than a well digeſted treatiſe, but it has amuſed me on a ſecond reading, and I hope it will amuſe a few of your leiſure moments.

* * * * * *

The ſociety of Sir William Jones was too attractive, to allow him to employ his leiſure hours in thoſe ſtudies, which he ſo eagerly deſired to cultivate, and although no man was more happy in the converſation of his friends, he ſoon found that the unreſtrained enjoyment of this gratification was incompatible with his attention to literary purſuits. He determined therefore to ſeek ſome retirement, at no great diſtance from Calcutta, where he might have the benefit of air and exerciſe, and proſecute his ſtudies without interruption, during the vacations of the ſupreme court. For this purpoſe, he made choice of a reſidence at Criſhnagur, which had a particular attraction for him, from its vicinity to a Hindu college, and from this ſpot he writes to his friends.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Ruſſel.*

Sept. 8, 1785.

Your two kind letters found me overwhelmed with the buſineſs of a ſevere ſeſſions and term, which laſted two months, and fatigued me ſo much, that I was forced to haſten from Calcutta as faſt as winds and oars could carry me. I am now at the ancient univerſity of Nadeya, where I hope to learn the rudiments of that venerable and intereſting language which was once vernacular in all India, and in both the peninſulas with their iſlands. Your purſuits muſt be delightful, and I ſhall be impatient to ſee the fruit of your learned labours. Our ſociety goes on ſlowly; and hot-bed fruits are not ſo good to my taſte as thoſe which ripen naturally.

* * * * * *

Dr. Kœnig's loſs will be ſeverely felt; he was a valuable man, with as much ſimplicity as nature herſelf, whoſe works he ſtudied. Do you know when his books are to be diſpoſed of? I ſhould wiſh to purchaſe his Linnæus.

Sir *William Jones* to *Charles Chapman*, Eſq.

Sept. 28, 1785.

I am proceeding ſlowly, but ſurely, in this retired place, in the ſtudy of Sanſcrit; for I can no longer bear to be at the mercy of our pundits, who deal out Hindu law as they pleaſe, and make it at reaſonable rates, when they cannot find it ready made. I annex the form adopted by us for the oaths of Muſſulmans; you will in your diſcretion adopt or reject it, and if you can collect from Maheſa pundit, who ſeemed a worthy honeſt man, how Hindu witneſſes ought to be examined, and whether the Bramins can give abſolution (I think they call it pryarchitt) for perjury, and in what caſe, you will greatly oblige me, and contribute to the advancement of juſtice.

* * * * * *

The concluſion of this letter expreſſes a ſentiment, which, as a judge in Bengal, and friend of human nature, he always conſidered an object of the firſt importance.

The period of his reſidence at his country

cottage, was neceſſarily limited by the duty of attending the ſupreme court: on his return to Calcutta, in October, he writes to John Macpherſon, Eſq. "Lady Jones, and myſelf, "received much benefit from the dry ſoil and "pure air of Criſhnagur; how long my health "will continue in this town, with conſtant "attendance in court every morning, and the "irkſome buſineſs of juſtice of peace in the "afternoon, I cannot foreſee. If temperance "and compoſure of mind will avail, I ſhall "be well; but I would rather be a valetudi-"narian, all my life, than leave unexplored "the Sanſcrit mine which I have juſt opened.

"I have brought with me the father of "the univerſity of Nadya, who, though not "a Brahmin, has taught grammar and ethics "to the moſt learned Brahmins, and has no "prieſtly pride, with which his pupils in "general abound."

In the year 1785, a periodical work was undertaken at Calcutta, under the title of the Aſiatick Miſcellany, which has been ignorantly aſcribed to the Aſiatick Society, with whoſe

reſearches it had no connection. The title of the work indicates the nature of its contents, which conſiſted chiefly of extracts from books publiſhed in Europe, relating to India, of tranſlations from Oriental Authors, and of poems and eſſays. The editor was occaſionally aſſiſted by the literary talents of gentlemen in India, and we find in the two firſt volumes, which were publiſhed in the years 1785 and 86, the following compoſitions of Sir William Jones, who never neglected any opportunity of contributing to the advancement of Oriental literature: the tale of the Enchanted Fruit, which has already been mentioned, ſix hymns * addreſſed to as many Hindu deities, a literal tranſlation of twenty

* In his hymn to Surya, or the Sun, Sir William Jones alludes to himself in the following beautiful lines:

And, if they ask what mortal pours the strain?
Say (for thou seest earth, air, and main),
Say, "From the bosom of yon silver isle,
Where skies more softly smile,
He came; and lisping our celestial tongue,
Though not from Brahma sprung,
Draws orient knowledge, from its fountains pure,
Through caves obstructed long, and paths too long obscure."

tales and fables of Nizami, expreſsly intended to aſſiſt the ſtudents of the Perſian language, beſides other ſmaller pieces, from which I quote with pleaſure, the following beautiful tetraſtick, which is a literal tranſlation from the Perſian:

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd:
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.

The hymns, which are original compoſitions, are deſcriptive of the Hindu deities, to whom they were addreſſed, and a ſhort introductory explanation accompanies each. The mythological alluſions and Sanſcrit names, with which they abound, are not ſufficiently familiar to the Engliſh reader, to enable him to derive that pleaſure from them, which thoſe who are acquainted with the manners and mythology of the Hindus feel in the peruſal of theſe hymns; but whilſt they mark the taſte and genius of the author, they ſupply a fund of information, equally novel and curious. We contemplate

with delight and ſurpriſe the admirer of the Grecian bards, and the pupil of the Grecian ſages, led by his enthuſiaſm from the banks of the Ilyſſus to the ſtreams of the Ganges, celebrating, in ſtrains not unworthy of Pindar, the fabulous divinities of India, and exploring the ſources of the Egyptian and Perſian theology, and of the tenets of the Ionic and Italic ſchools of philoſophy. Theſe compoſitions were the elegant amuſements of hours of leiſure and relaxation, which he never ſuffered to interfere with his public duties. They prove the verſatility of thoſe intellectual powers, which could immediately turn from the inveſtigation of legal cauſes or the ſolution of abſtruſe mathematical problems, to explain and adorn the mythological fictions of the Hindus, in odes which the Bramins would have approved and admired. The variety of meaſures adopted in the compoſition of theſe hymns is remarkable; each of the nine* has a different form of verſification, and if they are not all equally harmonious, they are all

* He wrote three more hymns afterwards.

regular. The opening and concluſion of the Hymn to Narayon are very ſublime.

On the ſecond of February 1786, Sir William Jones delivered to the ſociety his third annual diſcourſe, in which he propoſed to fill up the outlines delineated in his two former addreſſes, and promiſed, if the ſtate of his health ſhould permit him to continue long enough in India, to prepare for the annual meetings of the ſociety, a ſeries of ſhort diſſertations unconnected in their titles, but all leading to one common point of no ſmall importance, in the purſuit of intereſting truths. He exhibits, in this diſcourſe, a proof of the ſucceſsful application of his time to the ſtudy of Sanſcrit, and ſpeaks with increaſed confidence of the reſult of his new attainments. The concluſion expreſſes his regret, at the departure for Europe of the very ingenious member who firſt opened the mine of Sanſcrit literature, an honourable tribute to the merit of Mr. Charles Wilkins.

Sir William had long propoſed making an excurſion to Chatigan, the eaſtern limits of

the Britiſh dominions in Bengal. Excluſively of his anxiety to acquire, from local obſervation, a knowledge of the ſtate of the country, and of the manners and characters of the natives, a prudent attention to the re-eſtabliſhment of his health, which had ſuffered from an unremitted application to his public duties as judge and magiſtrate, as well as a regard for that of Lady Jones, now rendered the journey expedient. In the beginning of 1786, after the receſs of the court, he had an opportunity of executing his plan, and repaired to Chatigan by ſea, in February.

A ſhort time before his departure, a diſcuſſion had taken place between the judges of the ſupreme court of judicature, and the executive government of Bengal, reſpecting a reſolution adopted by the latter, altering the mode in which the ſalaries of the judges had been paid. They remonſtrated againſt the reſolution, and the letter written by Sir William Jones to Sir J. Macpherſon on the occaſion, is ſo ſtrongly characteriſtic of that independent ſpirit which he always poſſeſſed,

that on this account it merits inſertion. The remainder of his correſpondence of this year, as far as it is proper to lay it before the public, follows in the order of its dates.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Macpherſon*, Bart.

Phœnix Sloop, Feb. 5, 1786.

MY DEAR SIR,

Had I known where Captain Light * lived in Calcutta, I would not have troubled you with the annexed letter, but I muſt requeſt you to forward it to him. It is an anſwer to an excellent letter from him, which I received near a twelvemonth ago. I anxiouſly hope he has completed (what no other European could begin) a verſion of the Siameſe code.

My voyage to the eaſtern coaſt will, I truſt, be very pleaſant, and I hope we ſhall make our part good againſt the ſcoundrel Peguers; though if we deſcry a fleet of boats, I believe it will be wiſer to retreat on the wings of the

* Captain Light was appointed superintendant of a new settlement at Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island. He was thoroughly conversant in the Malay dialect.

Phœnix; for I am not poet enough to believe, that another will riſe from her aſhes.

I lament that our reſpective engagements have prevented our meeting often, ſince the end of the rains; but ſix or ſeven hours in the morning, and two or three in the evening, ſpent in unremitted labour for the laſt three months, fatigued me ſo much that I had no leiſure for ſociety, ſcarcely any for natural repoſe. My laſt act was to ſign our letter to your board on the ſubject of our ſalaries, and I would have called upon you to expoſtulate amicably on the meaſure you had purſued, if I had not wiſhed to ſpare you the pain of defending indefenſible ſteps, and the difficulty of finding reaſons to ſupport the moſt unreaſonable conduct. Many paſſages in the letter were ſoftened by my brethren, for I, who have long been habituated to ancient ſimplicity, am ever inclined both to write and ſpeak as I think and feel; and I ſhould certainly have aſked, if we had converſed on this matter, whether diſtreſſing and pinching the judges, and making them contemptible in the

eyes of the natives, and of their own ſervants, was, as you expreſſed yourſelf laſt ſummer, aſſiſting them with heart and hand; or whether forming reſolutions, as the ſub-treaſurer wrote me word three weeks ago concerning them, of which they were the laſt men in the ſettlement to hear, was intended as a return for that perfect cordiality, as far as honeſty permitted, which I had aſſured you and Mr. Stables, to be one of the golden rules which I had early reſolved to purſue in my judicial character.

In a word, the meaſure is ſo totally indefenſible, that it would have given me as much pain as yourſelf, to have diſcuſſed it. I have marked the progreſs of this buſineſs from the morning, when I received Mr. M.'s note; and I am well perſuaded, that the invaſion of our property, was not an idea conceived or approved by you, but forced on you by ſome financier, who was himſelf deluded by a conceit of impartiality, not conſidering that the caſes were by no means parallel; under this perſuaſion, I beg you to

believe, that the meaſure has not yet made any change in the ſincere eſteem, with which I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful humble ſervant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Eſq.

Chatigan, Feb. 21, 1786.

I have been ſo loaded with buſineſs, that I deferred writing to you, till it was too late to write much, and when the term ended, was obliged, for the ſake of my wife's health and my own, to ſpend a few weeks in this Indian Montpelier, where the hillocks are covered with pepper vines, and ſparkle with bloſſoms of the coffee tree; but the deſcription of the place would fill a volume, and I can only write a ſhort letter to ſay, ſi vales, bene eſt; valeo.

Sir *William Jones* to *George Hardynge*, Eſq.

Feb. 22, 1786.

A word to you, no! though you have more of wiſdom (et verbum ſapienti, &c.) than I

have, or wiſh to have of popularity, yet I would not ſend you one word, but millions and trillions of words, if I were not obliged to reſerve them for converſation. The immeaſureable field, that lies before me in the ſtudy of Sanſcrit and of Hindu juriſprudence (the Arabic laws are familiar to me) compels me for the preſent, to ſuſpend my intention of correſponding regularly with thoſe I love *.—

* The following sonnet, written some years before the date of Sir William Jones's letter, was addressed by him to his friend:

To G. HARDYNGE, Esq.

HARDYNGE, whom Camden's voice, and Camden's fame,
To noble thoughts, and high attempts excite,
Whom thy learn'd sire's well polish'd lays invite,
To kindle in thy breast, Phœbean flame,
Oh rise! oh! emulate their lives, and claim
The glorious meed of many a studious night,
And many a day spent in asserting right,
Repressing wrong, and bringing fraud to shame.
Nor let the glare of wealth, or pleasure's bow'rs
Allure thy fancy. Think how Tully shone,
Think how Demosthenes with heav'nly fire
Shook Philip's throne, and lighten'd o'er his tow'rs.
What gave them strength? Not eloquence alone,
But minds elate above each low desire.

W. J.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherſon*, Bart.

Jafferabad, *Feb.* 27, 1786.

I cannot expreſs, my dear Sir, the pleaſure which I have juſt received from that part of the Board's letter to us, in which they ſet us right in our miſconception of their preceding letter.

I rejoice that we were miſtaken, and have juſt ſigned our reply; it will, I perſuade myſelf, reſtore the harmony of our concert, which, if worldly affairs have any analogy to muſic, will rather be improved than ſpoiled by a ſhort diſſonant interval. You, who are a muſician, will feel the tone of this metaphor; as to my harſher notes, quicquid aſperius dictum eſt, indictum eſto. In fact (you could not know it, but) I never had been ſo pinched in my life, for the laſt three months; having bought company's bonds, (which nothing but extreme neceſſity could have made me ſell at 30 per cent. diſcount), I was unable to pay my phyſician, or my munſhis, and was forced to borrow (for the firſt time in my life) for my daily rice; what

was worſe, I was forced to borrow of a black man, and it was like touching a ſnake or the South American eel; in ſhort, if our apprehenſions had been well grounded, two of us had reſolved to go home next ſeaſon. But your letter diſperſed all clouds and made my mind as clear as the air of this fine climate, where I expect to eſcape the heats, and all the ills they produce in a conſtitution like mine. I confeſs I wiſh you had accepted our offer, for half my ſalary is enough for me, and I would have received the remainder cheerfully on any terms, as I have hitherto done; but as it is, we are all ſatisfied, and your offers were ſo equal, that either would have been ſatisfactory to me.

You muſt know better than I can, though I am ſo much nearer the place on the frontiers where Major Ellerker is now encamped. I can hardly perſuade myſelf that Myun Gachim Fera*, with all his bravery in words, will venture to paſs the Nâf; the whole ſtory

* A general in the ſervice of the king of Ava, who appeared on the frontiers of Chatigan, with an army. The Nâf, is the boundary river between Chatigan and Aracan.

iscurious, and as I am on the ſpot, I wiſh to write it with all the gravity of an hiſtorian, eſpecially as I can pick out ſome part of the Pegu general's original letter, the characters of which are little more than the *nagari* letters inverted and rounded.

I now ſit oppoſite to the ſeas, which wafted us gently hither in the Phœnix; and our voyage was well timed, for had we ſtaid two days longer, we ſhould have been in a north-weſter. A beautiful vale lies between the hillock on which the houſe is built and the beach, on all the other ſides are hills finely diverſified with groves, the walks are ſcented with bloſſoms of the *champac** and nagaſar†; and the plantations of pepper and coffee are equally new and pleaſing. My wife, who deſires her beſt remembrance, amuſes herſelf with drawing, and I with botany. If (which I truſt will not be the caſe) you ſhould be indiſpoſed, this is the Montpelier which will reſtore you to health.

* Lin. Michelia. † Lin. Mesua.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Juſtice *Hyde.*

Jaffcrabad, April 30, 1786.

I delayed, my dear Sir, to anſwer your kind letter of the 10th, until I could give you an accurate account of my motions towards Calcutta. We ſhall not ſtay here a whole week longer, but proceed, as ſoon as we can make preparations for our journey, to the burning well*, and thence

* The burning well is ſituated about twenty-two miles from Chatigan, at the termination of a valley ſurrounded by hills. I viſited it in 1778, and from *recollection* am enabled to give the following account of it. The ſhape of the well, or rather reſervoir, is oblong, about ſix feet by four, and the depth does not exceed twelve feet. The water which is always cold, is ſupplied by a ſpring, and there is a conduit for carrying off the ſuperfluity; a part of the ſurface of the well, about a fourth, is covered with brick-work, which is nearly ignited by the flames, which flaſh without intermiſſion from the ſurface of the water. It would appear that an inflammable vapour eſcapes through the water, which takes fire on contact with the external air; the perpetuity of the flame is occaſioned by the ignited brick-work, as without this, much of the vapour would eſcape without conflagration. This was proved by taking away the covering of brick-work after the extinction of the heat, by throwing upon it the water of the well. The flames ſtill continued to burſt forth from the ſurface, but with momentary intermiſſions, and the vapour was always immediately kindled by holding a candle at a ſmall diſtance from the ſurface of the water. A piece of

through Tipera to Dacca: an old engagement will oblige us to deviate a little out of our way to Comarcaly; and if the Jellingy be navigable, we ſhall ſoon be in Calcutta, if not, we muſt paſs a ſecond time through the Sundarbans; in all events, nothing I think can hinder my being in court on the 15th of June. Suffer me now to thank you, as I do moſt heartily, for the very uſeful information which you give me concerning money matters. The ancients ſaid, (not very properly of their imaginary gods) 'carior eſt divis homo, quam ſibi:' but I may truly ſay, 'carior eſt amicis, quam ſibi,' ſpeaking of myſelf and of your friendly attentions to me.

ſilver placed in the conduit for carrying off the ſuperfluous water, was diſcoloured in a few minutes, and an infuſion of tea gave a dark tinge to the water.

On the ſide of a hill diſtant about three miles from the burning well, there is a ſpot of ground of a few feet only in dimenſions, from which flaſhes of fire burſt on ſtamping ſtrongly with the foot. The appearance of this ſpot reſembled that of earth, on which a fire had been kindled. I do not recollect whether it was hot to the touch.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherſon*, Bart.

May 6, 1786.

I delayed from day to day, and from week to week, the pleaſure of anſwering your acceptable letter, which I received, I am afraid, ſo long ago as the middle of March. I wiſhed to ſend you ſomething intereſting; but my days flowed on in the ſame equable and uniform tenor, and were only to be diſtinguiſhed by the advances I made in my Perſian, Indian, and botanical purſuits. In ſhort, as it ſometimes happens, by intending to write much, I had written nothing; and was preparing to give you ſome account of my motions towards the preſidency, when I had the very great ſatisfaction of receiving your packet full of matter, full of pleaſing accounts, and full of juſt obſervations.

* * * * * * *

* * I read with pleaſure, while I was at breakfaſt, Mr. Forſter's lively little tract, and having finiſhed my daily taſk of Perſian reading with a learned Parſi of Yezd, who accompanied me hither, I allot the reſt of the morning ot you.

The approbation given at home to your ſeaſonable exertions here, was but natural; it could not have been otherwiſe, and therefore it gives me great pleaſure, but no ſurpriſe. Be aſſured that general applauſe ever has reſulted, and ever will reſult from good actions and ſalutary meaſures, as certainly as an echo, in rocky places, follows the voice. You will readily believe me, when I aſſure you, that I have few things more at heart than that you may enjoy as much as you can deſire of that echo, and receive no pain or injury from the rocks; for rocks abound, my friend, in the ſea of life.

The Scripture ſpeaks of nations overturning their *judges in ſtony places*; and ambitious judges ought to be overturned, but as I do not aſpire, I can never fall from an eminence.

The ſtate of parties in England, ſtill makes me rejoice, that I am not in London. My friendſhips would lead me naturally to wiſh the riſe of the ———— while my conſcience, and my humble judgment oblige me to prefer . . . . . ſyſtem as far as I know

it. God grant he may adopt the beſt meaſures for this country, and give them effect by the beſt means, without diſarranging your meaſures, ſince the wheel of continual changes cannot but have a bad effect in the minds of the governed—but I ſat down to write a letter, not a treatiſe.

By the way, I have read a ſecond time here your friend's Treatiſe on the Hiſtory of Civil Society, and am extremely pleaſed with it, eſpecially his chapter on the relaxation of national ſpirit. * * * * * * *

Your communications about the Lama will be truly intereſting. I have read ſince I left Calcutta 800 pages in quarto concerning the Mythology and Hiſtory, both civil and natural, of Tibet. The work was printed with every advantage of new types and curious engravings, at Rome, about ten years ago, and was compiled from the papers of an Italian father, named Orazio, who had lived thirty years in that country and Napal, where he died. On my return, I purpoſe, with the

permiſſion of the ſociety, to ſend a treatiſe* to the preſs, which ought to ſtand firſt in our collections, as it will be a key to many other papers. I have cauſed ſix or ſeven plates to be engraved for it.

Always excepting my own imperfect eſſays, I may venture to foretell, that the learned in Europe will not be diſappointed by our firſt volume. But my great object, at which I have long been labouring, is to give our country a complete digeſt of Hindu and Muſſulman law. I have enabled myſelf by exceſſive care to read the oldeſt Sanſcrit law books with the help of a looſe Perſian paraphraſe; and I have begun a tranſlation of Menu into Engliſh; the beſt Arabian law-tract, I tranſlated laſt year. What I can poſſibly perform alone, I will by God's bleſſing perform; and I would write on the ſubject to the Miniſter, Chancellor, the Board of Controul, and the Directors, if I were not apprehenſive that they who know the world, but

* A Diſſertation on the Orthography of Aſiatic Words in Roman Letters. Works, vol. iii. page 253.

do not fully know me, would think that I expected ſome advantage either of fame or patronage, by purpoſing to be made the Juſtinian of India; whereas I am conſcious of deſiring no advantage, but the pleaſure of doing general good. I ſhall conſequently proceed in the work by my own ſtrength, and will print my digeſt by degrees at my own expenſe, giving copies of it where I know they will be uſeful. One point I have already attained; I made the pundit of our court read and correct a copy of Halhed's* book in the original Sanſcrit, and I then obliged him to atteſt it as good law, ſo that he never now can give corrupt opinions, without certain detection.

May your commercial bloſſom arrive at maturity, with all the vigour of Indian vegetation!

My ſoul expands, like your bloſſom, at the idea of improved commerce; no ſubject is to me more animating.

I have a commercial idea for you, not a

* A translation by N. B. Halhed, Esq. of the code compiled by pundits, by the direction of Mr. Hastings.

bloſſom, but as yet a germ only. What if Perſia ſhould now flouriſh! and what if the preſent king, Jaffier Khan, be really as great a man as repreſented! Perſia wants many manufactures of India, and her king would be a valuable ally. * * * * * * * * * * * * * I have already thanked you for your kind attentions to Emin, and I beg to repeat them. Many in England will be equally thankful. He is a fine fellow; and if active ſervice ſhould be required, he would ſeek nothing ſo much, as to be placed in the moſt perilous edge of the battle.

* * * * * *

In this letter we ſee the unabated activity of a vigorous mind, uniting recreation with improvement, and collecting in its progreſs through the gardens of literature, the flowers of every ſoil. A detailed account of the daily ſtudies of Sir William Jones would ſurpriſe the moſt indefatigable, and it may not be impertinent to mention in proof of this obſervation, that he found time during his ſhort reſidence at Chatigan, in addition to the occu-

pations which he has deſcribed, to peruſe twice the heroic poem of Ferdoſi, the Homer of Perſia, ſuppoſed to contain ſixty thouſand couplets. Of the ſentiments expreſſed in his correſpondence, it is ſufficient to remark in general, that they do no leſs honour to his heart than to his judgment. I cannot but wiſh that he had found time to write the ample deſcription which he mentions.

Few perſons have paſſed through a greater variety of hardſhips, and perilous adventures, than the perſon mentioned by Sir William Jones, under the name of Emin. Born at Hamadan, in Perſia, of Armenian parents, and expoſed during his infancy to uncommon diſaſters, while a mere youth he followed his father and ruined family to Calcutta. He had there an opportunity of obſerving the ſuperiority of Europeans, in arms, arts, and ſciences, over the Aſiatics, and the impreſſion which he received from it, inſpired an invincible deſire in Emin to acquire the knowledge which they poſſeſſed. For this purpoſe, he determined, at all hazards, to viſit England, and

after a long oppoſition from his father, having obtained his reluctant aſſent, he adopted the only means left for the accompliſhment of his purpoſe, by working his paſſage as a common ſailor in one of the ſhips belonging to the Eaſt-India Company. After his arrival in England, he loſt no time in beginning to acquire the inſtruction which he ſo anxiouſly deſired, but his progreſs was retarded by the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and he was compelled to ſubmit to menial occupations, and laborious employments, to procure a ſubſiſtence. Fortune favoured his perſeverance, and in a moment of deſpair, he was accidentally introduced to the notice of the Duke of Northumberland, and afterwards to that of many gentlemen of rank and fortune, by whoſe aſſiſtance his views were promoted *.

* Previous to his introduction to the Duke of Northumberland, Emin had become acquainted with Edmund Burke, whom he accidentally met in the Park. After some converſation, Mr. Burke invited Emin to his apartments, up two pair of ſtairs at the ſign of Pope's head, at a bookſeller's near the Temple. Emin, ignorant of the name of the gentleman who had treated him with

The great object of Emin, was to obtain a knowledge of military tactics, in the hopes of employing it ſucceſsfully, in reſcuing the liberty and religion of the country of his anceſtors from the deſpotiſm of the Turks and Perſians. After ſerving with the Pruſſian and Engliſh armies in Germany, he procured

so much courtesy, begged to be favoured with it, and Mr. Burke politely answered, "Sir, my name is Edmund "Burke at your service; I am a run-away son from a "father as you are." He then presented half-a-guinea to Emin, saying, "upon my honour this is what I have "at present; please to accept it."

Mr. Burke the next day visited Emin, and assisted him with his advice as to the books which he should read. He introduced him to his relation, Mr. William Burke; and for thirty years Emin acknowledges that he was treated with unceasing kindness by both.

At the period of the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Burke, Emin had little left for his maintenance, and the prospect of accomplishing the purpose of his voyage to England became daily more gloomy. "Had "not Mr. Burke consoled him now and then (to use the "words of Emin) he might have been lost for ever through "despair; but his friend always advised him to put his "trust in God, and he never missed a day without seeing "Emin. He was writing books at the time, and desired "the author (i. e. Emin) to copy them; the first was an "Imitation of the late Lord Bolingbroke's Letter; the se-"cond, The Treatise of Sublime and Beautiful." Life of Emin, London edition, p. 93.

the means of tranſporting himſelf into the mountains of Armenia, in the view of offering his ſervices to Heraclius, the reigning prince of Georgia, and of rouſing the religious zeal and martial ſpirit of his countrymen. He had there the mortification to find his reſources inadequate to the magnitude of the enterpriſe, and he was compelled to return diſappointed to England. After ſome time ſpent in ſolicitation, he was enabled by the aſſiſtance of his patrons to proceed with recommendations to Ruſſia, and thence after various fatigues and impediments, which his fortitude and perſeverance ſurmounted, he reached Tefflis, the capital of Georgia. After eight years of wandering, perils, and diſtreſs, through the mountains of that country and Armenia, he was obliged to abandon his viſionary project, and returned to his father in Calcutta. Still anxious for the accompliſhment of his plans, and no ways intimidated by the experience of paſt dangers and difficulties, he made a third attempt for the execution of them, and proceeded to Perſia. This

proved equally unſucceſsful, and he again returned to Calcutta. In Emin, we ſee the ſame man, who was a ſailor, a porter, a menial ſervant, and ſubſiſting by charity, the companion of nobles, and patroniſed by princes and monarchs, ever preſerving in his deepeſt diſtreſſes, a ſenſe of honour, a ſpirit of integrity, a reliance upon Providence, and a firm adherence to the principles of Chriſtianity, in which he had been educated. During his reſidence in Calcutta, he publiſhed an account of his eventful life, which Sir William Jones condeſcended to reviſe, ſo far only as to correct orthographical errors, but without any amendment of the ſtyle.

From Chatigan, Sir William Jones returned to Calcutta, and after the receſs of the court, again viſited his retirement at Chriſhnanagur, where he occupied himſelf as uſual in his favourite ſtudies, an account of which, as well as of his journey to the preſidency, I ſhall ſupply by extracts from his familiar letters.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Juſtice *Hyde*.

Comarcaly, June 15, 1786.

I find that in this country, travellers are perfect ſlaves to the ſeaſons and elements. It was my reſolution when I left Dacca, to puſh on as expeditiouſly as poſſible to Calcutta; but in our paſſage of eight days laſt year through the Tulſi creek and the Artai river, our boat was hotter day and night, than I ever felt a vapour-bath; till then, as much as I had reaſon to dread an Indian ſun, I had not a complete idea of it. This affected both Lady Jones and me ſo much, that it would have been madneſs to have paſſed the Sundarbans in ſuch weather; and Mr. Redfearn having promiſed to ſend me word, when the Jelinga becomes navigable (which is uſually about the middle of this month) I expect every day to receive that intelligence, after which I ſhall be in Calcutta in eight days. I am principally vexed at this delay, becauſe from your having taken the charge when it was Sir R. Chambers' turn, I fear he muſt be ill, and conſequently that you muſt have a

great deal of trouble: give my affectionate remembrance to him.

I am, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to Miſs *E. Shipley*.

On the Ganges, Sept. 7, 1786.

You do too much honour, my dear Madam, to my compoſitions; they amuſe me in the few hours of leiſure that my buſineſs allows, and if they amuſe my friends, I am amply rewarded.

> Mà si 'l Latino e'l Greco
> Parlan di me dopo la morte, è un vento;
> Ond' io, perche pavento
> Adunar sempre quel ch'un' ora sgombre,
> Vorrei 'l vero abbraciar lassando l'ombre.

We talk of the year 1790, as the happy limit of our reſidence in this unpropitious climate; but this muſt be a family ſecret, leſt applications ſhould be made for my place, and I ſhould be ſhoved out before my reſignation. God grant that the bad ſtate of my Anna's health, may not compel her to leave India before me; I ſhould remain like a man with

a dead palſy on one of his ſides; but it were better to loſe one ſide for a time than both for ever. I do not mean that ſhe has been, or is likely to be, in danger from her complaints. I have propoſed a viſit to her friend Lady Campbell, and ſhe ſeemed to receive the propoſal with pleaſure; the ſea air, and change of ſcene at a proper ſeaſon, may do more than all the faculty with all their preſcriptions. As to politics and miniſters, let me whiſper another ſecret in your ear:

Io non credo piu àl *nero* ch' all' *azzurro*,

and, as to coalitions, if the *nero* be mixed with the *azzurro*, they will only make a dirtier colour. India is yet ſecure, and improveable beyond imagination; it is not however in ſuch a ſtate of ſecurity, but that wiſe politicians may, with ſtrong well-timed exertions and well applied addreſs, contrive to loſe it. The diſcharge of my duty, and the ſtudy of Indian laws in their original languages (which is no inconſiderable part of my duty) are an excuſe for my neglect of writing letters; and indeed I find by experience, that I can take up my

pen for that purpoſe but once a year, and I have a hundred unanſwered letters now lying before me, but my Anna, who is my ſecretary of ſtate, and firſt or rather *sole* lady of the treaſury, has written volumes. Loves and regards to all who love and regard us; as to compliments, they are unmeaning things, and neither become me to ſend, nor you to convey.

I am,

With great regard, dear Madam,

Your faithful and affectionate ſervant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Ruſſel.*

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 28, 1786.

Various cauſes contribute to render me a bad correſpondent, particularly the diſcharge of my public duty, and the ſtudies which are connected with that duty, ſuch as the Indian and Arabic laws in their ſeveral difficult languages, one of which has occupied moſt of my leiſure for the laſt twelvemonth, excepting when I travelled to

Iſlamabad, for the benefit of the ſea air and verdant hillocks, during the hot ſeaſon. It is only in ſuch a retirement as the cottage, where I am paſſing a ſhort vacation, that I can write to literary friends, or even think much on literary ſubjects; and it was long after I left this ſolitude laſt autumn, that I had the pleaſure of receiving your moſt agreeable letter.

I am tolerably ſtrong in *Sanſcrit*, and hope to prove my ſtrength ſoon by tranſlating a law tract of great intrinſic merit, and extremely curious, which the Hindus believe to be almoſt as old as the creation. It is aſcribed to Menu, the Minos of India, and like him, the ſon of Jove. My preſent ſtudy is the original of Bidpa's fables, called Hitopadeſa *, which is a charming book, and wonderfully uſeful to a learner of the language. I congratulate you on the completion of your two works, but exhort you to publiſh them. Think how much fame Kœnig loſt by delay-

* Tranſlated by Sir William Jones, and published in his Works, vol. xiii.

ing his publications. God knows whether any uſe honourable to his memory will be made of his manuſcripts. Think of Mr. D'Herbelot, whoſe poſthumous work, like moſt others, had the fate of being incorrectly publiſhed. Printing is dear at Calcutta; but if government would print your works (as they ought) I could cheerfully ſuperintend commas and colons. I am delighted with your botanical purſuits. They talk of a public garden on the banks of the river near Calcutta. How I wiſh for our ſakes, you could be allured from the Sircars! I long to viſit them, however, and to view your collections; though I muſt be ſo honeſt as to own, that *accurate* botanical deſcriptions give me more pleaſure than an herbal, I mean where the freſh plants can be examined. For this reaſon I have not begun to collect ſpecimens, but deſcribe as well as I can; and for brevity in coarſe Latin. Lady Jones aſſiſts me by her accuracy in drawing and colouring.

The province of Chatigan (vulgarly Chitigong) is a noble field for a naturaliſt. It is

ſo called, I believe, from the *chatag*, which is the moſt beautiful little bird I ever ſaw. The hills and woods abound with uncommon plants and animals; indeed the whole Eaſtern peninſula would be a new world to a philoſopher. I wiſh poor Kœnig had left his papers to you; Banks has too much of his own to employ him, and Macpherſon, who loved the ſage, would I dare ſay have perſuaded Lord Cornwallis to raiſe the beſt monument to his memory, a good edition of his works. I have carefully examined a plant, which Kœnig mentioned to me, and called *pentapethes protea*, from the ſingular variety of leaves on the ſame tree. The natives call it *Maſcamchand*; and one of its fragrant fleſhy bloſſoms, infuſed for a night in a glaſs of water, forms a mucilage of a very cooling quality. The pentapethes phœnicia, which now beautifies this plain, produces a ſimilar mucilage, which might anſwer the ſame purpoſes as that of the Arabian gum, if not other and more important purpoſes. But I mention this plant, becauſe Kœnig told me, that Linnæus had in-

verted nature in his deſcription of it, by aſſigning to it *five* caſtrated filaments, to each of which were annexed three prolific ones; whereas, ſaid he, (I am ſure I did not miſtake him) the flower has fifteen caſtrated, and five prolific; ſo that in truth it would have been *pentandrian*. Now I have examined all the flowers of this ſpecies that I could get, and I find the deſcription of Linnæus to be correct; but there is no accounting for the variety of a protean plant.

Many thanks for your offer of Mr. D'Hancarville, but I have the book, though like you I have not read it. I wiſh to be firm in Sanſcrit, before I read ſyſtems of mythology. We have ſent the firſt papers of our tranſactions to the preſs, and ſhall go on as faſt as Mr. G.'s compoſitor will let us. Farewell, my dear Sir; vivere, valere, et philoſophari cum paucis, is what I wiſh for you, as much as for your, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *William Shipley**, Eſq.

Crishna-nagur, Oct. 5, 1786.

I bluſh, my dear Sir, in reading a ſecond or third time with increaſing delight, your excellent letters from Maidſtone, when I compare the dates of them with that of my anſwer. Various, however, are the cauſes which oblige me to be an indifferent and ſlow correſpondent; firſt, illneſs, which had confined me three months to my couch, where your firſt letter found me on the great river; next, the diſcharge of an important duty, which falls peculiarly heavy on the Indian judges, who are forced to act as juſtices of the peace in a populous country where the police is deplorably bad; then the difficult

* William Shipley, Esq. brother to the late Bishop of St. Asaph, and now in his 89th year. He suggested the idea of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Commerce, &c. which was established in 1753, and in the following year, a gold medal was voted to him by the society, with an inscription:

To WILLIAM SHIPLEY,
whose public spirit
gave Rise to this
Society.

ſtudy of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, in two copious languages, Sanſcrit and Arabic, which ſtudies are inſeparably connected with my public duty, and may tend to eſtabliſh by degrees, among ten millions of our black ſubjects, that ſecurity of deſcendable property, a want of which, as you juſtly obſerve, has prevented the people of Aſia from improving their agriculture and mechanical arts; laſtly, I may add (though rather an amuſement than a duty) my purſuit of general literature, which I have here an opportunity of doing from the fountain head, an opportunity, which if loſt, may never be recovered. When I accept therefore with gratitude the honour offered me by your young Hercules, the Maidſtone Society, of being one of their correſponding members, I cannot indulge a hope of being a diligent or uſeful correſpondent, unleſs any diſcovery ſhould be made by our Indian Society, which I may think likely to be of uſe in our common country. Your various papers I have diſtributed among thoſe, who ſeemed the likelieſt to avail themſelves

of the rules and hints which they contain. The rapidity of the Ganges, makes it extremely difficult to reſcue the unhappy perſons who are overſet in boats, eſpecially at the time of the *bore**, when ſuch accidents moſt uſually happen; but I am confident that the methods preſcribed in the little work which you ſent me, will often be ſalutary even here. Dr. Johnſon's tract I have now lent to a medical friend of great ability; and I am particularly intereſted in the ſecurity of our priſons from infection, to which indeed they are leſs liable in this climate, from our practice of ſleeping in a draught of air whenever it can be had. Without this habit, to which I am now enured, we ſhould never be free from putrid diſorders. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Should your ſociety be ſo extended as to admit all Kent, you will, I truſt,

* The *bore*, is an expression applied to a peculiar swell in the Hughli river, occasioned by the rapid influx of the tide; it breaks in shallow water along the shore, and no boat can resist its violence. The noise of its approach is heard at a distance of some miles, and the boats to

have an excellent member in one of my oldeſt college friends, Doctor Breton, of Broughton, near Aſhford, who has left no path of ſcience or literature unexplored. We ſhall print our tranſactions with all ſpeed conſiſtent with accuracy; as all our members, including even our printer, are men of buſineſs, in commerce, revenue, or judicature, we cannot proceed very rapidly, either in giving the public the tracts we have already collected, or in adding to our collection.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherſon*, Bart.

Calcutta, Nov. 1786.

The ſociety heard with pleaſure, the curious account of the Lama's inauguration; and the firſt ſheet of their tranſactions is printed. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Be aſſured, that I will ever remember the contents of your own letter;

avoid it are rowed into deep water, where the agitation is considerable, but not dangerous. The *bores* are highest about the equinoxes, and at the middle periods between them cease altogether.

and accept my thanks for the pleaſure which I have received from that of Mr. Adam Fergufon to you. One ſentence of it is ſo wiſe, and ſo well expreſſed, that I read it till I had it by heart. "Juſtice to the ſtranger," &c.

I am correcting proofs of our Tranſactions, which will, I hope, ſatisfy Mr. Ferguſon as to the theology of the Hindus. By riſing before the ſun, I allot an hour every day to Sanſcrit, and am charmed with knowing ſo beautiful a ſiſter of Latin and Greek. * * * * * * * * * * *

Magnum vectigal eſt parſimonia, is an aphoriſm which I learned early from Cicero. The public, if they are grateful, muſt wiſh that you had attended as vigilantly to your own vectigal, as you have wiſely and ſucceſsfully to theirs.

In September, Lord Cornwallis arrived at Fortwilliam, with the appointment of Governor-General; and the writer of theſe ſheets, who accompanied him to India, had the hap-

pineſs of renewing his perſonal intimacy with Sir William Jones.

The uniformity which marked the remaining period of his allotted exiſtence, admits of little variety of delineation. The largeſt portion of each year was devoted to his profeſſional duties and ſtudies; and all the time that could be ſaved from theſe important avocations, was dedicated to the cultivation of ſcience and literature. Some periods were chequered by illneſs, the conſequence of intenſe application; and others were embittered by the frequent and ſevere indiſpoſition of the partner of his cares and object of his affections. "The climate of "India" (as he had already found occaſion to remark in a letter to a friend) "had been "unpropitious to the delicate conſtitution of "his beloved wife;" and ſo apprehenſive was he of the conſequences, that he intended, "unleſs ſome favourable alteration ſhould take "place, to urge her return to her native "country, preferring the pang of ſeparation

" for five or ſix years to the anguiſh, which " he ſhould hardly ſurvive, of loſing her."

While buſineſs required the daily attendance of Sir William Jones, in Calcutta, his uſual reſidence was on the banks of the Ganges, at the diſtance of five miles from the court; to this ſpot he returned every evening after ſun-ſet, and in the morning roſe ſo early as to reach his apartments in town by walking, at the firſt appearance of the dawn. Having ſeverely ſuffered from the heat of the ſun, he ever afterwards dreaded and avoided an expoſure to it; and in his hymn to Surya, he alludes to its effect upon him, and to his moon-light rambles in the following lines:

Then roves thy poet free,
Who with no borrow'd art,
Dares hymn thy pow'r, and durst provoke thy blaze,
But felt the thrilling dart;
And now on lowly knee
From him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays.

The intervening period of each morning until the opening of the court, was regularly allotted and applied to diſtinct ſtudies. He paſſed the months of vacation at his retire-

ment at Criſhna-nagur, in his uſual purſuits. Some of the literary productions of his retirement will be noticed; and I ſhall now continue my extracts from his familiar correſpondence.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

Gardens, near Calcutta, March 25, 1787.

I am charmed, my dear Sir, with the ſhort but comprehenſive work of Rhadacaunt, your pundit, the title of which I ſee is Purán-arthupracuſam, or the meaning of the Purans diſplayed. It contains pedigrees, or liſts of kings, from the earlieſt times to the decline of the Indian empire; but the proper names are ſo murdered, or ſo ſtrangely diſguiſed in Perſian letters, that I am only tantalized with a thirſt for more accurate information. If the pundit at your requeſt, will lend me the original, my *marhatta* writer ſhall copy it elegantly, with ſpaces between the lines for a literal Engliſh tranſlation, which may perhaps be agreeable, with your conſent, to our ſociety.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

May 11, 1787.

I return with many thanks, my dear Sir, the letter of his High Mightiness Tatbu Arnu (king of Ava *). When I began

* If the reader has a curiosity to see this singular letter, he may gratify it. The perusal, may perhaps recall to his recollection, the following lines:

Here's a large mouth indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas!

Official translation of a letter from the Rajah or Principal of the Burmas to the Collector of Chittagong;

I am lord of a whole people, and of 101 countries, and my titles are Rajah Chatterdary (*i. e.* sitting under a canopy) and Rajah Surey Bunkshee, (*i. e.* descendant of the Sun). Sitting on the throne with a splendid canopy of gold, I hold in subjection to my authority many Rajahs; gold, silver, and jewels, are the produce of my country, and in my hand is the instrument of war, that, as the lightning of Heaven, humbles and subdues my enemies; my troops require neither injunctions nor commands, and my elephants and horses are without number. In my service are ten pundits learned in the Shaster, and 104 priests, whose wisdom is not to be equalled; agreeably to whose learning and intelligence, I execute and distribute justice among my people, so that my mandates, like the lightning, suffer no resistance nor control. My subjects are endowed with virtue and the principles of justice, and refrain from all immoral practices, and I am as the Sun, blessed with the light of wisdom to dis-

it, I feared it was hoſtile, but am glad to find it ſo amicable. Dulce mihi nomen pacis! If

cover the secret designs of men; whoever is worthy of being called a Rajah, is merciful and just towards his people; thieves, robbers, and disturbers of the peace, have at length received the punishment due to their crimes; and now the word of my mouth is dreaded as the lightning from Heaven. I am as a great sea, among 2000 rivers, and many rivulets; and as the mountain Shumeroo, surrounded by 40,000 hills, and like unto these is my authority, extending itself over 101 Rajahs; further, 10,000 Rajahs pay daily attendance at my Durbar, and my country excels every country of the world; my palace as the heavens, studded with gold and precious stones, is revered more than any other palace in the universe. My occupations resemble the business of the chief of the angels, and I have written unto all the provinces of Arracan, with orders to forward this letter in safety to Chittagong, formerly subject to the Rajah Sery Tamah Chucka, by whom the country was cultivated and populated; and he erected 2400 places of public worship, and made 24 tanks.

Previous to his accession, the country was subject to other Rajahs, whose title was Chatterdary, who erected places of worship, and appointed priests to adminiſter the rites of religion to people of every denomination; but at that period the country was ill governed, previous to the accession of Rajah Sery Tamah Chucka to the government of the countries of Rutunpoor, Dootinady, Arracan, Dooraputty, Ramputty, Chagdoye, Mahadaye, Mawong, in whose time the country was governed with justice and ability, and his wisdom was as the lightning; and the people were happy under his adminiſtration. He was also favoured with the friendship of

he is at peace with the Siameſe, he may be a good neighbour, and we may be gainers by

the religious men of the age, one of whom, by name Budder, resorting to his place of residence, was solicited by the Rajah to appoint some one for the purpose of instructing him in religious rites, and Shawhmany was accordingly appointed agreeably to the Rajah's requisition; at this time it rained from Heaven, gold, silver, and precious stones, which were buried under ground in charge of the above priest, whose house was of gold and silver workmanship, to which the people resort, and worship the deities; and the Rajah kept a large establishment of servants, and of slaves at the temple, for the service of travellers and passengers; and his time was engaged in the studying of the five books, and he always refrained from immoral practices and deeds interdicted by his religion, and the priests, &c. abstained from the flesh of geese, pigeons, goats, hogs, and of fowls; and wickedness, theft, adultery, lying, drunkenness, were unknown in that age. I likewise pursue a line of conduct and religion similar to the above; but previous to my conquest of Arracan, the people were as snakes wounding men, a prey to enmity and disorder; and in several provinces there were eaters of the flesh of men, and wickedness prevailed amongst them, so that no man could trust his neighbour. At this time one Bowdah Outhar, otherwise Sery Boot Taukwor, came down in the country of Arracan, and instructed the people and the beasts of the field in the principles of religion and rectitude, and agreeably to his word the country was governed for a period of 5000 years, so that peace and good-will subsisted amongst men; agreeably hereto is the tenor of my conduct and government of my people: as there is an oil, the produce of a certain spot of the earth, of exquisite flavour, so is

his gold and ivory; but I have no inclination to taſte his ſweet and delicious petroleum, which he praiſes ſo highly; I am ſatisfied with the ſmell of it, and with its ſingular pro-

my dignity and power above that of other Rajahs; and Taffloo Rajah, the high priest, having consulted with the others of that class, represented to me on 15th Aughur 1148, saying, do you enforce the laws and customs of Sery Boot Taukwor, which I accordingly did, and moreover erected six places of divine worship, and have conformed myself strictly to the laws and customs of Sery Tamah Chucka, governing my people with lenity and justice.

As the country of Arracan lies contiguous to Chittagong, if a Treaty of Commerce were established between me and the English, perfect amity and alliance would ensue from such engagements; therefore I have submitted it to you, that the merchants of your country should resort hither for the purpose of purchasing pearls, ivory, wax, and that in return my people should be permitted to resort to Chittagong for the purpose of trafficking in such commodities as the country may afford; but as the Mugs residing at Chittagong have deviated from the principles of religion and morality, they ought to be corrected for their errors and irregularities agreeably to the written laws, insomuch as those invested with power will suffer eternal punishment in case of any deviation from their religion and laws, but whoever conforms his conduct to the strict rules of piety and religion, will hereafter be translated to Heaven. I have accordingly sent four elephant's teeth under charge of 30 persons, who will return with your answer to the above proposals and offers of alliance.

perty of reſtoring the ſcent of Ruſſia leather. I am told he is an able man; but from all I can learn, I ſuſpect him to be an ambitious dog, who would act the lion if he could, and end, as he is ſaid to have begun, the Aurenzeb of the Indian peninſula.

We are pretty well, and hope that you are now in good health. You will not (though you diſlike medicine) object to my preſcription:

Take a concerto of Corelli,
An air of Leo, or Pergolesi,
——— a trio of Haydn, &c. Mixtura fiat.

Would I could be as good a phyſician to you, as I am, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

May 12, 1787.

You have ſent me a treaſure, which will enable me to ſatisfy my mind at leaſt on the chronology of India; need I ſay, that I ſhall ever be happy in the converſation of ſo learned a man as Rhadacaunt? Before I return to Calcutta, I ſhall have read his intereſting book, and ſhall be better able to con-

verſe with him in Sanſcrit, which I ſpeak continually with my pundit.

I can eaſily conceive all your feelings, but conſider, my dear friend, that you are now collecting for yourſelf (while you ſerve your country) thoſe flowers which will give a brighter bloom even to the valleys of Devonſhire, that you are young and have as fair a proſpect of long happineſs as any mortal can have. I predict, that when I meet you a few years hence at Teignmouth, where I hope to ſpend many a ſeaſon with all that my ſoul cheriſhes in this world, I ſhall hear you confeſs, that your painful toil in India, conduced in the end to your happineſs. That you may enjoy as much of it as human life affords, is the ſincere wiſh of, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

June 24.

* * * * * * *

* * * I am well, riſing conſtantly between three and four, and uſually walking two or three miles before ſunriſe; my wife

is tolerably well; and we only lament, that the damp weather will ſoon oblige us to leave our herds and flocks, and all our rural delights on the banks of the Baghiratti. The buſineſs of the court will continue at leaſt two months longer, after which I purpoſe to take a houſe at Bandell or Hugli, and paſs my autumnal vacation as uſual with the Hindu bards. I have read your pundit's curious book twice in Sanſcrit, and will have it elegantly copied; the *Dabiſtan* alſo I have read through twice with great attention; and both copies are ready to be returned, as you ſhall direct. Mr. R. Johnſton thinks he has a young friend who will tranſlate the *Dabiſtan*, and the greateſt part of it would be very intereſting to a curious reader, but ſome of it cannot be tranſlated. It contains more recondite learning, more entertaining hiſtory, more beautiful ſpecimens of poetry, more ingenuity and wit, more indecency and blaſphemy, than I ever ſaw collected in a ſingle volume: the two laſt are not the author's, but are introduced in the chapters on the heretics and

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by ſtudying Arabic and Sanſcrit, and have now rendered it an impoſſibility for the Mohammedan or Hindu lawyers to impoſe upon us with erroneous opinions.

This brings to my mind your honeſt pundit, Rhadacaunt, who refuſed, I hear, the office of pundit to the court, and told Mr. Haſtings that he would not accept of it, if the ſalary were doubled; his ſcruples were probably religious; but they would put it out of my power to ſerve him, ſhould the office again be vacant. His unvarniſhed tale I would have repeated to you, if we had not miſſed one another on the river; but ſince I deſpair of ſeeing you until my return to Calcutta, at the end of October, I will ſet it down here, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words:

"My father (ſaid he) died at the age of "an hundred years, and my mother, who "was eighty years old, became a *ſati*, and "burned herſelf to expiate ſins. They left "me little beſides good principles. Mr. "Haſtings purchaſed for me a piece of land,

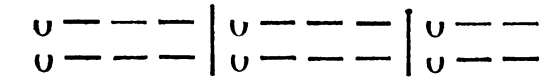
" which at firſt yielded twelve hundred rupees " a year; but lately, either through my in- " attention or through accident, it has pro- " duced only one thouſand. This would be " ſufficient for me and my family; but the " duty of Brahmans is not only to teach the " youths of their ſect, but to relieve thoſe " who are poor. I made many preſents to " poor ſcholars and others in diſtreſs, and for " this purpoſe I anticipated my income: I " was then obliged to borrow for my family " expenſes, and I now owe about three " thouſand rupees. This debt is my only " cauſe of uneaſineſs in this world. I would " have mentioned it to Mr. Shore, but I was " aſhamed."

Now the queſtion is, how he can be ſet upon his legs again, when I hope he will be more prudent. If Bahman* ſhould return to Perſia, I can afford to give him one hundred rupees a month, till his debt ſhall be diſcharged out of his rents; but at preſent, I pay more

* A parsi and a native of Yezd, employed by Sir William Jones as a reader.

in ſalaries to my native ſcholars than I can well afford; nevertheleſs I will cheerfully join you in any mode of clearing the honeſt man, that can be ſuggeſted; and I would aſſiſt him merely for his own ſake, as I have more Brahmanical teachers than I can find time to hear.

I ſend you not an elegant pathetic ſonnet, but the wildeſt and ſtrangeſt poem that was ever written, Khakani's complaint in priſon. The whole is a menace, that he would change his religion, and ſeek protection among the Chriſtians, or the Gabres. It contains one or two proper names, of which I find no full explanation even in a commentary profeſſedly written to illuſtrate the poem. The fire of Khakani's genius blazes through the ſmoke of his erudition; the meaſure of the poem, which will enable you to correct the errors of the copies, is



with a ſtrong accent on the laſt ſyllable of each foot. Adieu, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *Jos. Cowper Walker*, Eſq. St. Valeri, Bray, Ireland.

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 11, 1787.

I give you my hearty thanks, dear Sir, for your kind attention to me, and for the pleaſure which I have received from your letter, as well as for that which I certainly ſhall receive from your hiſtorical memoirs of the Iriſh Bards. The term being over before your book could be found, and the ſtate of my health obliging me to ſeek this paſtoral retreat, where I always paſs my vacation among the Brahmans of this ancient univerſity, I left Calcutta before I could read your work, but ſhall peruſe it with eagerneſs on my return to the capital. You touched an important ſtring, when you mentioned the ſubject of Indian muſic, of which I am particularly fond. I have juſt read a very old book on that art in Sanſcrit. I hope to preſent the world with the ſubſtance of it, as ſoon as the tranſactions of our ſociety can be printed; but we go on ſlowly, ſince the preſs is often engaged by government; and

we think it better to let our fruit ripen naturally, than to bring forth ſuch watery and imperfect fruits as are uſually raiſed in hot beds. The *Aſiatic Miſcellany*, to which you allude, is not the publication of our ſociety, who mean to print no ſcraps, nor any *mere* tranſlations. It was the undertaking of a private gentleman, and will certainly be of uſe in diffuſing Oriental literature, though it has not been ſo correctly printed as I could wiſh. When you ſee Colonel Vallancy, whoſe learned work I have read through twice with great pleaſure, I requeſt you to preſent him with my beſt remembrance. We ſhall ſoon I hope ſee faithful tranſlations of Iriſh hiſtories and poems. I ſhall be happy in comparing them with the Sanſcrit, with which the ancient language of Ireland had certainly an affinity. Proceed, Sir, in your laudable career, you deſerve the applauſe of your country, and will moſt aſſuredly have that of, Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Ruſſel.*

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 22, 1787.

Your intereſting papers did not find their way to me till I had left this cottage, and was wholly immerſed in buſineſs. Indeed, I am ſo haraſſed for eight months in twelve, that I can ſeldom think of literature till the autumn vacation, which I paſs in this charming plain, the drieſt in Bengal, and cloſe to a college of Brahmans. I am charmed with your plan; and if the directors have not yet reſolved to print the work at their expenſe, I can perhaps ſuggeſt a mode of procuring very powerful influence with them. The king has much at heart his new botanical garden at St. Vincent's; his object is twofold, to improve the commerce of the Weſt-India iſlands, and to provide the Britiſh troops on ſervice there with medicinal plants. Now, if you could ſend a box or two of ſeeds, likely to be uſeful in commerce or medicine, directed to Sir George Young, the ſecretary at war, (to whom I have incloſed your letter to the Board at Madras) I dare ſay the Board of Controul would be deſired to uſe their in-

fluence with the Directors. * * * * * You could not have choſen a better ſpecimen than the *pedalium murex*, of which little is ſaid by Linnæus, and that from doubtful authority. The *opuntia* I have not ſeen here, and I cannot ramble into the woods. Our groves at this place are ſkirted with an angulated *cactus*; called *ſija* (pronounced *ſeeja*) in the Sanſcrit dictionaries, where I find the names of about 300 medicinal plants, the virtues of which are mentioned in medicinal books. I agree with you, that thoſe books do not carry full conviction; but they lead to uſeful experiments, and are therefore valuable. I made fine red ink, by dropping a ſolution of tin in *aqua regia* into an infuſion of the *coccus*, which Dr. Anderſon was ſo polite as to ſend to me. His diſcovery will, I truſt, be uſeful; his ardour and ingenuity deſerve ſucceſs.

I have juſt read with attention the *Philoſophia Botanica*, which I conſider as the grammar, and the *Genera et Species* as the dictionary, of botany. It is a maſterly work, and contains excellent matter in a ſhort vo-

lume; but it is harſhly, not to ſay barbarouſly, written. I grieve to ſee botany imperfect in its two moſt important articles, the *natural orders* and the *virtues* of plants, between which I ſuſpect a ſtrong affinity. I envy thoſe who have leiſure to purſue this bewitching ſtudy.

Pray, my dear Sir, have you the Oriental manuſcripts of my friend Dr. Alexander Ruſſel? He lent me three, which I returned; the *Sucardan*, the *Banquet of Phyſicians*, and a beautiful *Hafez*. If you have them, I ſhall beg leave to read them again, when we meet in Europe.

Poſtſcript. What is ſpikenard? I mean botanically, what is the natural order, claſs, genus, &c. of the plant? What was the ſpikenard in the alabaſter-box of the Goſpel? What was nardi parvus onyx? What did Ptolemy mean by the excellent nard of Rhangamutty in Bengal? I have been in vain endeavouring for above two years to procure an anſwer to theſe queſtions; your anſwer will greatly oblige me.

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Eſq.

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 27, 1787.

Your brother ſent me your letter at a convenient time, and to a convenient place, for I can only write in the long vacation, which I generally ſpend in a delightful cottage, about as far from Calcutta as Oxford is from London, and cloſe to an ancient univerſity of Brahmans, with whom I now converſe familiarly in Sanſcrit. You would be aſtoniſhed at the reſemblance between that language and both Greek and Latin. Sanſcrit and Arabic will enable me to do this country more eſſential ſervice, than the introduction of arts (even if I ſhould be able to introduce them) by procuring an accurate digeſt of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, which the natives hold ſacred, and by which both juſtice and policy require that they ſhould be governed.

I have publiſhed nothing; but Armenian clerks make ſuch blunders, that I print ten or twenty copies of every thing I compoſe,

which are to be conſidered as manuſcripts. I beg you will ſend me your remarks on my plan of an epic poem. Sanſcrit has engaged my vacations lately; but I will finiſh it, if I live. I promiſe you to attend to all that is ſaid, eſpecially if alterations are ſuggeſted, always reſerving to myſelf the final judgment. One thing I am inflexible in; I have maturely conſidered the point, and am reſolved to write in blank verſe. I have not time to add my reaſons; but they are good.

I thank you for Sheridan's ſpeech, which I could not however read through. For the laſt ſixteen years of my life, I have been in a habit of requiring evidence of all aſſertions, and I have no leiſure to examine proofs in a buſineſs ſo foreign to my purſuits. * *

* * * * * * * *

If Haſtings and Impey are guilty, in God's name let them be puniſhed; but let them not be condemned without legal evidence. I will ſay more of myſelf, than you do of yourſelf, but in few words. I never was unhappy in England; it was not in my nature to be ſo;

but I never was happy till I was ſettled in India. My conſtitution has overcome the climate; and if I could ſay the ſame of my beloved wife, I ſhould be the happieſt of men; but ſhe has perpetual complaints, and of courſe I am in perpetual anxiety on her account.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Wilmot*, Eſq.

Crishna-nagur, Bengal, Oct. 3, 1787.

* * * * * * * *

* * * * I cannot, however, let the ſeaſon ſlip, without ſcribbling a few lines to tell you, that my conſtitution ſeems to have overcome the climate, and that I ſhould be as happy as mortal man can be, or perhaps ought to be, if my wife had been as well as I have for the laſt three years.

I have nothing to ſay of India politics, except that Lord Cornwallis and * * * are juſtly popular, and perhaps the moſt virtuous governors in the world. Of Engliſh politics I ſay nothing; becauſe I doubt whether you and I ſhould ever agree in them. I do not mean the narrow politics of contending par-

ties, but the great principles of government and legiſlation, the majeſty of the whole nation collectively, and the conſiſtency of popular rights with regal prerogative, which ought to be ſupported, to ſuppreſs the oligarchical power. But in India I think little of theſe matters.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

Crishna-nagur, Oct. 10, 1787.

I hope in leſs than a fortnight to ſee you in perfect health, as I ſhall leave this charming retreat on the 20th. I want but a few leaves of having read your copy of Hafez twice through; and I am obliged to you for the moſt agreeable taſk (next the Shah-nameh) I ever performed. The annexed elegy * was ſent to me by the poſt; and I ſend it to you, becauſe I think you will like it. There

* The elegy alluded to, which has been since printed in a collection of poems, is the following:

PHILEMON. An Elegy.

Where shade yon yews the church-yard's lonely bourn,
With faultering step, absorb'd in thought profound,
Philemon wends in solitude to mourn,
While evening pours her deep'ning glooms around.

is a great pathos in the fourth tetraſtick; and I know unhappily that exceſſive grief is neither full of tears, nor full of words; yet if a dramatic poet were to repreſent ſuch grief naturally, I doubt whether his conduct would be approved, though with fine acting and fine ſounds in the orcheſtra, it ought to have a wonderful effect. Lady J. is pretty well; a tiger about a month old, who is ſuckled by a goat, and has all the gentleneſs of his foſter-mother, is now playing at her feet. I call him Jupiter. Adieu.

Loud ſhrieks the blaſt, the ſleety torrent drives,
Wide ſpreads the tempeſt's deſolating power;
To grief alone Philemon reckleſs lives,
No rolling peal he heeds, cold blaſt, nor ſhower.

For this the date that ſtamp'd his partner's doom;
His trembling lips receiv'd her latest breath.
"Ah! wilt thou drop one tear on Emma's tomb?"
She cried: and cloſ'd each wiſtful eye in death.

No ſighs he breath'd, for anguiſh riv'd his breaſt;
Her clay-cold hand he graſp'd, no tears he ſhed,
'Till fainting nature ſunk by grief oppreſs'd,
And ere diſtraction came all ſenſe was fled.

Now time has calm'd, not cur'd Philemon's woe,
For grief like his, life-woven, never dies;
And ſtill each year's collected ſorrows flow,
As drooping o'er his Emma's tomb he ſighs.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Ford.*

Gardens, on the Ganges, Jan. 5, 1788.

Give me leave to recommend to your kind attentions Colonel Polier, who will deliver this to you at Oxford. He preſents to the univerſity an extremely rare work in Sanſcrit, a copy of the four *vedas,* or Indian ſcriptures, which confirm, inſtead of oppoſing the Moſaic account of the creation, and of the deluge. He is himſelf one of the beſt-diſpoſed and beſt informed men, who ever left India. If he embark to-morrow, I ſhall not be able to ſend you, by him, an Arabic manuſcript, which I have read with a native of Mecca, the poems of the great Ali. * *

* * * * * *

Our return to Europe is very diſtant; but I hope, before the end of the eighteenth century, to have the pleaſure of converſing with you, and to give you a good account of Perſia, through which I purpoſe to return.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *Joſeph Banks*.

Gardens, near Calcutta, Feb. 25, 1788.

I was highly gratified by your kind letter, and have diffuſed great pleaſure among our aſtronomers here, by ſhewing them an account of the lunar volcano. The Brahmans, to whom I have related the diſcovery in Sanſcrit, are highly delighted with it. Public buſineſs preſſes on me ſo heavily at this ſeaſon, that I muſt poſtpone the pleaſure of writing fully to you, till I can retire in the long vacation to my cottage, where I hear nothing of plaintiffs or defendants. Your ſecond commiſſion I will faithfully execute, and have already made enquiries concerning the *dacca cotton*; but I ſhall be hardly able to procure the ſeeds, &c. before the Rodney ſails.

* * * * * *

Theſe letters deſcribe the elegant occupations of a mind diſciplined in the ſchool of ſcience, ardent to embrace it in all its extent, and to make even its amuſements ſubſervient

to the advancement of uſeful knowledge, and the public good. From the diſcharge of his appointed duties, we ſee Sir William Jones returning with avidity to his literary purſuits, improving his acquaintance with botany, and, relaxing from the ſeverity of ſtudy by the peruſal of the moſt admired Oriental authors, communicating his pleaſures and acquirements to his friends. There are few of his letters in which he does not introduce the name of Lady Jones, with that affection which never abated: ſhe was his conſtant companion, and the aſſociate of the literary entertainment which occupied and amuſed his evenings.

Amongſt the letters which I have tranſcribed, I cannot paſs, without particular notice, that which he wrote to me in the beginning of 1787. The prediction which it contains, is a melancholy proof of the diſappointment of human expectations; and I am now diſcharging the duty of affection for his memory, at a ſhort diſtance only from the ſpot which he mentions, as the anticipated ſcene of future delight, and where I once fondly

hoped to enjoy the happineſs of his ſociety. That happineſs would indeed have imparted a higher bloom to the valleys of Devonſhire, which I now trace with the melancholy recollection, that the friend whom I loved, and whoſe virtues I admired, is no more.

The introduction of the unvarniſhed tale of his reſpectable Hindu friend, is a proof of that kindneſs and ſenſibility, which he ever felt for diſtreſſed merit. It is ſuperfluous to add, what the reader will have anticipated, that the diſpoſition to relieve his wants was not ſuffered to evaporate in mere profeſſion.

In the midſt of his public duties and literary employments, political ſpeculations had but little ſhare of his attention; yet the ſentiments which he occaſionally expreſſes on this ſubject, do honour to his heart, and prove that the welfare of his country was always neareſt to it.

The hope with which he flatters himſelf, that his conſtitution had overcome the climate, was unfortunately ill-founded; few months elapſed without his ſuffering from the effects

of it, and every attack had a tendency to weaken the vigour of his frame.

Among other literary deſigns which he meditated, he mentions the plan of an epic poem. It was founded on the ſame ſtory which he had originally ſelected for a compoſition of the ſame nature in his twenty-ſecond year, the diſcovery of England by Brutus; but his acquaintance with Hindu mythology had ſuggeſted to him the addition of a machinery perfectly new, by the introduction of the agency of the Hindu deities; and however wild or extravagant the fiction may appear, the diſcordancy may be eaſily reconciled by the actual ſubjection of Hinduſtan to the Britiſh dominion, poetically viſible to the guardian angels of that country. The firſt hint of this poem, was not ſuggeſted by the example of Pope, but by a paſſage in a letter of Spenſer to Sir Walter Raleigh *; it is evident however, that Sir William Jones was not diſpoſed to abandon the execution of his

* Appendix A.

purpoſe by the ſtrictures of Dr. Johnſon, on Pope's intended poem, and that, in more open defiance of the critic's opinion, he determined to write it in blank verſe, although he originally propoſed to adopt the heroic meaſure in rhyme. I ſhould have been happy to gratify the curioſity of my readers with his reaſons for this determination, but they do not appear.

Notwithſtanding all that might have been expected from the genius, taſte, and erudition of Sir William Jones on a ſubject like this, I cannot, for my own part, lament the application of his time and labour to other ſtudies, calculated to inſtruct as well as to delight the public; we have far more reaſon to lament, that he did not live to return to his native country through Perſia, and that we have loſt for ever that information which would have been ſupplied by his reſearches and obſervations during the journey. The ſtrength of a conſtitution, never vigorous, was unequal to the inceſſant exertion of his

mental faculties: and whilſt we admire the boundleſs activity of his mind, we anticipate with ſorrow its fatal effects upon his health.

I have frequently remarked, that it was the prevailing wiſh of Sir William Jones to render his talents and attainments uſeful to his country. The tenour of his correſpondence ſhews, that his principal ſtudies were directed to this object; and nearly two years preceding the period at which I am arrived, he deſcribes the mode in which he propoſes to give effect to his wiſhes, and expreſſes his determination to accompliſh it, with an energy which marks his ſenſe of the importance of the work he then meditated.

Having now qualified himſelf, by his knowledge of the Sanſcrit and Hindu laws, for the execution of his plan, he determined to delay it no longer; and as he could not prudently defray the expenſe of the undertaking from his own finances, he deemed it proper to apply to the government of Bengal for their aſſiſtance. The following letter which he addreſſed to the Governor-General, Lord

Cornwallis, on this ſubject, contains all the explanations neceſſary.

MY LORD,

It has long been my wiſh to addreſs the government of the Britiſh dominions in India on the adminiſtration of juſtice among the natives of Bengal and Bahar, a ſubject of equal importance to the appellate juriſdiction of the ſupreme court at Calcutta, where the judges are required by the legiſlature to decide controverſies between Hindu and Mohammedan parties, according to their reſpective laws of contracts, and of ſucceſſion to property; they had, I believe, ſo decided them, in moſt caſes before the ſtatute to which I allude, had paſſed; and the parliament only confirmed that mode of deciſion, which the obvious principles of juſtice had led them before to adopt. Nothing indeed could be more obviouſly juſt, than to determine private conteſts according to thoſe laws, which the parties themſelves had ever conſidered as the rules of their conduct and engagements in civil life; nor could any thing be wiſer, than, by

a legiſlative act, to aſſure the Hindu and Muſſulman ſubjects of Great Britain, that the private laws which they ſeverally held ſacred, and a violation of which they would have thought the moſt grievous oppreſſion, ſhould not be ſuperſeded by a new ſyſtem of which they could have no knowledge, and which they muſt have conſidered as impoſed on them by a ſpirit of rigour and intolerance.

So far the principle of deciſion between the native parties in a cauſe appears perfectly clear; but the difficulty lies (as in moſt other caſes) in the application of the principle to practice; for, the Hindu and Muſſulman laws are locked up for the moſt part in two very difficult languages, Sanſcrit and Arabic, which few Europeans will ever learn, becauſe neither of them leads to any advantage in worldly purſuits: and if we give judgment only from the opinions of the native lawyers and ſcholars, we can never be ſure, that we have not been deceived by them.

It would be abſurd and unjuſt to paſs an indiſcriminate cenſure on ſo conſiderable a

body of men; but my experience juſtifies me in declaring, that I could not with an eaſy conſcience concur in a deciſion, merely on the written opinion of native lawyers, in any cauſe in which they could have the remoteſt intereſt in miſleading the court; nor, how vigilant ſoever we might be, would it be very difficult for them to miſlead us; for a ſingle obſcure text, explained by themſelves, might be quoted as expreſs authority, though perhaps in the very book from which it was ſelected, it might be differently explained or introduced only for the purpoſe of being exploded. The obvious remedy for this evil had occurred to me before I left England, where I had communicated my ſentiments to ſome friends in parliament, and on the bench in Weſtminſter-Hall, of whoſe diſcernment I had the higheſt opinion: and thoſe ſentiments I propoſe to unfold in this letter, with as much brevity as the magnitude of the ſubject will admit.

If we had a complete digeſt of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, after the model of Juſ-

tinian's ineſtimable pandects, compiled by the moſt learned of the native lawyers, with an accurate verbal tranſlation of it into Engliſh; and if copies of the work were depoſited in the proper offices of the Sedr Divani Adaulat*, and of the ſupreme court, that they might occaſionally be conſulted as a ſtandard of juſtice, we ſhould rarely be at a loſs for principles at leaſt, and rules of law applicable to the caſes before us, and ſhould never perhaps be led aſtray by the pundits or maulavis, who would hardly venture to impoſe on us, when their impoſition might ſo eaſily be detected. The great work, of which Juſtinian has the credit, conſiſts of texts collected from law books of approved authority, which in his time were extant at Rome, and thoſe texts are digeſted according to a ſcientifical analyſis; the names of the original authors, and the titles of their ſeveral books, being conſtantly cited with references even to the parts of their works, from which the different paſſages were ſelected: but although it com-

* The court of appeals in civil ſuits.

prehends the whole ſyſtem of juriſprudence, public, private, and criminal, yet that vaſt compilation was finiſhed, we are told, in three years; it bears marks unqueſtionably of great precipitation, and of a deſire to gratify the Emperor by quickneſs of diſpatch; but with all its imperfections, it is a moſt valuable mine of judicial knowledge, it gives law at this hour to the greateſt part of Europe, and, though few Engliſh lawyers dare make ſuch an acknowledgement, it is the true ſource of nearly all our Engliſh laws, that are not of a feudal origin. It would not be unworthy of a Britiſh government, to give the natives of theſe Indian provinces a permanent ſecurity for the due adminiſtration of juſtice among them, ſimilar to that which Juſtinian gave to his Greek and Roman ſubjects; but our compilation would require far leſs labour, and might be completed with far greater exactneſs in as ſhort a time, ſince it would be confined to the laws of contracts and inheritances, which are of the moſt extenſive uſe in private life, and to which the legiſlature has limited the

deciſions of the ſupreme court in cauſes between native parties; the labour of the work would alſo be greatly diminiſhed by two compilations already made in Sanſcrit and Arabic, which approach nearly in merit and in method, to the digeſt of Juſtinian: the firſt was compoſed a few centuries ago by a Brahman of this province, named *Raghunanden*, and is compriſed in twenty-ſeven books at leaſt, on every branch of Hindu law: the ſecond, which the Arabs called the *Indian deciſions*, is known here by the title of *Fetaweh Aalemgiri*, and was compiled by the order of *Aurangzeb*, in five large volumes, of which I poſſeſs a perfect and well-collated copy. To tranſlate theſe immenſe works would be ſuperfluous labour; but they will greatly facilitate the compilation of a digeſt on the laws of inheritance and contracts; and the code, as it is called, of Hindu law, which was compiled at the requeſt of Mr. Haſtings, will be uſeful for the ſame purpoſe, though it by no means obviates the difficulties before ſtated, nor ſuperſedes the neceſſity or

the expedience at leaſt of a more ample repertory of Hindu laws, eſpecially on the twelve different contracts, to which *Ulpian* has given ſpecific names, and on all the others, which, though not ſpecifically named, are reducible to four general heads. The laſt-mentioned work is entitled *Vivadamavaſetu*, and conſiſts, like the Roman digeſts, of authentic texts, with the names of their ſeveral authors regularly prefixed to them, and explained, where an explanation is requiſite, in ſhort notes taken from commentaries of high authority: it is, as far as it goes, a very excellent work; but though it appear extremely diffuſe on ſubjects rather curious than uſeful, and though the chapter on inheritances be copious and exact, yet the other important branch of juriſprudence, the law of contracts, is very ſuccinctly and ſuperficially diſcuſſed, and bears an inconſiderable proportion to the reſt of the work. But whatever be the merit of the original, the tranſlation of it has no authority, and is of no other uſe than to ſuggeſt enquiries on the many dark paſſages which we

find in it; properly ſpeaking, indeed, we cannot call it a tranſlation; for though Mr. Halhed performed his part with fidelity, yet the Perſian interpreter had ſupplied him only with a looſe injudicious epitome of the original Sanſcrit, in which abſtract many eſſential paſſages are omitted; though ſeveral notes of little conſequence are interpolated, from a vain idea of elucidating or improving the text. All this I ſay with confidence, having already peruſed no ſmall part of the original with a learned pundit, comparing it as I proceeded, with the Engliſh verſion. Having ſhewn therefore the expedience of a new compilation for each ſyſtem of Indian law, I beg leave to ſtate the difficulties which muſt attend the work, and to ſuggeſt the means of removing them.

The difficulty which firſt preſents itſelf, is the *expenſe* of paying the pundits and maulavis who muſt compile the digeſt, and the native writers who muſt be employed to tranſcribe it. Since two provinces are immediately under this government, in each of which

there are many *cuſtomary* laws, it would be proper to employ one pundit of Bengal and another from Behar; and ſince there are two Mohammedan ſects, who differ in regard to many traditions from their Prophet, and to ſome deciſions of their reſpective doctors, it might be thought equally proper to engage one maulavi of each ſect; and this mode would have another advantage, ſince two lawyers conferring freely together on fundamental principles common to both, would aſſiſt, direct, and check each other *.

Although I can have no perſonal intereſt, immediate or conſequential, in the work propoſed, yet I would cheerfully have borne the whole expenſe of it, if common prudence had not reſtrained me, and if my private eſtabliſhment of native readers and writers, which I cannot with convenience diſcontinue at preſent, did not require more than half of the monthly expenſe, which the completion of a digeſt would, in my opinion, demand. I am

* A passage relating to the remuneration of the natives to be employed, is here omitted.

under a neceſſity therefore of intimating, that if the work be thought expedient, the charges of it ſhould be defrayed by the government, and the ſalaries paid by their officers. The ſecond difficulty is, to find a director of the work and a tranſlator of it, who with a competent knowledge of the Sanſcrit and Arabic, has a general acquaintance with the principles of juriſprudence, and a ſufficient ſhare even of legiſlative ſpirit, to arrange the plan of a digeſt, ſuperintend the compilation of it, and render the whole, as it proceeds, into perſpicuous Engliſh; ſo that even the tranſlation may acquire a degree of authority proportioned to the public opinion of his accuracy. Now, though I am truly conſcious of poſſeſſing a very moderate portion of thoſe talents, which I ſhould require in the ſuperintendant of ſuch a work, yet I may without vanity profeſs myſelf equal to the labour of it; and though I would much rather ſee the work well conducted by any man than myſelf, yet I would rather give myſelf the trouble of it, than not live to ſee it conducted at all; and I cannot

but know, that the qualifications required even in the low degree in which I poſſeſs them, are not often found united in the ſame perſon, for a reaſon before ſuggeſted. If your Lordſhip, therefore, after full conſideration of the ſubject, ſhall be of opinion, that a digeſt of Hindu and Mohammedan laws would be a work of national honour and utility;—I ſo cheriſh both, that I offer the nation my humble labour as far as I can diſpoſe of my time conſiſtently with the faithful diſcharge of my duty as a magiſtrate: ſhould this offer be accepted, I ſhould then requeſt your Lordſhip to nominate the pundits and maulavis, to whom I would ſeverally give a plan conformable to the beſt analyſis that I could make; and I ſhould be able, if my health continued firm, to tranſlate every morning, before any other buſineſs is begun, as much as they could compile, and the writers copy in the preceding day. The *Dhermaſaſtra*, or ſacred code of the Hindus, conſiſts of *eighteen* books, the firſt of which would in any age or nation be thought a wonderful performance; both the

firſt and ſecond have excellent commentaries of great authority, but the other ſixteen are too eaſy to need elucidation: the works of Menu, of *Yagyawakia*, and moſt of the others are in blank verſe, but that of *Gautam* is in modulated proſe; beſides theſe, the Hindus have many ſtandard law-tracts with their ſeveral commentaries, and among them a fine treatiſe on inheritances by *Jemutavahan*, to which our pundits often refer; though on that ſubject, the work of *Raghunanden* ſeems to be more generally approved in this province. The Muſſulmans, beſides a few general rules in the Koran, and a number of *traditional maxims* delivered from their Prophet, and his companions through the ſages of their law, together with the opinions of the celebrated lawyers preſerved by their diſciples, have two incomparable little tracts, one by *Surajuddin*, and the other by *Alkuduri*; the former on ſucceſſion only, and the other on contracts; alſo with comments on each, and other comments on them; not to mention ſome other tracts of acknowledged

authority, and large collections of *decision* in particular cases. All these books may, I suppose, be procured with ease; and some of the most rare among them are in my possession; mine I would lend with pleasure to the pundits and maulavis, if they happened to be unprovided with good copies of them, and my example would, I persuade myself, be followed on such an occasion by other collectors of Eastern manuscripts, both natives and Europeans. This is all that appears necessary to be written on the subject, with which I began this address to your Lordship; I could not have expressed myself more concisely without some obscurity; and to have enlarged on the technical plan of the work which I have proposed, would have been superfluous.

I have the honour to be, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Calcutta, March 19, 1788.

A proposal such as the letter of Sir William Jones contains, could not fail of receiving that

attention which it merited, from the nobleman, who preſided in the government of India. Fully ſenſible of the utility of a digeſt of Hindu and Mohammedan law, in facilitating what he was ever anxious to promote, the due adminiſtration of juſtice to the native ſubjects of the Britiſh empire in Hinduſtan, the Marquis Cornwallis conſidered the accompliſhment of the plan, as calculated to reflect the higheſt honour upon his adminiſtration. The anſwer to Sir William Jones, written by his direction, expreſſed this ſentiment with a declaration, that his Lordſhip deemed it ſingularly fortunate, that a perſon ſo eminently qualified for the taſk, ſhould, from principles of general benevolence and public ſpirit, be induced to engage in an undertaking, as arduous as it was beneficial.

With this ſanction, Sir William Jones immediately entered upon the execution of the work, and having ſelected with the greateſt care, from the moſt learned Hindus and Mohammedans, a ſufficient number of perſons duly qualified for the taſk of compilation, he

traced the plan of the digeſt, preſcribed its arrangement, and pointed out the manuſcripts from which it was to be formed.

From a ſeries of letters addreſſed to the compiler of theſe memoirs on the ſubject of the digeſt, a large ſelection might be made relating to it; but as they cannot be intereſting to my readers in general, I ſhall not interrupt the narrative by their introduction.

At the period when this work was undertaken by Sir William Jones, he had not reſided in India more than four years and a half; during which time, he had not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the Sanſcrit language, but had extended his reading in it ſo far, as to be qualified to form a judgment upon the merit and authority of the authors to be uſed in the compilation of his work; and although his labour was only applied to the diſpoſition of materials already formed, he was enabled by his previous ſtudies to give them an arrangement ſuperior to any exiſting, and which the learned natives themſelves approved and admired. In the

diſpenſations of Providence, it may be remarked, as an occurrence of no ordinary nature, that the profeſſors of the Braminical faith ſhould ſo far renounce their reſerve and diſtruſt, as to ſubmit to the direction of a native of Europe, for compiling a digeſt of their own laws.

I now preſent the reader with the correſpondence of Sir William Jones, during the remainder of 1788 and the following year, without interruption.

The firſt letter refers to a ſubject, diſcuſſed in a conference between the executive government of Bengal and the judges, on the ſubject of the police at Calcutta, which required great reformation. The eſtabliſhment of the ſupreme court of judicature had ſuperſeded the former local juriſdictions at Fort-William, without making ſufficient proviſions for the police of the town; and the ſubject diſcuſſed at the conference, was that of an application to the legiſlature of Great Britain for power to eſtabliſh an efficient police. If the recollection of the writer of

these memoirs does not deceive him, Sir William misunderstood the result of the conference, and, under this impression, addressed to him the following letter, which strongly marks his attachment to the constitution of his own country, and deserves on this account, as well as for other opinions expressed in it, to be recorded. His suggestions were adopted in the application to parliament, and confirmed by its sanction.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Esq.

Feb. 7, 1788.

I avail myself of an hour's leisure, to throw upon paper, a few thoughts on the subject of our late conference, concerning an application to the legislature, for a power of *summary conviction and punishment* in Calcutta.

The concurrence or dissent of an individual, who is not a member of an executive government, ought to have so little weight, that I would not have obtruded my opinion, if it had not been asked: but it would ill become me to concur in an application to par-

liament, for a power, the granting of which, if I were myſelf in parliament, I ſhould hold it my duty to oppoſe.

The difficulty of which we all ſeemed ſenſible, ariſes from a ſuppoſed neceſſity of deviating from the ſpirit and form of Engliſh judicature in criminal caſes; yet the Engliſh form has been approved by the wiſdom of a thouſand years, and has been found effectual in the great cities of England, for the good order and government of the moſt high-minded, active, and reſtleſs people that exiſts on earth.

I could eaſily demonſtrate, that the criminal code of our nation, is fully ſufficient to puniſh every temporal wrong, and redreſs every temporal evil, that can injure the public or individuals, and a Britiſh tribunal, for puniſhment of religious offences by Hindus or Muſſulmans, would not only be an inquiſition of the moſt extraordinary kind, but would, I am perſuaded, be offenſive in the beginning, and oppreſſive in the end, to the natives of both religions.

The queſtion is then reduced to this: is it abſolutely neceſſary to convict and puniſh offenders in Calcutta without a jury? if it be, we muſt follow the example of Solon, who enacted ſuch laws as were, though not the beſt in themſelves, yet the beſt that circumſtances would admit. I am not convinced that ſuch a neceſſity exiſts, and ſtrongly incline to think it does not. The evil to be remedied is the ſmall number of magiſtrates; the obvious remedy is to appoint a greater number. If the legiſlature therefore would give the Governor in council, a power to appoint from ſix to twelve juſtices of the peace, thoſe juſtices would (under the direction of government) appoint ſubordinate peace officers, whoſe legal powers are very conſiderable yet accurately defined; but a *ſuperintendant of the police,* is an officer unknown to our ſyſtem, borrowed from a foreign ſyſtem, or at leaſt ſuggeſting the idea of a foreign conſtitution, and his powers being dark and undefined, are thoſe which our law moſt abhors. The juſtices would hold a ſeſſion every

quarter of a year; without troubling the members of government, who have other avocations; ſo that in every year there would be ſix ſeſſions for adminiſtering criminal juſtice; but then comes the great queſtion, how could the juries be ſupplied without injury to thoſe who ſhould ſit on them? Now, without urging that ſome occaſional trouble, and perhaps loſs, are the fine which Engliſhmen pay for their freedom; without intimating that but a few years ago, an application to parliament was made, among other objects, for a trial by jury in all caſes, even in Calcutta; without contending, that if ſummary convictions be once made palatable, we ſhould gradually loſe our reliſh for the admirable mode of trial, on which our common liberties at home almoſt wholly depend; without rambling a moment from the point before us, I conceive that three hundred perſons qualified to ſerve on petty juries, would be far more than ſufficient to divide the trouble with convenience to themſelves, and benefit to the community.

On the whole, the annual burthen on each individual, eſpecially if a kind of rotation were obſerved, or even if the chance of a ballot were taken, would be too inconſiderable to weigh a feather againſt the important object of ſupporting ſo excellent a mode of trial.

After all, are we ſure that the Britiſh ſubjects in Calcutta, would be better pleaſed than myſelf with any ſlur upon the conſtitutional trial by jury? and as to the natives, beſides the policy of allowing them all the beneficial effects of our judicature, (and that a trial by twelve men, inſtead of one, with a power of exceptions is a benefit, muſt be granted by all,) I rather think that the inhabitants of a Britiſh town, owing local allegiance, are entitled to the local advantage of being tried by a Britiſh form. In all events, if it be a benefit, they ought not to be deprived of it without ſome greater public good to compenſate the private injuſtice, than would reſult, I apprehend, from the power of ſummary conviction, if it were exerciſed

by men, whoſe monthly gains would depend on the number of complaints made, and of fines levied.

I am confident therefore, after mature deliberation, that nothing more is to be deſired than a power in this government, of appointing juſtices of peace by annual commiſſions; and theſe being my ſentiments, I rely on your friendſhip, ſo long and ſo conſtantly manifeſted, that if it ſhould be thought proper to mention the concurrence of the judges, you will remember that their concurrence was not unanimous.

I could eaſily have *ſaid* all this and more, but I choſe this mode through delicacy and fear of giving pain. Farewell, and as I eſteem you, ſo eſteem, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

Gardens, 1788.

I thank you heartily, my dear Sir, for every part of your letter, and for your ſtrings of Oriental gems, both for the *Durr* and the

Shebeh *; the *pearls* appear with more luſtre by the ſide of the *beads*.

Your quotations from the elegies of Waſhi are ſweetly pathetic; but I will not detain your ſervant by more obſervations. Sacontala, will hardly be finiſhed before I go to my cottage; happy ſhall I be if your occupations allow you to paſs a few days near it. Adieu.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

Gardens, 1788.

The verſes are worthy of Catullus, and in his manner; they would appear well in *Hendecaſyllables*. I will think at ſome leiſure moment of giving them a Perſian dreſs according to your hints. I rejoice that you have it in your power to relieve your mind by poetical imagery; it is the true uſe of the fine arts.

I have been reading caſes for a judgment on Tueſday, from nine o'clock till paſt two. —Farewell.

* An Oriental expression for *proſe* and *verſe*.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Patrick Ruſſel.*

Crishna-nagur, Sept. 24, 1788.

I have acted like thoſe libertines who defer repentance till the hour of death, and then find that they have not time to repent. Thus I deferred the pleaſure of anſwering letters till the vacation, but found the term and ſeſſion ſo long, that I have ſcarce any vacation at all. I muſt therefore write very laconically, thanking you heartily for your kind letters, and very curious papers in natural hiſtory, wiſhing that the public may ſoon gather the fruit of your learned labours.

The buſineſs of the court this year, has left me no leiſure to examine flowers at Criſhna-nagur. The *ſija* is never in bloſſom when I am here; but though it has ſomething of the form of the *cactus*, yet I imagine from the milk of it, that it is an *Euphorbia.*

With all my exertions I cannot procure any freſh ſpikenard; but I will not deſiſt.

I have two native phyſicians in my family, but they have only ſeen it in a dry ſtate.

I am very ſorry to find that you are leaving us, as I have no chance of ſeeing Europe till the end of the eighteenth century. I wiſh you and your brother and his family a proſperous and ſpeedy voyage. It is impoſſible for me to write more than Vive, vale!

Sir *William Jones* to *Thomas Caldicott*, Eſq.

Sept. 24, 1788.

We had inceſſant labour for ſix hours a day, for three whole months, in the hot ſeaſon between the tropics, and, what is a ſad conſequence of long ſittings, we have ſcarcely any vacation. I can therefore only write to you a few lines this autumn. Before your brother ſent me Lewiſdon Hill, I had read it twice aloud to different companies, with great delight to myſelf and to them: thank the author in my name. I believe his nameleſs rivulet is called *Bret* or *Brit*, (whence

Bridport) by Michael Drayton, who deſcribes the fruitful Marſhwood. * * * *

Pray aſſure all who care for me, or whom I am likely to care for, that I never, directly or indirectly, aſked for the ſucceſſion to Sir E. Impey, and that, if any indiſcreet friend of mine has aſked for it in my name, the requeſt was not made by my deſire, and never would have been made with my aſſent.

"Co' magnanimi pochi, a chi 'l ben piace,"

I have enough, but if I had not, I think an ambitious judge a very diſhonourable and miſchievous character. Beſides, I never would have oppoſed Sir R. Chambers, who has been my friend twenty-five years, and wants money, which I do not.

I have fixed on the year 1800 for my return towards Europe, if I live ſo long, and hope to begin the new century auſpiciouſly among my friends in England.

P. S. Since I wrote my letter, I have amuſed myſelf with compoſing the annexed ode to Abundance.* I took up ten or twelve hours

* Works, vol. xiii. p. 289.

to compoſe and copy it; but I muſt now leave poetry, and return for ten months to J. N. and J. S.

Sir *William Jones* to *George Harding*, Eſq.

Sept. 24, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am the worſt and you the beſt correſpondent; and I make but a pitiful return for your two kind letters by aſſuring you, that I find it impoſſible to anſwer them fully this ſeaſon. My eyes were always weak, and the glare of an Indian ſky has not ſtrengthened them; the little day-light I can therefore ſpare from my public duties, I muſt allot to ſtudies connected with them, I mean the ſyſtems of Indian juriſprudence, and the two abtruſe languages in which the Hindu and Muſſulman laws are written. * *

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Anna Maria is pretty well, and I am conſequently happy: my own health is firm, and excepting the ſtate of hers, I have all the happineſs a mortal ought to have.

Sir *William Jones* to *W. Shipley*, Eſq.

Sept. 27, 1788.

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* * * * * * My own health by God's bleſſing is firm, but my eyes are weak, and I am ſo intent upon ſeeing the digeſt of Indian laws completed, that I devote my leiſure almoſt entirely to that object; the natives are much pleaſed with the work; but it is only a preliminary to the ſecurity, which I hope to ſee eſtabliſhed among our Aſiatic ſubjects.

The buſineſs of our ſociety is rather an amuſement than a labour to me; they have as yet publiſhed nothing; but have materials for two quarto volumes, and will, I hope, ſend one to Europe next ſpring. I lament the ſad effects of party, or rather faction in your Maidſtone ſociety, but hope (to uſe a word of Dr. Johnſon) that it will redintegrate. Many thanks for the tranſactions of your London ſocicty, which I have lent to a very learned and ingenious friend, who is much pleaſed with them.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Burnett*, Lord *Monboddo.*

Sept. 24, 1788.

The queſtions concerning India, which you do me the honour to think me capable of anſwering, require a longer anſwer than the variety of my preſent occupations allow me to write. Suffer me therefore to incloſe a diſcourſe not yet publiſhed, which may give you ſome ſatisfaction on Indian literature, and to refer you to the firſt volume of the tranſactions of our ſociety, which will, I hope, be ſent next ſeaſon to Europe. As my principal object is the juriſprudence, I have not yet examined the philoſophy of the Brahmans; but I have ſeen enough of it to be convinced, that the doctrines of the Vidanti ſchool are Platonic.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, *Eſq.*

Jan. 26, 1789.

Let me trouble you, as you ſee Colonel Kyd oftener than I do, to give him Sir

George Young's botanical letter, which I annex. I have requeſted Colonel Martin to ſend Sir George all the ſeeds which he can collect, and will co-operate (as far as my occupations will allow) in the plan of transferring to the Weſt Indies, the ſpicy foreſts of Aſia: but I have little time at command, and, holding every engagement ſacred, I muſt devote my leiſure to the ſyſtem of Aſiatic juriſprudence, which I will ſee eſtabliſhed before I ſee Europe. It will properly follow your wiſe and humane deſign of giving ſecurity to the property of the natives. When you have had a copy taken of the Perſian Hermit*, I ſhall be glad to borrow it, that my *munſhi* may tranſcribe it. Could you not find ſome leiſure hour to explain an epiſode of

* I explained to Serajélhak, the person mentioned by Sir William Jones, Parnel's Hermit, and he composed a Persian poem on the same subject. As it has been frequently transcribed, it might perhaps, without this explanation, at some future time be considered the original of Parnel's poem.

Homer to Serajélhak, that he might try his hand with it?

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

1789.

Fleming* ſtill keeps me a priſoner, and forbids my reading aloud, which uſed to be my chief amuſement in the evening. I truſt you will ſoon be well, and that we ſhall ere long meet. If the man you mention be guilty, I hope he will be puniſhed; I hate favouritiſm; and if I had the dominions of Chingis Khan, I would not have one favourite.

* * * * * *

The poem of Waſhi has greatly delighted me; it almoſt equals Metaſtaſio's on a ſimilar ſubject, and far ſurpaſſes other *Waſukts*† which I have ſeen; yet the beautiful ſimplicity of the old Arabs, in their ſhort elegies, appears unrivalled by any thing in Perſian. I

* His physician.

† *Wasukt*, the appellation of an amatory elegy, deſcriptive of the various ſenſations and paſſions excited by love.

tranſcribe one of them which I have juſt read in the Hamaſa*:

Ceaſe, fruitleſs tears! afflicted boſom, reſt!
My tears obey, but not my wounded breaſt.
Ah, no! this heart, deſpairing and forlorn,
Till time itſelf ſhall end, muſt bleed and mourn.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Juſtice *Hyde*.

June 5, 1789.

Though I do not wiſh to give you the pain of ſympathizing (as I know you will ſympathize) with me in my preſent diſtreſs, yet as you poſſibly know it, and as you might think me unuſually dejected when we meet, I cannot forbear writing to you; eſpecially as I feel a kind of relief in venting my ſorrow to an approved friend. One or two Engliſh papers mention the death of Lady Jones's father, in ſuch a manner, as to leave me no hope of its being a miſtake; this I have known ſince the 15th of May, but as it may poſſibly be untrue, I could not in any degree prepare her for the dreadful intelligence. I have therefore taken effectual mea-

* The original is omitted.

ſures to keep it ſecret from her, but it is a ſecret which cannot long be kept; and the bare idea of the pang, which ſhe too ſoon muſt feel, and the probable effects of that pang on her delicate conſtitution, now particularly enervated by the hot ſeaſon, give me a degree of anguiſh, which I never before felt. Mr. Shore has kindly promiſed to take care, that all her letters by the Indiamen ſhall be ſent in a ſealed packet to me, that I may ſelect for her firſt peruſal the letter from her wiſeſt friend, the dowager Lady Spencer, whoſe hand-writing I cannot miſtake; I wiſh I could ſuppreſs them all, but that is impoſſible. The pain of loſing our parents, time, and time only, will mitigate; but my dread is, that the firſt ſhock will have ſome terrible effect on her health, and this fear haunts me night and day. That your letters may contain the moſt comfortable news, and that I may ſee you on Wedneſday in perfect health, is the hearty wiſh of,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful and affectionate

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

June 9, 1789.

* * * * * *

I am glad Jayadeva* pleaſes you, and thank you for the ſublime period of Hooker; of which I had only before ſeen the firſt part. His idea of heavenly and eternal law is juſt and noble; and human law as derived from it, muſt partake of the praiſe as far as it is perfectly adminiſtered; but *corruptio optimi fit peſſima*, and if the adminiſtration of law ſhould ever be corrupted, ſome future philoſopher or orator will thus exhibit the reverſe of the medal.

"Of law there can be no more acknowledg-
"ed, than that her ſeat is the ſtore-houſe of
"quirks, her voice the diſſonance of brawls;
"all her followers indeed, both at the bar and
"below it, pay her homage, the very leaſt as
"gaining their ſhare, and the greateſt as
"hoping for wealth and fame; but kings,
"nobles, and people of what condition ſoever,

* Gitagovinda, or the songs of Jayadeva; Works, vol. iv. p. 236.

" though each in different ſort and manner,
" yet all have uniformly found their patience
" exhauſted by her delays, and their purſe by
" her boundleſs demands*"

* * * * The parody was ſo obvious, that I could not refrain from ſhewing you the wrong ſide of the tapeſtry, with the ſame figures and flowers, but all maimed and diſcoloured.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

1789.

We have finiſhed the twentieth, and laſt book of Guicciardini's Hiſtory, the moſt authentic, I believe (may I add, I fear) that

* The reader will thank me for giving him an opportunity of perusing the passage, at the close of the first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity, which Sir William Jones has parodied.

" Of law, there can be no less acknowledged than that
" her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony
" of the world: all things in Heaven and Earth do her
" homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the
" greatest as not exempted from her power; both an-
" gels and men, and creatures of what condition soever,
" though each in different sort and manner, yet all with
" uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their
" peace and joy."

ever was compoſed. I believe it, becauſe the hiſtorian was an actor in his terrible drama, and perſonally knew the principal performers in it; and I fear it, becauſe it exhibits the woeful picture of ſociety in the 15th and 16th centuries. If you can ſpare *Reid*, we are now ready for him, and will reſtore his two volumes on our return from Criſhna-nagur.

When we meet, I will give you an account of my progreſs in detecting a moſt impudent fraud, in forging a Sanſcrit book on oaths, by Hindus, ſince I ſaw you. The book has been brought to me, on a few yellow Bengal leaves apparently modern. The Brahman, who brought it from Sambhu Chaudra Rai, ſaid it was twelve years old; I believe it had not been written twelve days. He ſaid the original work of Mahadeva himſelf, from which the prohibition of ſwearing by the water of the Ganges was extracted, was at Criſhna-nagur. I deſired him to tell Sambhu Chaudra, who wants me to admit him a ſuitor, *in formâ pauperis*, without taking his *oath*, that unleſs he brought me the original,

and that apparently ancient, I ſhould be convinced that he meant to impoſe upon me.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Juſtice *Hyde*.

Sept. 19, 1789.

You have given Lady Jones great pleaſure, by informing us from ſo good authority, that a ſhip is arrived from England; ſhe preſents you with her beſt compliments.

Moſt readily ſhall I acquieſce in any alleviation of Horrebow's* miſery, that you and Sir Robert Chambers ſhall think juſt and legal. I have not one law book with me, nor if I had many, ſhould I perfectly know where to look for a mitigation by the court of a ſentence, which they pronounced after full conſideration of all its probable effects on the perſon condemned. I much doubt, whether

* This man, a foreigner, commanding a veſſel, trading to Bengal, was convicted before the ſupreme court of judicature, of purchaſing the children of natives, for the purpoſe of carrying them out of the country, and ſelling them as ſlaves. It was the firſt inſtance of an attempt of this kind; he was proſecuted by order of the government of Bengal, and ſince the puniſhment inflicted upon Horrebow, the attempt has not been repeated.

it can legally be done; nor do I think the petition ſtates any urgent reaſon for it. Firſt, he mentions *loſſes already ſuſtained* (not therefore to be prevented by his enlargement), and, in my opinion, they cannot eaſily be more than he deſerves. Next, his wife's health may have been injured by his diſgrace, and may not be reſtored by our ſhortening the time of his confinement, which, if I remember, is almoſt half expired, and was as ſhort as juſtice tempered with lenity would allow. His own health is not ſaid to be affected by the impriſonment in ſuch a place, at ſuch a ſeaſon, for if it were proved that he were dangerouſly ill, we might, I ſuppoſe, remove him to a healthier place, or even let him go to ſea, if able ſurgeons ſwore, that in their ſerious opinion, nothing elſe could ſave his life. That is by no means the caſe, and I confeſs I have no compaſſion for him; my compaſſion is for the enſlaved children and their parents. Nevertheleſs I know the benevolence of your heart, and ſhall approve whatever you and Sir R. C. may do, if any precedent can be found or re-

collected of a power in the court to do what is now prayed.

I am, &c.

Prince *Adam Czartoryſki* to Sir *W. Jones.*

Sept. 20, 1788.

It is but a fortnight ago ſince the gentleman, to whom the moſt flattering proof of your kind remembrance was committed, delivered it into my hand. I received it with a joined ſentiment of gratitude and of vanity. It will be an eaſy taſk for you to find out why I am grateful, and every body, but yourſelf, will ſoon hit upon the reaſons, why your having thought of me makes me vain.

The letter, the idea of the man who wrote it, the place from whence it came, the language of Hafez, all that put together, ſet my imagination at once in a blaze, and wafted me over in a wiſh from the Pole to the Indies. It has awakened a train of ideas, which lay dormant for a while, and rekindled my ſomewhat forgotten heat for the Oriental muſes, which is not however to be put on the

account of inconſtancy, but to my having been croſſed in my love for them, very near as much as Sir Roger de Coverly is ſaid to have been, in his addreſſes to his unkind widow. The war, broke out of late, deprived me of my laſt reſource, which was a derviſh native of Samercand, who was juſt come to live with me in the capacity of munſhi, his religious zeal would not allow him to continue out of ſight of the *Sangiale Sheriff*, ſo he haſtened back to his brethren. After the reception of your letter I grieved ſtill more in ſeeing myſelf deprived of proper and eaſy means to cultivate ſo intereſting a branch of learning, and could not forbear caſting an impatient reflection on that warlike ſpirit, whoſe influence leaves nothing happy, nothing undiſturbed. The acquiſition of a language will always appear to me much more valuable than that of a deſert. The ſudden departure of my derviſh has, I find, ſoured my temper againſt conqueſt and conquerors. I wiſhed it was in my power to ſweeten it again by the charms of your intercourſe, under the benign influence of the cli-

and that apparently ancient, I ſhould be convinced that he meant to impoſe upon me.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Juſtice *Hyde*.

Sept. 19, 1789.

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is its true name; but Mr. Shore found benefit from it, and procured the freſh plants from Arracan, which died unluckily in their way to Calcutta. But ſeriouſly, it deſerves a longer trial before its tonic virtues, if it have any, can be aſcertained. It is certainly not ſo fine a bitter as camomile or columbo root.

I wiſh politics at the devil, but hope that, when the King recovered, ſcience revived. It gives me great pain to know, that party as it is called (I call it faction, becauſe I hold party to be grounded on principles, and faction on ſelf-intereſt, which excludes all principle) has found its way into a literary club, who meet reciprocally to impart and receive new ideas. I have deep rooted political principles, which the law taught me: but I ſhould never think of introducing them among men of ſcience, and if, on my return to Europe ten or twelve years hence, I ſhould not find more ſcience than politics in the club, my ſeat in it will be at the ſervice of any politician who may wiſh to be one of the party.

An intimate friend of Mr. Blane has writ-

ten to him, at my requeſt, for the newly diſcovered fragrant graſs; and ſhould the plants be ſent before the laſt ſhips of the ſeaſon ſail, they ſhall be ſent to you. Whether they be the nard of the ancients, I muſt doubt, becauſe we have ſweet graſſes here of innumerable ſpecies; and Reuben Burrow brought me an odoriferous graſs from the place where the Ganges enters India, and where it covers whole acres, and perfumes the whole country. From his account of it, I ſuſpect it to be Mr. Blane's; but I could make nothing of the dry ſpecimens, except that they differ widely from the *Jatamanſi*, which I am perſuaded is the Indian nard of Ptolemy. I can only procure the dry *Jatamanſi*, but if I can get the ſtalks, roots, and flowers from Butan, I will ſend them to you. Since the death of Kœnig, we are in great want of a proffeſſed botaniſt. I have twice read with rapture the *Philoſophia Botanica*, and have Murray's edition of the "genera et ſpecies plantarum" always with me; but, as I am no lynx, like Linnæus, I

cannot examine minute bloſſoms, eſpecially thoſe of graſſes.

We are far advanced in the ſecond volume of our Tranſactions.

Sir *William Jones* to *John Wilmot*, Eſq.

Sept. 20, 1789.

Every ſentence in your letter gave me great pleaſure, and particularly the pleaſing and juſt account of your truly venerable father. Lady Jones, after the firſt pang for the loſs of hers, reſigned herſelf with true piety to the will of God. She is very weak, and always ill during the heats. I have been, ever ſince my ſeaſoning, as they call it, perfectly well, notwithſtanding inceſſant buſineſs ſeven hours in a day, for four or five months in a year, and unremitted application, during the vacations, to a vaſt and intereſting ſtudy, *a complete knowledge of India*, which I can only attain in the country itſelf, and I do not mean to ſtay in the country longer than the laſt year of the eighteenth century. I rejoice that the King is well, but take no intereſt in

the conteſts of your ariſtocratical factions. The time never was, when I would have enliſted under the banners of any faction, though I might have carried a pair of colours, if I had not ſpurned them, in either legion. My party is that of the whole people, and my principles, which the law taught me, are only to be changed by a change of exiſtence.

Sir *William Jones* to Mr. Juſtice *Hyde*.

Oct. 20, 1789.

Though I hope, my dear Sir, to be with you almoſt as ſoon as this letter, yet I write it becauſe it is the laſt that I ſhall write to any one for the next eleven months, and I feel ſo light, after the completion of my ſevere epiſtolary taſk, that I am diſpoſed to play a voluntary. I have anſwered fifty very long letters from Europe, and a multitude of ſhort ones; among the reſt, I had one from the Chief Baron, who deſires his remembrance to you by the title of his old and worthy friend. Another from Maſter Wilmot informs me, that his father, Sir Eardley, had nearly ended

his eightieth year, with as good health, and as clear intellects, as he ever had in the prime of life. When I express a hope of seeing you in two or three days, it is only a hope; for I shall affront the Mandarin at Chinsura*, if I do not make my annual visit to him; now I can only visit him at night, and the wind and tide may delay me, as they did last year. In all events, I shall be with you if I live, before the end of the week, as I am preparing to go on board my pinnace. Besides my annuities of Europe letters, which I pay at this season, I have been winding up all the odds and ends of all my private or literary concerns, and shall think of nothing for eleven months to come, but law, European or Indian. I have written four papers for our expiring society, on very curious subjects, and have prepared materials for a discourse on the Chinese: the society is a puny, rickety child, and must be fed with pap; nor shall it die by my fault; but die it must, for I cannot alone support it. In my youthful days, I.

* Mr. Titsingh, Governor of Chinsura.

was always ready to join in a dance or a concert, but I could never bring myſelf to dance a ſolitary hornpipe, or to play a ſolo. When I ſee Titſingh (who, by the way, will never write any thing for us, as long as his own Batavian ſociety ſubſiſts), I will procure full information concerning the pincuſhion rice, and will report it to you. Lady Jones is as uſual, and ſends her beſt remembrance. I too am as uſual, and as ever, dear Sir, your faithful, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to *J. Shore*, Eſq.

Oct. 20, 1789.

Your approbation of Sacontala, gives at leaſt as much pleaſure to the tranſlator as you had from the peruſal of it, and would encourage me to tranſlate more dramas, if I were not reſolved to devote all my time to law, European and Indian.

The idea of your happiness, (and few men have a brighter proſpect of it than yourſelf,) reconciles me to our approaching ſeparation,

though it muſt be very long: for I will not ſee England, while the intereſted factions which diſtract it, leave the legiſlature no time for the great operations which are eſſential for public felicity, while patriotic virtues are derided as viſionary, and while the rancour of contending parties fills with thorns thoſe particular ſocieties, in which I hoped to gather nothing but roſes. I am ſorry (for the metaphor brings to my mind the *Boſtani Kheiyal**) that the *garden of fancy* ſhould have as many weeds as that of politics. Surajélhak, pronounced it with emphaſis, a wonderful work; and a young Muſſulman aſſured me, that it compriſed all the fineſt inventions of India and Perſia. The work will probably mend as it proceeds.

We muſt ſpare ourſelves the pain of taking a formal leave; ſo farewell. May you live happy in a free country!

I am, &c.

* * * * * *

* The Garden of Fancy; the title of an Eastern romance in Persian, in sixteen quarto volumes.

The affectionate wiſh which concludes theſe extracts from the correſpondence of Sir William Jones, was dictated by the circumſtance of my departure from India: it has been verified; and the recollection of the place, which I held in his eſteem, however accompanied with regret for his death, is an additional ſource of that happiness, which he wiſhed me to enjoy.

Among other literary occupations in which he employed himſelf during the two laſt years, it is to be noticed, that he undertook the office of editor of the elegant poem of *Hateſi*, on the unfortunate loves of *Laili* and *Mujnoon*, an Arabian youth and princeſs. The benevolent object of his labours renders them intereſting, as the book was publiſhed at his own expenſe, with a declared appropriation of the produce of the ſale, to the relief of inſolvent debtors in the gaol at Calcutta.

In the Engliſh preface to the Perſian work, he has given a tranſlation of five diſtichs in the meaſure of the original, and has ſhewn that a bare tranſpoſition of the accents gives five Engliſh

couplets in the form which ſome call heroic, and others elegiac. As a metrical curioſity, I firſt tranſcribe the lines in the meaſure of the original, with a tranſpoſed verſion of the couplets in the Engliſh form:

With cheeks where eternal paradise bloom'd,
Sweet Laili the soul of Kais had consum'd.
Transported her heavenly graces he view'd:
Of slumber no more he thought, nor of food.
Love rais'd in their glowing bosoms his throne,
Adopting the chosen pair as his own.
Together on flowery seats they repos'd:
Their lips not one idle moment were clos'd.
To mortals they gave no hint of their smart:
Love only the secret drew from each heart.

TRANSPOSITION.

With cheeks where paradise eternal bloom'd,
Sweet Laili had the soul of Kais consum'd.
Her heav'nly graces he transported view'd:
No more he thought of slumber, nor of food.
Love in their glowing bosoms rais'd his throne,
The chosen pair adopting as his own.
On flowery seats together they repos'd:
Their lips one idle moment were not clos'd.
No hint they gave to mortals of their smart:
Love only drew the secret from each heart.

It has already been mentioned, that, in the earlieſt periods of his education, Sir William Jones had applied himſelf with uncommon

aſſiduity to the ſtudy of proſody, and, as he advanced in the acquiſition of new dialects, he continued to cultivate a knowledge of the laws of metre, which he found of the greateſt utility, in aſcertaining the text of Oriental authors. In the collection of his works, we read a tranſlation of the firſt Nemean ode of Pindar, as nearly as poſſible in the ſame meaſure as the original, and amongſt other compoſitions of the ſame kind, not intended for publication, I find a tranſlation of an ode of Sappho, word for word from the original, and ſyllable for ſyllable in the ſame meaſure, by the trueſt rules of Engliſh quantity.

In the beginning of 1789, the firſt volume of the Reſearches of the ſociety was publiſhed. The ſelection of the papers was left to the judgment of Sir William Jones, and he undertook the laborious and unpleaſant office of ſuperintending the printing. A third part of the volume, the moſt intereſting as well as inſtructive, is occupied by the contributions of the preſident.

Having paſſed half of my life in India, I may

be permitted to avail myſelf of the opportunity afforded by this publication, to vindicate my fellow-labourers in the Eaſt, from one amongſt many reproaches undeſervedly beſtowed upon them. A diſinclination to explore the literature and antiquities of Hinduſtan has been urged, as the natural conſequence of that immoderate purſuit of riches, which was ſuppoſed to be the ſole object of the ſervants of the Eaſt-India Company, and to engroſs their whole attention. The difficulty attending the acquiſition of new idioms, the obſtacles oppoſed by the fears, prejudices, and the reſerve of the natives, the conſtant occupations of official duty, and the injurious effect of ſedentary application in a tropical climate upon the conſtitution, were unnoticed or diſregarded, and no allowances made for impediments, which time and perſeverance could alone ſurmount.

The reproach was unmerited; and long before the arrival of Sir William Jones in India, the talents of ſeveral perſons there had been employed with conſiderable ſucceſs, not

only to inveſtigations, by which the public intereſts were eſſentially aſſiſted, but to thoſe ſcientific reſearches, which he more effectually promoted. The art of printing had been introduced into Bengal, by the untaught ſkill of Mr. Wilkins, and had advanced to great perfection; and many publications equally uſeful and intereſting, iſſued from the preſs which he had eſtabliſhed.

The genius, example, and direction of Sir William Jones, anticipated what time might perhaps have effected, but with ſlower progreſs. With advantages which no European in India poſſeſſed, he employed the aſcendancy derived from his ſuperior learning, knowledge, and abilities, to form an inſtitution for promoting and preſerving the literary labours of his countrymen; and while he exhibited himſelf an example for imitation, and pointed out in his diſcourſes, thoſe extenſive inveſtigations which he only was capable of conceiving, his conduct was adapted to encourage, and invite all who poſſeſſed talents and knowledge to contribute to the ſucceſs of the

The eſtabliſhment of the ſociety, which does no leſs honour to him, than to the character of our countrymen in Aſia, may hereafter form an important article in the general hiſtory of arts and ſciences; and, if the future labours of the members ſhould be continued with the ſame zeal, the obligations of the public will be proportionably increaſed*. In the twenty years which have elapſed ſince this eſtabliſhment was formed, more accurate information on the hiſtory and antiquities, on the arts, ſciences, and literature of India, has been given to the world, than ever before appeared; and without diſparaging the labours of other inveſtigators, and the merit of antecedent publications, the volumes of the Aſiatic Reſearches will ever remain an honourable teſtimony of the zeal and abilities of the Britiſh reſidents in Hinduſtan†.

* Three volumes of the Asiatic Researches were published before the death of Sir William Jones; a fourth was ready for the press, at the time of his demise, in April 1794, and a seventh volume has since been received in England.

† I cannot omit this opportunity of paying a tribute to the enlightened views and enlarged policy of Marquis

A copy of this work was tranſmitted by Sir William Jones to the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, with a letter intimating a wiſh that the King would honour the ſociety by his acceptance of it, with which his Majeſty graciouſly complied*.

Wellesley, Governor-General of India, in founding a college at Fort William, in Bengal, for the instruction of the servants of the East-India Company, in every branch of useful knowledge. The plan of the institution may perhaps have been more extensive than was absolutely necessary for this purpose, but against the principle of it, no solid objection could be urged. The functions assigned to the servants of the East-India Company, are of great magnitude, variety, and importance; and to discharge them properly requires the education of a statesman and legislator, and a thorough knowledge of the dialects in use in Hindustan. To enable the servants of the Company to acquire the necessary qualifications for the due discharge of these important duties, was the grand object of the institution, which at the same time comprehended the religious instruction, and the superintendance of the morals and habits of the pupils. Considered in a secondary and subordinate point of view, it was calculated to promote the objects proposed in the formation of the Asiatic society. A volume of essays by the students in the college has been published, which does equal honour to them and to the institution.

* The acceptance of the volume by the King, was announced by the following letter:

In the ſame year, Sir William preſented to the public a tranſlation of an ancient Indian drama, under the title of Sacontala, or *the Fatal Ring*, exhibiting a moſt pleaſing and authentic picture of old Hindu manners, and one of the greateſt curioſities that the literature of Aſia had yet brought to light. Calidas, the author of it, whom Sir William Jones calls the Shakſpeare of India, lived in the firſt century before Chriſt, not many years after Terence, and he wrote ſeveral other dramas and poetical pieces, of which only Sacontala has received an European dreſs. The violation of the unities, as well as the mixture of foreign mythology, which conſtitutes the ma-

Lord GRENVILLE to the Right Honourable H. DUNDAS.

SIR, *Whitehall, Feb.* 22, 1790.

Having laid before the King, Sir William Jones's letter to you; I am directed by His Majesty, to ſignify his gracious acceptance of the volume transmitted by you; and at the same time to express His Majesty's ſatisfaction in the progress of the sciences in the British eſtablishment in India, and his approbation of the important undertaking in which Sir William Jones is engaged.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

W. W. GRENVILLE.

chinery of the play, are irreconcileable with the purer taſte, which marks the dramatic compoſitions of Europe: but, although the tranſlator declined offering a criticiſm on the characters and conduct of the play, "from a "conviction that the taſtes of men differ as "much as the ſentiments and paſſions, and "that in feeling the beauties of art as in ſmell-"ing flowers, taſting fruits, viewing proſpects, "and hearing melody, every individual muſt "be guided by his own ſenſations and the in-"communicable aſſociations of his own ideas," we may venture to pronounce that, excluſive of the wild, pictureſque, and ſublime imagery which characteriſes it, the ſimplicity of the dialogue in many of the ſcenes, and the natural characters of many of the perſonages introduced, cannot fail of exciting pleaſure and intereſt in the reader; who will wiſh with me, perhaps, that Sir William Jones had not rigidly adhered to the determination which he expreſſed, not to employ his leiſure in tranſlating more of the works of Calidas.

In December 1789, the author of theſe me-

moirs was compelled, by the reiterated attacks of ſevere indiſpoſition, to leave India. For an account of the occupations of Sir William Jones, from that period to his return, I refer to his correſpondence, beginning with a letter from Count Reviczki*; the reader will ſee with pleaſure, that the mutual regard profeſſed by the two friends had ſuffered no abatement from time or ſeparation.

London, June 30, 1789.

By the Veſtal frigate, which was to convey Lord Cathcart to China, I wrote an anſwer to your elegant Perſian letter, which I received through Mr. Elmſley. It was a moſt agreeable proof to me, that I was ſtill honoured with a place in your remembrance, notwithſtanding the diſtance which ſeparates us. I have ſince learned, that Colonel Cathcart died on the voyage; and as the Veſtal, in conſequence of this event, returned to England, I am not without apprehenſion, that my letter never reached you. I have ſince received

* Appendix, No. 38.

a moſt ſuperb work printed at Calcutta, and which would do honour to the firſt printing-office in Europe, accompanied with an elegant and obliging letter. I recognized in it the hand of a ſkilful penman, if I may be allowed to judge; for I have ſo long neglected the cultivation of Oriental literature, that I am almoſt as much a ſtranger to it, as if I had never learned it. I have never yet ſeen ſo elegant a ſpecimen of Oriental typography, as that in the Perſian poem with which you favoured me.

I cannot expreſs how much I regret the loſs of your ſociety during my reſidence in London, which would have afforded me ſo much gratification; and I doubt if I ſhall have an opportunity of enjoying it after your return, as I muſt ſoon enter upon the new office conferred upon me by the emperor, of miniſter at Naples. But whatever my deſtination may be, of this you may be aſſured, that neither abſence nor diſtance will ever weaken my attachment to you, and that during life I ſhall

conſider myſelf equally bound by gratitude and inclination to preſerve it.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Count REVICZKI.

Sir *William Jones* to Dr. *Price*.

Criſhna-nagur, Sept. 14, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,

I give you my warmeſt thanks for your friendly letter, and acceptable preſent of an admirable diſcourſe, which I have read with great delight.

* * * * * We have twenty millions (I ſpeak with good information) of Indian ſubjects, whoſe laws I am now compiling and arranging, in the hope of ſecuring their property to themſelves and their heirs. They are pleaſed with the work; but it makes me a very bad correſpondent. I had flattered myſelf with a hope of making a viſit to our venerable friend at Philadelphia, before the retreat which I meditate to my hum-

ble cottage in Middleſex; but God's will be done. We ſhall meet, I devoutly hope, in a happier ſtate.

To the Rev. Dr. *Ford*, Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford.

Criſhna-nagur, Oct. 11, 1790.

Though I am for the beſt of reaſons the worſt of correſpondents, yet I will no longer delay to thank you for your friendly letter of the fourth of February, and for your kind attentions to Colonel Polier. You have a much better correſpondent in Mr. Langlas, whoſe patriotiſm, I hope, will ſucceed, and whoſe Perſian literature will be a ſource of delight to him, if not to the public. Mr. Wehl's favour never reached me, or I would have anſwered it immediately, and I requeſt you to inform him of my diſappointment. The chances are about three to one againſt your receiving this; and the fear of writing for the ſport of winds and waves, diſheartens me whenever I take up a pen.

Sir *William Jones* to *William Shipley*, Eſq.

Criſhna-nagur, Oct. 11, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

The ſhips which brought your kind letters arrived ſo near the end of my ſhort vacation, that I have but juſt time to thank you for them, as I do moſt heartily, as well as for your acceptable preſents. Anna Maria has recovered from the pang which the ſad intelligence from England gave her, and a pious reſignation has ſucceeded to her natural anguiſh. You are I hope quite recovered from your illneſs, and again promoting the welfare and convenience of mankind, by your judicious exertions and ingenious inventions, to which all poſſible attention ſhall be ſhewn in this country. May you very long enjoy the pleaſure of doing good, which is, I well know, the only reward you ſeek! It is now ſettled here, that the natives are proprietors of their land, and that it ſhall deſcend by their own laws. I

am engaged in ſuperintending a complete ſyſtem of Indian laws; but the work is vaſt, difficult, and delicate; it occupies all my leiſure, and makes me the worſt of correſpondents. I truſt, however, that long letters are not neceſſary to convince you, that I am, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to Mrs. *Sloper**.

Criſhna nagur, Oct. 13, 1790.

I deſerve no thanks for the attentions which it is both my duty and my delight to ſhew our beloved Anna; but you deſerve, and I beg you to accept my warmeſt thanks for your entertaining letter, for your frequent kind remembrance of me, and your acceptable preſent of a ſnuff-box in the moſt elegant taſte. All that you write concerning my friends, is highly intereſting to me; and all pleaſing, except the contents of your laſt page; but the moſt agreeable part of your letter is the hope which you expreſs, that the Bath waters would

* Sister to Lady Jones, and married to William Charles Sloper, Esq.

reſtore you to health: and it gives me infinite pleaſure to know, that your hope has been realized. Anna will give you a full account of herſelf, and will mention ſome of the many reaſons, that make me a bad correſpondent. I thank you for Erſkine's ſpeech, but I was myſelf an advocate ſo long, that I never mind what advocates *ſay*, but what they *prove*; and I can only examine *proofs* in cauſes brought before me. I knew you would receive with your uſual good-nature my ſaucy jeſts about your hand-writing, but hope you will write to me, as you write to Anna, for you know, the more any character reſembles pot-hooks, &c. the better I can read it. My love to Amelia, and to all whom you love, which would give them a claim, if they had no other, to the affection of,

My dear Madam,

Your ever faithful,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *W. Jones* to Sir *J. Macpherſon*, Bart.

Criſhna-nagur, Oct. 15, 1790.

I give you hearty thanks for your poſt-ſcript, which (as you enjoin ſecrecy) I will only allude to ambiguouſly, leſt this letter ſhould fall into other hands than yours. Be aſſured, that what I am going to ſay does not proceed from an imperfect ſenſe of your kindneſs, but really I want no addition to my fortune, which is enough for me; and if the whole legiſlature of Britain were to offer me a different ſtation from that which I now fill, ſhould moſt gratefully and reſpectfully decline it. The character of an ambitious judge is, in my opinion, very dangerous to public juſtice; and if I were a ſole legiſlator, it ſhould be enacted that every judge, as well as every biſhop, ſhould remain for life in the place which he firſt accepted. This is not the language of a cynic, but of a man, who loves his friends, his country, and mankind; who knows the ſhort duration of human life, recollects that he has lived four-and-forty years, and has

learned to be contented. Of public affairs you will receive better intelligence, than I am able to give you. My private life is ſimilar to that which you remember: ſeven hours a day on an average are occupied by my duties as a magiſtrate, and one hour to the new Indian digeſt, for one hour in the evening I read aloud to Lady Jones. We are now travelling to the ſources of the Nile with Mr. Bruce, whoſe work is very intereſting and important. The ſecond volume of the Aſiatic Tranſactions is printed, and the third ready for the preſs. I jabber Sanſcrit every day with the pundits, and hope, before I leave India, to underſtand it as well as I do Latin. Among my letters I find one directed to you; I have unſealed it, and though it only ſhews that I was not inattentive to the note, with which you favoured me on the eve of your departure, yet I annex it, beeauſe it was yours, though brought back by my ſervant.

The latter part of it will raiſe melancholy ideas; but death, if we look at it firmly, is only a change of place: every departure of a

friend is a ſort of death; and we are all continually dying and reviving. We ſhall all meet; I hope to meet you again in India; but, wherever we meet, I expect to ſee you well and happy. None of your friends can wiſh for your health and happineſs more ardently than, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *R. Morris*, Eſq.

Calcutta, Oct. 30, 1790.

When your letter arrived, I had begun my judicial campaign, and am ſo buſy I can only anſwer it very ſhortly. Lady J. and myſelf are ſincerely rejoiced, that you have ſo good an eſtabliſhment in ſo fine a country. Need I ſay, that it would give me infinite delight to promote your views? as far as I can, I will promote them, but though I have a very extenſive acquaintance, I neither have, nor can have, influence. I can only approve and recommend, and do my beſt to circulate your propoſals. We are equally obliged to you for your kind invitation, as if we had it in our power to accept it; but I fear

we cannot leave Calcutta long enough to revisit your Indian Montpelier. As one of the Cymro-dorians, I am warmly interested in British antiquities and literature; but my honour is pledged for the completion of the new digest of Hindu laws, and I have not a moment to spare for any other study.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *J. Sinclair*, Bart.
Whitehall.

Crishna-nagur, Oct. 15, 1791.

You may rely upon my best endeavours to procure information concerning the Asiatic wool, or soft hair; and the animals that carry it. I had the pleasure of circulating your very interesting tracts at Calcutta, and of exhibiting the specimens of very beautiful wool with which you favoured me. My own time, however, is engaged from morning to night in discharging my public duties, and in arranging the new digest of Indian laws. I must therefore depend chiefly on others in procuring the information you are desirous of obtaining. Mr. Bebb of the board of trade,

and Colonel Kyd who ſuperintends the Company's garden, have promiſed to aſſiſt me. The wool of theſe provinces is too coarſe to be of uſe; but that of Kerman in Perſia, which you know by the name of *Carmanian* wool, is reckoned exquiſitely fine, and you might I ſuppoſe procure the ſheep from Bombay. The ſhawl goats would live, I imagine, and breed, in England; but it is no leſs difficult to procure the females from Caſhmir, than to procure mares from Arabia. When you ſee Mr. Richardſon, do me the favour to give him my beſt thanks for the parcel, which he ſent me by the deſire of the Highland Society.

Sir *William Jones* to *George Harding*, Eſq.

Criſhna-nagur, Oct. 16, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

If the warmth of hearts were meaſured by the frequency of letters, my heart muſt be thought the coldeſt in the world; but you, I am confident, will never apply ſo fallacious a thermometer. In ſerious truth, I am, and muſt be, the worſt of correſpondents for the

following reaſons among a hundred, a ſtrong glare and weak eyes, long taſks and ſhort daylight, confinement in *court* ſix hours a day, and in my chambers three or four, not to mention caſual interruptions and engagements. You ſpoke ſo lightly of your complaint, that I thought it muſt be tranſient, and ſhould have been extremely grieved, if, in the very moment when I heard you had been ſeriouſly ill, I had not heard of your recovery.

Anna Maria has promiſed me to ſail for Europe in January 1793, and I will follow her, when I can live as well in England on my private fortune as I can do here on half my ſalary. * * *

I cannot but like your ſonnets, yet wiſh you would abſtain from politicks, which add very little to the graces of poetry.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *Joſeph Banks*.

Criſhna-nagur, Oct. 18, 1791.

I thank you heartily for your kind letters, but perhaps I cannot expreſs my thanks better than by anſwering them as exactly as I am able.

Firſt, as to ſending plants from India, I beg you to accept my excuſes, and to make them to Sir George Young, for my apparent inattention to ſuch commiſſions. In ſhort, if you wiſh to transfer our Indian plants to the Weſtern iſlands, the Company muſt direct Kyd and Roxburgh to ſend them, and their own captains to receive them, and attend to them.

We are in ſad want of a travelling botaniſt, with ſome ſhare of my poor friend Kœnig's knowledge and zeal. A ſtationary botaniſt would fix on the indigo-fera, as the chief object of his care. Roxburgh will do much on the coaſt, if he can be relieved from his terrible head-achs, but here we have no aſſiſtance.

I have neither eyes nor time for a botaniſt, yet with Lady Jones's aſſiſtance, I am continually advancing; and we have examined about 170 Linnæan *genera*. She brought home, a morning or two ago, the moſt lovely *epidendrum* that ever was ſeen, but the deſcription of it would take up too much room in a letter; it grew on a lofty amra, but it is an

air plant, and puts forth its fragrant enamelled bloſſoms in a pot without earth or water: none of the many ſpecies of Linnæus correſponds exactly with it. You muſt not imagine that, becauſe I am, and ſhall be, ſaucy about the Linnæan language, that I have not the higheſt veneration for its great author; but I think his diction barbarous and pedantic, particularly in his *Philoſophia Botanica*, which I have a right to criticiſe, having read it three times with equal attention and pleaſure. Had Van Rheede exhibited the Sanſcrit names with accuracy, we ſhould not be puzzled with reading the Indian poems and medical tracts; but in all his twelve volumes, I have not found above ten or twelve names correctly expreſſed, either in Sanſcrit or Arabic. I ſhall touch again on botany, but I proceed with your firſt letter. I have little knowledge of Yacob Bruce; but his five volumes, which I read aloud, (except ſome paſſages which I could only read with my eyes) are ſo entertaining that I wiſhed for five more, and readily forgave not only his miſtakes in the bo-

tanical language, and in Arabic, but even his arrogance, which he carries *extra flammantia mœnia mundi.*

Keir's paper on diſtilling I never ſaw in print, though I muſt have heard it read by our ſecretary; but as the worthy author of it is in London, where you will have probably met him, he will ſatisfy you on the ſubject.

The *madhuca* is, beyond a doubt, the *baſſia*; but I can ſafely aſſert, that not one of fifty bloſſoms which I have examined, had 16 filaments, 8 above the throat, and 8 within the tube. That Kœnig, whom I knew to be very accurate, had ſeen ſuch a character, I doubt not, but he ſhould not have ſet it down as conſtant. I frequently ſaw 26 and 28 filaments, ſometimes 12, and the average was about 20 or 22. By the way, my excellent friend, you will do us capital ſervice, either by printing Kœnig's manuſcripts, or by ſending us a copy of them; and we will ſend you in return, not only the correct Sanſcrit names, but the plants themſelves, at leaſt the ſeeds,

if you can prevail on any captain to take care of them. * * * * * * * *

That the poem of Calidas entertained you, gives me great pleaſure, but it diverts me extremely to hear from others, that the authenticity of the poem is doubted in England; but I am not ſure that my own errors of inattention may not have occaſioned miſtakes. The uſe of the pollen in flowers is, I believe, well known to the Brahmans; but I am not ſure, that I have not added the epithet *prolific*, to diſtinguiſh it from common *duſt*, which would have been the exact verſion of *renu*. The blue *nymphæa*, which I have found reaſons for believing the *lotus* of Egypt, is a native of Upper India; here we have only the white and roſe-coloured. *Filament* is not uſed as a botanical word, but merely as a thread, and the filaments for the bracelet are drawn from the ſtalk of the *nymphæa*. The *hart* properly ſo called, may not be a native of Bengal; but Calidas lived at Ugein, and lays his ſcene near the northern mountains; all the reſt is clear: bears and boars, and all wild beaſts have been hunted

here immemorially. The *cocila*, ſings charmingly here in the ſpring; Polier will ſhew you drawings of the male and female, but will perhaps call it co-il: the ſtory of its eggs always ſtruck me as very remarkable. The *amra* is *mangifera*; the mellica, I believe, *nyctanthes zambak*; the madhavi creeper, *baniſteria*. The *enſa*, I cannot ſee in bloſſom. The *ſwiſha* is *mimoſa odoratiſſima*, the pippála, *ficus religioſa*. If I recollect *lacſha*, it is not a plant, but *lac*. *Vana doſini* is a Sanſcrit epithet of the *baniſteria*. As to nard, I know not what to ſay; if the Greeks meant only fragrant graſs, we have nards in abundance, *acorus*, *ſchoenus*, *andropogon*, *cyperus*, &c. But I have no evidence that they meant any ſuch thing. On Arrian, or rather on Ariſtobulus, we cannot ſafely rely, as they place cinnamon in Arabia, and myrrh in Perſia. Should any travelling botaniſt find the ſpecies of *andropogon*, mentioned by Dr. Blane in the plains of Gedroſia, it would be ſome evidence, but would at the ſame time prove that it was not the Indian nard, which never was ſuppoſed to grow

in Perſia. As at preſent adviſed, I believe the Indian nard of the ancients to have been a valerian, at leaſt the nard of Ptolemy, which is brought from the very country, mentioned by him as famed for ſpikenard.

And now, my dear Sir Joſeph, I have gone through both your letters: I am, for many good reaſons, a bad correſpondent, but principally becauſe the diſcharge of my public duties leaves me no more time than is ſufficient for neceſſary refreſhments and relaxation.

The laſt twenty years of my life I ſhall ſpend, I truſt, in a ſtudious retreat; and if you know of a pleaſant country houſe to be diſpoſed of in your part of Middleſex, with paſture-ground for my cattle, and garden-ground enough for my amuſement, have the goodneſs to inform me of it. I ſhall be happy in being your neighbour, and, though I write little now, will talk then as much as you pleaſe.

I believe I ſhall ſend a box of ineſtimable manuſcripts, Sanſcrit and Arabic, to your friendly care. If I return to England, you will

reſtore them to me; if I die in my voyage to China, or my journey through Perſia, you will diſpoſe of them as you pleaſe*. Wherever I may die, I ſhall be, while I live, my dear Sir, &c.

Sir *William Jones* to *Warren Haſtings*, Eſq.

Criſhna-nagur, Oct. 20, 1791

MY DEAR SIR,

Before you can receive this, you will, I doubt not, have obtained a complete triumph over your perſecutors; and your character will have riſen, not brighter indeed, but more conſpicuouſly bright, from the furnace of their perſecution. Happy ſhould I be if I could congratulate you in perſon on your victory; but though I have a fortune in England, which might ſatisfy a man of letters, yet I have not enough to eſtabliſh that abſolute independence which has been the chief end and aim of my

* The MSS. here alluded to, after the demise of Sir William Jones, were presented, together with another large collection of Eastern MSS. to the Royal Society, by Lady Jones. A catalogue, compiled by Mr. Wilkins, is inserted in the 13th volume of Sir William Jones's works.

life; and I muſt ſtay in this country a few years longer: Lady Jones has however promiſed me to take her paſſage for Europe in January 1793, and I will follow her when I can. She is pretty well, and preſents her kindeſt remembrance to you and Mrs. Haſtings, whom I thank moſt heartily for a very obliging and elegant letter. My own health has, by God's bleſſing, been very firm, but my eyes are weak, and I have conſtantly employed them eight or nine hours a day. My principal amuſement is botany, and the converſation of the pundits, with whom I talk fluently in the language of the *Gods*; and my buſineſs, beſides the diſcharge of my public duties, is the tranſlation of Menu, and of the digeſt which has been compiled at my inſtance. Our ſociety ſtill ſubſiſts, and the third volume of their Tranſactions is ſo far advanced, that it will certainly be publiſhed next ſeaſon. Samuel Davis has tranſlated the *Surya Siddhanta*, and is making diſcoveries in Indian aſtronomy; while Wilford is purſuing his geographical enquiries at Benares, and has found, or

thinks he has found, an account of Africa and Europe, and even of *Britain* by name, in the Scanda Puran; he has ſent us a chart of the Nile from Sanſcrit authorities, and I expect ſoon to receive his proofs and illuſtrations. Of public affairs in India, I ſay little, becauſe I can ſay nothing with certainty: the ſeaſons and elements have been adverſe to us in Myſore. Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me to be with unfeigned regard,

Your faithful and obedient,

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir *William Jones* to Sir *Joſeph Banks*.

Calcutta, Nov. 19, 1791.

Since I ſent my letter to the packet of the Queen, I received the incloſed from a Hindu of my acquaintance, and I ſend his *cuſha* flowers, which I have not eyes to examine, eſpecially in a ſeaſon of buſineſs. The leaves are very long, with a point exceſſively long and fine, their edges are rough downwards, in other reſpects ſmooth. As this plant is to my knowledge celebrated in the veda, I

am very deſirous of knowing its Linnæan name. I cannot find it in Van Rheede.

* * * * * *

The frequent alluſions in theſe letters to local or botanical ſubjects, may render them particularly intereſting only to the friends and correſpondents of Sir William Jones, but they deſcribe his occupations and contain his mind, which I wiſh to diſplay; they exhibit a warmth of affection for his friends, upright principles, a manly independence, and a deſire of honourable diſtinction, combined with a contempt for all ambition incompatible with his public character. The frequent mention of the work which he had undertaken is equally a proof of his opinion of the importance of it, and of his ſolicitude to make it as perfect as poſſible.

The manner in which he mentions the travels of Mr. Bruce ſhews, that he was not one of the ſceptics who doubted of his veracity. In a paper which he preſented to the ſociety in Calcutta, he recites a converſation with a native of Abyſſinia, who had ſeen and known Mr. Bruce at Gwender, and who ſpoke of

him in very honourable terms. At the period of this converſation, the travels were not publiſhed; but it was too particular and deſcriptive to leave room for doubt, as to the identity of Mr. Bruce, and of his having paſſed ſome years in Abyſſinia.

Of the correſpondence of Sir William Jones in 1792, if it were not altogether ſuſpended by his more important ſtudies and avocations, no part has been communicated to me. In March 1793, I returned to Bengal with a commiſſion to ſucceed Marquis Cornwallis, in his ſtation of Governor-General whenever he thought proper to relinquiſh it, and I had the ſatisfaction to find my friend, although ſomewhat debilitated by the climate, in a ſtate of health which promiſed a longer duration of life than it pleaſed Providence to aſſign to him. The ardour of his mind had ſuffered no abatement, and his application was unremitted. The completion of the work which he had undertaken, occupied the principal portion of his leiſure, and the remainder of his time which could be ſpared, was as uſual

devoted to literary and ſcientific purſuits. Botanical reſearches occaſionally diverted his hours of relaxation, but he found impediments to them from the weakneſs of his ſight, and heat of the climate.

The conſtitution of Lady Jones, which was naturally delicate, had ſuffered ſo much from repeated attacks of indiſpoſition, that a change of climate had long been preſcribed by the phyſicians, as the only means of preſerving her life; but her affectionate attachment to her huſband had hitherto induced her to remain in India, in oppoſition to this advice, though with the full conviction that the recovery of her health, in any conſiderable degree, was impoſſible. She knew that the obligation which he had voluntarily contracted, to tranſlate the digeſt of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, was the only, though inſuperable obſtacle to his accompanying her, and his entreaties were neceſſary to gain her reluctant aſſent to undertake the voyage without his ſociety. In the courſe of his correſpondence, we trace his ardour to explore the new ob-

jects of inveſtigation which increaſing knowledge had diſcovered to him, and an intention to purſue the line of his reſearches through Perſia or China, by a circuitous rout to his native country; and at an earlier period, when the extent of the field of inveſtigation appeared boundleſs, he had declared his determination to remain in India until the cloſe of the century, if it ſhould pleaſe God to prolong his life. But affection ſet limits to his zeal for knowledge, and when it was finally ſettled that Lady Jones ſhould return to England, he determined himſelf to follow her in the enſuing ſeaſon, hoping by this period to have diſcharged his engagements with the government of India. She embarked in December 1793.

In the beginning of 1794, Sir William Jones publiſhed a work, in which he had long been engaged,—a tranſlation of the Ordinances of Menu, compriſing the Indian ſyſtem of duties religious and civil. This taſk was ſuggeſted by the ſame motives, which had induced him to undertake the compilation of the di-

geſt; to aid the benevolent intentions of the legiſlature of Great Britain, in ſecuring to the natives of India the adminiſtration of juſtice, to a certain extent, by their own laws. Menu is eſteemed by the Hindus the firſt of created beings, and not the oldeſt only, but the holieſt, of legiſlators; and his ſyſtem is ſo comprehenſive and ſo minutely exact, that it may be conſidered as an inſtitute of Hindu law, prefatory to the more copious digeſt.

This work, to uſe the words of the tranſlator, contains abundance of curious matter, extremely intereſting both to ſpeculative lawyers and antiquaries, with many beauties, which need not be pointed out, and with many blemiſhes, which cannot be juſtified or palliated. It is indeed a ſyſtem of deſpotiſm and prieſtcraft, both limited by law, but artfully conſpiring to give mutual ſupport, though with mutual checks; it is filled with ſtrange conceits in metaphyſicks and natural philoſophy, with idle ſuperſtitions, and with a ſcheme of theology moſt obſcurely figurative, and conſequently liable to dangerous miſconcep-

tion; it abounds with minute and childiſh formalities, with ceremonies generally abſurd, and often ridiculous; the puniſhments are partial and painful, for ſome crimes dreadfully cruel, for others reprehenſibly ſlight: and the very morals, though rigid enough on the whole, are in one or two inſtances (as in the caſe of light oaths and pious perjury) unaccountably relaxed; nevertheleſs, a ſpirit of ſublime devotion, of benevolence to mankind, and of amiable tenderneſs to all creatures, pervades the whole work; the ſtyle of it has a certain auſtere majeſty, that ſounds like the language of legiſlation, and extorts a reſpectful awe; the ſentiments of independence upon all beings but God, and the harſh admonitions even to kings, are truly noble; and the many panegyrics on the Gayatri, the mother, as it is called, of the vedá, prove the author to have adored, not the viſible material ſun, but that divine and incomparably greater light, to uſe the words of the moſt venerable text in the Indian Scripture, which *illumines all, delights all, from which all proceed, to which all muſt*

return, and which can alone irradiate, not our viſual organs, but our ſouls and our intellects.

The appreciation of a work, which had occupied ſo large a portion of his time and attention, affords a proof of the judgment and candour of Sir William Jones. The ordinances of Menu are by no means calculated for general reading; but they exhibit the manners of a remarkable people, in a remote age, and unfold the principles of the moral and religious ſyſtems, to which the Hindus have invariably adhered, notwithſtanding their long ſubjection to a foreign dominion.

I now preſent to the reader, the laſt letter which I received from Sir William Jones, written two months before the departure of Lady Jones from India.

MY DEAR SIR,

A few days after I troubled you about the yacht, I felt a ſevere pang on hearing of your domeſtic misfortune; and I felt more for you than I ſhould for moſt men, on ſo melancholy an occaſion, becauſe I well know the

ſenſibility of your heart. The only topic of conſolation happily preſented itſelf to you: reaſon perhaps might convince us, that the death of a created being never happens without the will of the Creator, who governs this world by a ſpecial interpoſition of his providential care; but, as this is a truth which Revelation expreſsly teaches us, our only true comfort in affliction muſt be derived from Chriſtian philoſophy, which is ſo far from encouraging us to ſtifle our natural feelings, that even the divine Author of it wept on the death of a friend. This doctrine, though ſuperfluous to you, is always preſent to my mind; and I ſhall have occaſion in a few years, by the courſe of nature, to preſs it on the mind of Lady Jones, the great age of whoſe mother is one of my reaſons for hoping moſt anxiouſly, that nothing may prevent her returning to England this ſeaſon. * * * * I will follow her as ſoon as I can, poſſibly at the beginning of 1795, but probably not till the ſeaſon after that; for although I ſhall have more than enough to ſupply all the

wants of a man, who would rather have been Cincinnatus with his plough, than Lucullus with all his wealth, yet I wiſh to complete the ſyſtem of Indian laws while I remain in India, becauſe I wiſh to perform whatever I promiſe, with the leaſt poſſible imperfection; and in ſo difficult a work doubts muſt ariſe, which the pundits alone could remove. You continue, I hope, to find the gardens healthy; nothing can be more pleaſant than the houſe in which we live; but it might juſtly be called the temple of the winds, eſpecially as it has an octagonal form, like that erected at Athens to thoſe boiſterous divinities. I cannot get rid of the rheumatiſm which their keen breath has given me, and ſubmit with reluctance to the neceſſity of wrapping myſelf in ſhawls and flannel. We continue to be charmed with the perſpicuity, moderation, and eloquence of Filangieri.

Of European politics I think as little as poſſible; not becauſe they do not intereſt my heart, but becauſe they give me too much pain. I have "good will towards men, and

wiſh peace on earth;" but I ſee chiefly under the ſun, the two claſſes of men whom Solomon deſcribes, the oppreſſor and the oppreſſed. I have no fear in England of open deſpotiſm, nor of anarchy. I ſhall cultivate my fields and gardens, and think as little as poſſible of monarchs or oligarchs.

I am, &c.

* * * * *

It would not be eaſy to give expreſſion to the feelings excited by the peruſal of this letter, nine years after the date of it. In recalling the memory of domeſtic misfortunes, which time had nearly obliterated, it revives with new force the recollection of that friend, whoſe ſympathy endeavoured to ſoothe the ſorrows of a father for the loſs of his children. The tranſition by Sir William Jones to the circumſtances of his own ſituation is natural, and the conjugal boſom may perhaps ſympathize with a fond huſband, anticipating the affliction of the wife of his affection, and his own efforts to conſole her; that wife however ſtill ſurvives to lament her irreparable loſs in the

death of Sir William Jones himſelf, and has had for ſome years the happineſs to conſole, by the tendereſt aſſiduities, the increaſing infirmities of an aged mother*.

The friends of Religion, who know the value of the "ſure and certain hopes" which it inſpires, will remark with ſatisfaction, the pious ſentiments expreſſed by Sir William Jones a few months only before his own death. They will recollect the determination which he formed in youth, to examine with attention the evidence of our holy Religion, and will rejoice to find unprejudiced enquiry terminating, as might be expected, in a rational conviction of its truth and divine authority.

Of this conviction, his publications, though none of them were profeſſedly religious, afford ample and indubitable teſtimony; and I cannot deem it a ſuperfluous taſk (to me, indeed, it will be moſt grateful) to ſelect from them, and from ſuch other materials as I poſ-

* Mrs. Shipley died on the 9th of March, 1803, in her 87th year. She retained all her faculties to that prolonged period.

ſeſs, his opinions on a ſubject of undeniable importance.

Amongſt the papers written by Sir William Jones, I find the following prayer, compoſed by him on the firſt day of the year 1782, about fifteen months before his embarkation for India, and more than twelve years before his death:

A PRAYER.

Eternal and incomprehenſible *Mind*, who, by thy boundleſs *power*, before time began, createdſt innumerable *worlds* for thy *glory*, and innumerable orders of *beings* for their *happineſs*, which thy infinite *goodneſs* prompted thee to deſire, and thy infinite wiſdom enabled thee to know! we, thy *creatures*, vaniſh into nothing before thy ſupreme Majeſty; we hourly feel our *weakneſs*; we daily bewail our *vices*; we continually acknowledge our *folly*; thee only we *adore* with awful veneration; thee we *thank* with the moſt fervent zeal; thee we *praiſe* with aſtoniſhment and rapture; to thy *power* we humbly ſubmit; of thy *goodneſs* we devoutly implore protection; on thy *wiſdom* we firmly and cheerfully rely,

We do but open our *eyes*, and inſtantly we perceive thy divine exiſtence; we do but exert our *reaſon*, and in a moment we diſcover thy divine *attributes*: but our *eyes* could not behold thy *ſplendour*, nor could our *minds* comprehend thy divine *eſſence*; we *ſee* thee *only* through thy ſtupendous and all-perfect *works*; we *know* thee *only* by that ray of ſacred light, which it has pleaſed thee to reveal. Nevertheleſs, if creatures too *ignorant* to *conceive*, and too *depraved* to *purſue*, the means of their own happineſs, may without preſumption expreſs their wants to their CREATOR, let us humbly ſupplicate thee to remove from us that *evil*, which thou haſt permitted for *a time* to exiſt, that the *ultimate good* of all may be complete, and to ſecure us from that *vice*, which thou ſuffereſt to ſpread ſnares around us, that the triumph of virtue may be more conſpicuous. Irradiate our minds with all *uſeful truth*; inſtil into our hearts a ſpirit of *general benevolence*; give *underſtanding* to the fooliſh; *meekneſs* to the proud; *temperance* to the diſſolute; *fortitude* to the feeble-hearted; *hope* to the deſponding; *faith* to the unbeliev-

ing; *diligence* to the ſlothful; *patience* to thoſe who are in *pain*; and thy celeſtial aid to thoſe who are in *danger*: Comfort the *afflicted*; relieve the *diſtreſſed*; ſupply the *hungry* with ſalutary food, and the *thirſty* with a plentiful ſtream. Impute not our *doubts* to *indifference*, nor our *ſlowneſs of belief* to *hardneſs of heart*; but be indulgent to our *imperfect nature*, and ſupply our *imperfections* by thy *heavenly favour*. "Suffer not, we "anxiouſly pray, ſuffer not *oppreſſion* to pre- "vail over *innocence*, nor the *might* of the "*avenger* over the *weakneſs* of the *juſt*." Whenever we addreſs thee in our retirement from the vanities of the world, if our prayers are *fooliſh*, *pity* us; if *preſumptuous*, *pardon* us; if *acceptable* to thee, grant them, all-powerful GOD, grant them: And, as with our *living* voice, and with our *dying* lips, we will expreſs our ſubmiſſion to thy *decrees*, adore thy *providence*, and bleſs thy *diſpenſations*; ſo in all *future* ſtates, to which we reverently hope thy *goodneſs* will raiſe us, grant that we may continue *praiſing*, *admiring*, *venerating*, *wor-*

ſhipping thee more and more, through *worlds* without *number*, and *ages* without *end!*

Jan. 1, 1782.

I do not adduce this prayer as evidence of the belief of Sir William Jones in the doctrines of Jeſus Chriſt; although I think that ſuch a compoſition could hardly have been framed by an unbeliever in the Goſpel, or, if this be deemed poſſible, that a mind capable of feeling the ſentiments which it expreſſes, could long have witholden its aſſent to the truths of Revelation. It is evidently the effuſion of a pious mind, deeply impreſſed with an awful ſenſe of the infinite wiſdom, power, and benevolence of his Creator, and of the ignorance, weakneſs, and depravity of human nature; ſentiments which reaſon and experience ſtrongly ſuggeſt, and which Revelation expreſsly teaches. Let it be remembered, that long before this prayer was written, Sir William Jones had demonſtrated* to his own ſatisfaction, that Jeſus was the Meſſiah, predicted by the Prophets; that amongſt his pro-

* Memoirs, p. 115, vol. i.

jected occupations in India, one* was to tranſlate the Pſalms into Perſic, and the Goſpel of Luke into Arabic,—a deſign which could only have originated in his conviction of the importance and inſpiration of theſe divine books; that in the year after the date of the prayer, we have a direct and public avowal of his belief in the divinity of our Saviour†; and again in the next, another prayer by him expreſſing his excluſive reliance on the merits of his Redeemer for his acceptance with God‡.

Amongſt the publications of Sir William Jones, in which his religious ſentiments are expreſſed, I ſhall firſt notice, *A Diſſertation on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and Rome*, written in 1784, but reviſed and printed in 1786, in which the following paſſage occurs: "Diſ-"quiſitions concerning the manners and con-"duct of our ſpecies, in early times, or indeed "at any time, are always curious at leaſt, and "amuſing; but they are highly intereſting "to ſuch as can ſay of themſelves, with

* Memoirs, p. 4. vol. ii. † Ibid. p. 9. vol. ii.
‡ Ibid. p. 41. vol. ii.

" CHREMES in the play, ' We are men, and
" ' take an intereſt in all that relates to man-
" ' kind.' They may even be of ſolid import-
" ance in an age, when ſome intelligent and
" virtuous perſons are inclined to doubt the au-
" thenticity of accounts delivered by MOSES,
" concerning the primitive world; *ſince no*
" *modes or ſources of reaſoning can be unimpor-*
" *tant, which have a tendency to remove ſuch*
" *doubts.* Either the firſt eleven chapters of
" *Geneſis*, (all due allowances being made for a
" figurative Eaſtern ſtyle,) are true, or the
" whole fabric of our national religion is falſe;
" a concluſion, which none of us I truſt would
" wiſh to be drawn. I, *who cannot help be-*
" *lieving the divinity* of the MESSIAH, from
" the undiſputed antiquity, and manifeſt com-
" pletion of many prophecies, eſpecially thoſe
" of ISAIAH, in the only perſon recorded by
" hiſtory, to whom they are applicable, am
" obliged of courſe to believe the ſanctity of
" the venerable books, to which that ſacred
" perſon refers as genuine: but it is not the
" truth of our national religion, as ſuch, that

" I have at heart; it is TRUTH itſelf: and if
" any cool, unbiaſſed reader will clearly con-
" vince me, that Moſes drew his narrative,
" through Egyptian conduits, from the pri-
" meval fountains of Indian literature, I ſhall
" eſteem him as a friend, for having weeded
" my mind from a capital error, and promiſe
" to ſtand among the foremoſt in aſſiſting to
" circulate the truth which he has aſcertained.
" After ſuch a declaration, I cannot but per-
" ſuade myſelf, that no candid man will
" be diſpleaſed, if, in the courſe of my work,
" I make as free with any arguments, that he
" may have advanced, as I ſhould really deſire
" him to do with any of mine, that he may be
" diſpoſed to controvert."

Let not the candour of the declaration, contained in the preceding quotation, alarm the ſerious Chriſtian; the fair inference to be drawn from it is this, that Sir William Jones was incapable of affirming what he did not fully believe; and the avowal of his faith in the divinity of our Saviour, is therefore to be received as deciſive evidence of the ſincerity of

his belief: indeed his declaration may be conſidered as the proof of his faith; and his faith to be grounded in proportion to the openneſs of his declaration. That any reaſoner could convince him, that Moſes had borrowed his narrative from Indian ſources, he never for a moment ſuppoſed, and if a doubt could be entertained on this ſubject, another paſſage in the ſame diſſertation muſt at once annihilate it. He had indeed no heſitation to acknowledge his perſuaſion, that a connection ſubſiſted between the old idolatrous nations of Egypt, India, Greece, and Italy, long before they migrated to their ſeveral ſettlements, and conſequently before the birth of Moſes; but he was equally perſuaded, that the truth of the propoſition could in no degree affect the veracity and ſanctity of the Moſaic hiſtory, which, if any confirmation of it were neceſſary, it would rather tend to confirm.

"The divine legate (I now quote his words) "educated by the daughter of a king, and in "all reſpects highly accompliſhed, could not "but know the mythological ſyſtem of Egypt,

" but he muſt have condemned the ſuperſti-
" tions of that people, and deſpiſed the ſpecu-
" lative abſurdities of their prieſts, though
" ſome of their traditions concerning the crea-
" tion and the flood, were founded on truth.
" Who was better acquainted with the mytho-
" logy of Athens, than Socrates? who more
" accurately verſed in the rabbinical doctrines,
" than Paul? Who poſſeſſed clearer ideas of
" all ancient aſtronomical ſyſtems, than New-
" ton; or of ſcholaſtic metaphyſicks, than
" Locke? In whom could the Romiſh Church
" have had a more formidable opponent, than
" in Chillingworth, whoſe deep knowledge of
" its tenets rendered him ſo competent to diſ-
" pute them? In a word, who more exactly
" knew the abominable rites and ſhocking
" idolatry of Canaan, than Moſes himſelf? Yet
" the learning of thoſe great men only incited
" them to ſeek other ſources of truth, piety,
" and virtue, than thoſe in which they had
" long been immerſed. There is no ſhadow
" then of a foundation for an opinion, that
" Moſes borrowed the firſt nine or ten chap-

" ters of *Geneſis* from the literature of Egypt;
" ſtill leſs can the adamantine pillars of our
" Chriſtian faith be moved by the reſult of any
" debates on the comparative antiquity of the
" Hindus and Egyptians, or of any enquiries
" into the Indian theology."

From the ſame diſſertation I ſelect another paſſage, which from its importance is entitled to particular notice, while it evinces the ſolicitude of Sir William Jones to correct a miſconception, which, in my opinion, has been idly and injudiciouſly brought forward to ſupport a fundamental tenet of Evangelical Revelation.

" Very reſpectable natives have aſſured me,
" that one or two miſſionaries have been ab-
" ſurd enough, in their zeal for the converſion
" of the Gentiles, to urge, that the Hindus
" were even now almoſt Chriſtians, becauſe
" their Bramha, Viſhnu, and Maheſa, were
" no other than the Chriſtian Trinity; a ſen-
" tence in which we can only doubt whether
" folly, ignorance, or impiety, predominates."

The three Hindu deities, were perhaps ori-

ginally perſonifications only of the *creating*, *preſerving*, and *deſtroying*, or, as it may be underſtood, the *re-producing* power of the Supreme Being. By the bulk of the people they are conſidered as diſtinct perſonages, each inveſted with divine attributes; and the mythological writings of the Hindus contain moſt ample and abſurd hiſtories of them; but in the *Vedanti* philoſophy, which is evidently Platonic, the Almighty, known by the myſtical and incommunicable appellation of O'M, is the only being, and all others, including Brahma, Vishnu, and Maheſa, are only the creatures of idea or perception, which will periſh in the general annihilation, whilſt O'M alone ſurvives through all eternity*. Thus,

* On this subject, I shall take the liberty to quote some curious passages from a translation of a Persic version of the Yoog Vashesti, a very ancient composition in Sanscrit. There are several Persian versions of this work; but many pages of that from which the present translation is given, were compared with the original Sanscrit, and found to be substantially accurate.

" The instability of the world, and of every thing con-
" tained in it, is certain; hence it will one day happen, that
" the evil deities who are now so powerful, shall fall into
" annihilation, and the Debtas distinguished by the title

whether we consider the vulgar opinion respecting these three divinities, or that of the Vedanti sect, nothing (to use the words of Sir William Jones) can be more evident, than "that the Indian triad, and that of Plato, "which he calls the *Supreme Good*, the reason "and the soul, are infinitely removed from the

"of *Amrit*, or immortal, shall perish. The Bermhand, "on which all nature depends for existence, shall be "broken, and not a trace remain of Bramha, Vishnu, or "Siva. Time, having annihilated all, shall *himself* perish.

"Bramha, Vishnu, and Mahdeva, notwithstanding "their *exalted dignity*, fall into the jaws of inexistence.

"You are not to consider Vishnu, Bramha, or Mahdeva, "and other incorporate beings as the deity, although they "have each the denomination of deva or divine; these are "all created, whilst the Supreme Being is without begin- "ning or end, unformed and uncreated—worship and adore "him.

"The worship which is paid to the inferior deities and "the representations of them, proceeds from this: man- "kind in general are more affected by appearances than "realities; the former they comprehend, but the latter "are difficult to be understood. Hence learned tutors "first place figures before them, that their minds may be "composed, and conducted by degrees to the essential "Unity who survives the annihilation, when the Debtas, "and all created existence are dissolved and absorbed into "his essence."

" holineſs and ſublimity of the Chriſtian doc-
" trine of the Trinity, and that the tenet of our
" Church cannot without profaneneſs, be com-
" pared with that of the Hindus, which has an
" apparent reſemblance to it, but a very differ-
" ent meaning."

At the end of the ſame treatiſe, Sir William Jones enumerates the *ſad obſtacles* to the extenſion of our "*pure faith*" in Hinduſtan, and concludes as follows:

" The only human mode perhaps of cauſ-
" ing ſo great a revolution, is to tranſlate into
" Sanſcrit and Perſian, ſuch chapters of the
" prophets, and particularly Iſaiah, as are in-
" diſputably evangelical, together with one of
" the Goſpels, and a plain prefatory diſcourſe
" containing full evidence of the very diſtant
" ages, in which the predictions themſelves
" and the hiſtory of the *divine perſon* predict-
" ed, were ſeverally made public, and then
" quietly to diſperſe the work among the well-
" educated natives, with whom, if in due
" time it failed of promoting very ſalutary
" fruit by its natural influence, we could only

" lament more than ever, the ſtrength of pre-
" judice and weakneſs of unaſſiſted reaſon."

That the converſion of the Hindus to the Chriſtian religion, would have afforded him the ſincereſt pleaſure, may be fairly inferred from the above paſſage; his wiſh that it ſhould take place, is ſtill more clearly expreſſed in the following quotation from one of his Hymns to *Lachſmi*, the Ceres of India, and a perſonification of the Divine Goodneſs. After deſcribing moſt feelingly and poetically the horrid effects of famine in India, he thus concludes the hymn:

From ills that, painted, harrow up the breast,
(What agonies, if real, must they give!)
Preserve thy vot'ries: be their labours blest!
Oh! bid the patient Hindu rise and live.
His erring mind, that wizzard lore beguiles,
Clouded by priestly wiles,
To senseless nature bows, for nature's God.
Now, stretch'd o'er ocean's vast, from happier isles,
He sees the wand of empire, not the rod:
Ah, may those beams that Western skies illume,
Disperse th' unholy gloom!
Meanwhile, may laws, by myriads long rever'd,
Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide!
So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,

To many a cherish'd, grateful race endear'd,
With temper'd love be fear'd;
Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,
They err, yet feel, though Pagans, they are men.

The teſtimony of Sir William Jones to the verity and authenticity of the Old and New Teſtament is well known, from the care with which it has been circulated in England; but as it has a particular claim to be inſerted in the memoirs of his life, I tranſcribe it from his own manuſcript in his Bible:—

"I have carefully and regularly peruſed "theſe Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, "that the volume, independently of its divine "origin, contains more ſublimity, purer mo- "rality, more important hiſtory, and finer "ſtrains of eloquence, than can be collected "from all other books, in whatever language "they may have been written."

This opinion is repeated with little variation of expreſſion, in a diſcourſe addreſſed to the ſociety in February, 1791:—

"Theological enquiries are no part of my "preſent ſubject; but I cannot refrain from

" adding, that the collection of tracts, which
" we call from their excellence the *Scriptures*,
" contain, independently of a divine origin,
" more true ſublimity, more exquiſite beauty,
" purer morality, more important hiſtory, and
" finer ſtrains both of poetry and eloquence,
" than could be collected, within the ſame
" compaſs, from all other books that were
" ever compoſed in any age, or in any idiom.
" The two parts of which the Scriptures con-
" ſiſt, are connected by a chain of compoſi-
" tions, which bear no reſemblance in form or
" ſtyle to any that can be produced from the
" ſtores of Grecian, Indian, Perſian, or even
" Arabian learning; the antiquity of thoſe
" compoſitions no man doubts; and the un-
" ſtrained application of them to events long
" ſubſequent to their publication, is a ſolid
" ground of belief, that they were genuine
" compoſitions, and conſequently inſpired.
" But, if any thing be the abſolute exclu-
" ſive property of each individual, it is his be-
" lief; and I hope I ſhould be the laſt man
" living, who could harbour a thought of ob-

" truding my own belief on the free minds of " others."

In his diſcourſe of the following year, we find him again mentioning the Moſaic hiſtory, under a ſuppoſition, aſſumed for the ſake of the argument which he was diſcuſſing, that it had no higher authority than any other book of hiſtory, which the reſearches of the curious had accidentally brought to light.

" On this ſuppoſition," (I quote his own words,) " that the firſt eleven chapters of the " book which it is thought proper to call Ge- " neſis, are merely a preface to the oldeſt civil " hiſtory now extant, we ſee the truth of them " confirmed by antecedent reaſoning, and by " evidence in part highly probable, and in " part certain." But that no miſconception might be entertained on this awful ſubject by the ignorant, and to avoid the poſſibility of any perverſe miſapplication of his ſentiments, he adds: " but the *connection* of the Moſaic " hiſtory with that of the Goſpel, by a chain " of ſublime predictions unqueſtionably an-

" cient, and apparently* fulfilled, muſt induce " us to think the Hebrew narrative more than " human in its origin, and conſequently true " in every ſubſtantial part of it, though poſſi- " bly expreſſed in figurative language, as many " learned and pious men have believed, and " as the moſt pious may believe without in- " jury, and perhaps with advantage to the " cauſe of Revealed Religion."

The third volume of the Aſiatic Reſearches, publiſhed in 1792, contains a very learned and elaborate treatiſe of Lieutenant Wilford, on *Egypt and the Nile, from the ancient books of the Hindus.* It refers to a paſſage in a Sanſcrit book, ſo clearly deſcriptive of Noah, under the name of Satyvrata, or Satyavarman, that it is impoſſible to doubt their identity. Of the

* I could wish that Sir William Jones had retained the expression, which he before used, when discussing the same topic, as the word *apparently* may seem to imply a less degree of conviction than he actually possessed, as the tenor and terms of the passages which I have quoted indisputably prove. The sense in which it is to be understood, is that of *manifestly*; his reasoning plainly requires it.

paſſage thus referred to, Sir William Jones, in a note annexed to the diſſertation, has given a tranſlation "minutely exact." Neither the paſſage, nor the note, has appeared in the works of Sir William Jones; and as the former is curious, and as the note has an immediate connection with the ſubject under conſideration, I inſert both:

Tranſlation from the PUDMA PURAN.

1. To Satyavarman, the ſovereign of the whole earth, were born three ſons; the eldeſt Sherma, then Charma, and thirdly, Jyapeti by name.

2. They were all men of good morals, excellent in virtue and virtuous deeds, ſkilled in the uſe of weapons to ſtrike with or to be thrown, brave men, eager for victory in battle.

3. ——————. But Satyavarman, being continually delighted with devout meditation, and ſeeing his ſons fit for dominion, laid upon them the burden of government.

4. Whilſt he remained honouring and ſatisfying the gods, and prieſts, and kine, one day,

by the act of deſtiny, the king having drunk mead,

5. Became ſenſeleſs, and lay aſleep naked: then was he ſeen by Charma, and by him were his two brothers called.

6. To whom he ſaid, What now has befallen? In what ſtate is this our ſire? By theſe two was he hidden with clothes, and called to his ſenſes again and again.

7. Having recovered his intellect, and perfectly knowing what had paſſed, he curſed Charma, ſaying, Thou ſhalt be the ſervant of ſervants.

8. And ſince thou waſt a laughter in their preſence, from laughter ſhalt thou acquire a name. Then he gave to Sherma the wide domain on the ſouth of the ſnowy mountain.

9. And to Jyapeti he gave all on the north of the ſnowy mountain; but he by the power of religious contemplation, attained ſupreme bliſs.

"Now you will probably think (Sir Wil-
"liam Jones ſays, addreſſinghimſelf to the

" ſociety) that even the conciſeneſs and ſimpli-
" city of this narrative are excelled by the Moſaic
" relation of the ſame adventure; but whatever
" may be our opinion of the old Indian ſtyle,
" this extract moſt clearly proves, that the Saty-
" avrata or Satyavarman of the *Purans* was the
" ſame perſonage, (as it has been aſſerted in a
" former publication) with the Noah of ſcrip-
" ture; and we conſequently fix the utmoſt
" limit of Hindu chronology; nor can it be
" with reaſon inferred from the identity of the
" ſtories that the divine legiſlator borrowed
" any part of his work from the Egyptians;
" he was deeply verſed, no doubt, in all their
" learning, ſuch as it was; but he wrote *what*
" *he knew to be truth itſelf*, independently of
" their tales, in which truth was blended with
" fable, and their age was not ſo remote from
" the days of the patriarch, but that every oc-
" currence in his life might naturally have
" been preſerved by tradition from father to
" ſon."

In his tenth diſcourſe, in 1793, he men-
tions, with a ſatisfaction which every pious

mind muſt enjoy, the reſult of the enquiries of the ſociety over which he preſided.

" In the firſt place, we cannot ſurely deem " it an inconſiderable advantage, that all our " hiſtorical reſearches have confirmed the " Moſaic accounts of the primitive world, and " our teſtimony on that ſubject ought to have " the greater weight, becauſe, if the reſult of " our obſervations had been totally different, " we ſhould nevertheleſs have publiſhed them, " not indeed with equal pleaſure, but with " equal confidence; for *truth is mighty*, and " whatever be its conſequences, *muſt always* " *prevail:* but independently of our intereſt in " corroborating the multiplied evidences of " Revealed Religion, we could ſcarcely gratify " our minds with a more uſeful and rational " entertainment, than the contemplation of " thoſe wonderful revolutions, in kingdoms " and ſtates, which have happened within lit- " tle more than four thouſand years; revolu- " tions almoſt as fully demonſtrative of an all- " ruling Providence, as the ſtructure of the " univerſe, and the final cauſes, which

" are diſcernible in its whole extent, and even " in its remoteſt parts."

The preceding quotations ſufficiently demonſtrate the ſentiments of Sir William Jones on the ſubject of Revelation, and they may be fairly conſidered as evincing an anxiety on his part to impreſs his own belief on others, for the very expreſſions which may ſeem to imply heſitation or indifference in his mind, are particularly adapted to enforce conviction on thoſe, to whom they were addreſſed. It is worthy of remark, that the reflections in many of the paſſages cited, although ſuch as would naturally occur to a believer in the Scriptures, are not neceſſarily called for by the ſubject under his diſcuſſion, and could only proceed from his zeal in the inveſtigation and propagation of truth. This was the fixed object of his whole life, as he has himſelf declared in the following elegant couplets:

Before thy myſtic altar, heav'nly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's laſt ſhade be brighten'd by thy ray:

Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow*.

A disciple of Voltaire would have omitted the observations made by Sir William Jones, or have tortured the premises on which they are founded, into the service of infidelity; nor would he have declared that, "in order to "enlighten the minds of the ignorant, and to "enforce the obedience of the perverse, it is "evident *à priori*, that a revealed Religion "was necessary in the great system of Provi-"dence†."

The mind of Sir William Jones was never tainted with infidelity; but there was a period, as I have already observed, before his judgment was matured, and before he had studied the Scriptures with close attention, when his belief in the truth of Revelation was tinged

* These lines were written by Sir William Jones in Berkley's Siris; they are, in fact, a beautiful version of the last sentence of the Siris, amplified and adapted to himself; "He that would make a real progress in knowledge, "must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth "as well as the first fruits, at the altar of Truth."

† Works, vol. iii. p. 245.

with doubts. But theſe were the tranſient clouds, which for a while obſcure the dawn, and diſperſe with the riſing ſun. His heart and his judgment told him, that Religion was a ſubject of ſupreme importance, and the evidence of its truth worthy of his moſt ſerious inveſtigation. He ſat down to it without prejudice, and roſe from the enquiry with a conviction, which the ſtudies of his future life invigorated and confirmed. The completion of the prophecies relating to our Saviour, had impreſſed upon his youthful mind this invaluable truth, that the language of Iſaiah, and of the prophets, was inſpired; and in this belief, to which freſh proofs were progreſſively added, he cloſed his life. He has I truſt received, through the merits of his REDEEMER, the reward of his faith.

In matters of eternal concern, the authority of the higheſt human opinions has no claim to be admitted, as a ground of belief, but it may with the ſtricteſt propriety be oppoſed to that of men of inferior learning and penetration; and, whilſt the pious derive ſatisfaction

from the perusal of sentiments according with their own, those who doubt or disbelieve, should be induced to weigh with candour and impartiality, arguments which have produced conviction in the minds of the best, the wisest, and most learned of mankind.

Among such as have professed a steady belief in the doctrine of Christianity, where shall greater names be found, than those of Bacon and Newton? Of the former and of Locke, it may be observed, that they were both innovators in science; disdaining to follow the sages of antiquity through the beaten paths of error, they broke through prejudices, which had long obstructed the progress of sound knowledge, and laid the foundation of science on solid ground, whilst the genius of Newton carried him *extra flammantia mœnia mundi.* These men, to their great praise, and we may hope to their eternal happiness, devoted much of their time to the study of the Scriptures: if the evidence of Revelation had been weak, who were better qualified to expose its unsoundness? if our national faith were a mere

fable, a political ſuperſtition, why were minds which boldly deſtroyed prejudices in Science, blind to thoſe in Religion? They read, examined, weighed, and believed; and the ſame vigorous intellect, that diſperſed the miſts which concealed the temple of human knowledge, was itſelf illuminated with the radiant truths of Divine Revelation.

Such authorities, and let me now add to them the name of Sir William Jones, are deſervedly entitled to great weight: let thoſe, who ſupercilioufly reject them, compare their intellectual powers, their ſcientific attainments, and vigour of application, with thoſe of the men whom I have named; the compariſon may perhaps lead them to ſuſpect, that their incredulity (to adopt the idea of a profound ſcholar) may be the reſult of a little ſmattering in learning, and great ſelf-conceit, and that by harder ſtudy, and a humbled mind, they may regain the religion which they have left.

I ſhall not apologize for the extracts which I have introduced from the works of Sir Wil-

liam Jones, nor for the reflections to which they have naturally led. The former diſplay that part of his character, which alone is now important to his happineſs; and I am authorized to add, not only from what appears in his printed works and private memoranda, in more than one of which, containing a delineation of his daily occupations, I find a portion of time allotted to the peruſal of the Scriptures, but from private and ſatisfactory teſtimony, that the writings of our beſt divines engaged a large ſhare of his attention, and that private devotion was not neglected by him. The following lines, which afford a proof both of his taſte and piety, were written by him after a peruſal of the eighth ſermon of Barrow, in his retirement, at Criſhna-nagur, in 1786; and with theſe I ſhall conclude my obſervations on his religious opinions:—

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and withering flow'rs,
Imbibe the ſparkling dew and genial ſhow'rs;
As chill dark air inhales the morning beam,
As thirſty harts enjoy the gelid ſtream;
Thus to man's grateful ſoul from heav'n deſcend,
The mercies of his FATHER, LORD, and FRIEND.

I now turn to the laſt ſcene of the life of Sir William Jones. The few months allotted to his exiſtence after the departure of Lady Jones, were devoted to his uſual occupations, and more particularly to the diſcharge of that duty which alone detained him in India; the completion of the digeſt of Hindu and Mohammedan law. But neither the conſciouſneſs of acquitting himſelf of an obligation which he had voluntarily contracted, nor his inceſſant aſſiduity, could fill the vacuity occaſioned by the abſence of her, whoſe ſociety had ſweetened the toil of application, and cheered his hours of relaxation. Their habits were congenial, and their purſuits in ſome reſpects ſimilar: his botanical reſearches were facilitated by the eyes of Lady Jones, and by her talents in drawing; and their evenings were generally paſſed together, in the peruſal of the beſt modern authors in the different languages of Europe. After her departure, he mixed more in promiſcuous ſociety; but his affections were tranſported with her to his native country.

On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in converſation, in an unwholeſome ſituation, he called upon the writer of theſe ſheets, and complained of aguiſh ſymptoms, mentioned his intention to take ſome medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that "an ague in the ſpring is medi-"cine for a king." He had no ſuſpicion at the time, of the real nature of his indiſpoſition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The diſorder was, however, ſoon diſcovered by the penetration of the phyſician, who after two or three days was called in to his aſſiſtance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines uſually preſcribed, and they were adminiſtered in vain. The progreſs of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed at the evident ſymptoms of approaching diſſolution, came precipi-

tately to call the friend who has now the melancholy taſk of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was loſt in repairing to his houſe. He was lying on his bed in a poſture of meditation; and the only ſymptom of remaining life was a ſmall degree of motion in the heart, which after a few ſeconds ceaſed, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily ſuffering, from the complacency of his features and the eaſe of his attitude, could not have been ſevere; and his mind muſt have derived conſolation from thoſe ſources where he had been in the habit of ſeeking it, and where alone, in our laſt moments, it can ever be found.

The deep regret which I felt at the time, that the apprehenſions of the attendants of Sir William Jones had not induced them to give me earlier notice of the extremity of his ſituation, is not yet obliterated. It would have afforded me an opportunity of performing the pleaſing but painful office, of ſoothing his laſt moments, and I ſhould have felt the ſincereſt gratification in receiving his lateſt

commands; nor would it have been leſs ſatisfactory to the public, to have known the dying ſentiments and behaviour of a man, who had ſo long and deſervedly enjoyed ſo large a portion of their eſteem and admiration.

An anecdote of Sir William Jones (upon what authority I know not) has been recorded; that immediately before his diſſolution, he retired to his cloſet, and expired in the act of adoration to his Creator. Such a circumſtance would have been conformable to his prevailing habits of thinking and reflection: but it is not founded in fact; he died upon his bed, and in the ſame room in which he had remained from the commencement of his indiſpoſition.

The funeral ceremony was performed on the following day with the honours due to his public ſtation: and the numerous attendance of the moſt reſpectable Britiſh inhabitants of Calcutta, evinced their ſorrow for his loſs, and their reſpect for his memory.

If my ſucceſs in deſcribing the life of Sir William Jones has been proportionate to my

wiſhes, and to my admiration of his character, any attempt to delineate it muſt now be ſuperfluous. I cannot, however, reſiſt the impulſe of recapitulating in ſubſtance what has been particularly detailed in the courſe of this work.

In the ſhort ſpace of forty-ſeven years, by the exertion of rare intellectual talents, he acquired a knowledge of arts, ſciences, and languages, which has ſeldom been equalled, and ſcarcely, if ever, ſurpaſſed. If he did not attain the critical proficiency of a Porſon or Parr in Grecian literature; yet his knowledge of it was moſt extenſive and profound, and entitled him to a high rank in the firſt claſs of ſcholars; while as a philologiſt, he could boaſt an univerſality in which he had no rival. His ſkill in the idioms of India, Perſia, and Arabia, has perhaps never been equalled by any European; and his compoſitions on Oriental ſubjects, diſplay a taſte, which we ſeldom find in the writings of thoſe who had preceded him in theſe tracts of literature*.

* Amongst those who have latterly distinguished themselves by their Oriental learning, the late Reverend J. D.

The language of Conſtantinople was alſo familiar to him; and of the Chineſe characters and tongue, he had learned enough to enable him to tranſlate an ode of Confucius. In the modern dialects of Europe, French, Italian, Spaniſh, Portugueſe, and German, he was thoroughly converſant, and had peruſed the moſt admired writers in thoſe languages. I might extend the liſt, by ſpecifying other dialects which he underſtood, but which he had leſs perfectly ſtudied*.

Carlyle, professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, has displayed equal taste and erudition, in his elegant translation of *Specimens of Arabian* POETRY, published in 1796.

* The following is transcribed from a paper in the hand-writing of Sir William Jones:

LANGUAGES:

Eight languages studied critically:
English, Latin, French, Italian,
Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit.

Eight studied less perfectly, but all intelligible with a dictionary:
Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick,
Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish.

Twelve studied least perfectly, but all attainable:
Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri,
Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic,

But mere philology was never conſidered by Sir William Jones as the end of his ſtudies, nor as any thing more than the medium through which knowledge was to be acquired; he knew, that " words were the daughters " of earth, and things the ſons of heaven," and would have diſdained the character of a mere linguiſt. In the little ſketch of a treatiſe on Education, which has been inſerted in theſe Memoirs, he deſcribes the uſe of language, and the neceſſity of acquiring the languages of thoſe people who in any period of the world have been diſtinguiſhed by their ſuperior knowledge, in order to add to our own reſearches the accumulated wiſdom of all ages and nations. Accordingly, with the keys of learning in his poſſeſſion, he was qualified to unlock the literary hoards of ancient and modern times, and to diſplay the treaſures depoſited in them, for the uſe, entertainment, or inſtruction of mankind. In the courſe of his

Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese.
Twenty-eight languages.

In another memorandum, he mentions having read a grammar of the Russian and Welsh.

labours, we find him elucidating the laws of Athens, India, and Arabia; comparing the philoſophy of the Porch, the Lyceum, and Academy, with the doctrines of the Sufis and Bramins; and, by a rare combination of taſte and erudition, exhibiting the mythological fictions of the Hindus in ſtrains not unworthy the ſublimeſt Grecian bards. In the eleven diſcourſes which he addreſſed to the Aſiatic ſociety, on the hiſtory, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, ſciences, philoſophy, and literature of Aſia, and on the origin and families of nations, he has diſcuſſed the ſubjects which he profeſſed to explain, with a perſpicuity which delights and inſtructs, and in a ſtyle which never ceaſes to pleaſe, where his arguments may not always convince. In theſe diſquiſitions, he has more particularly diſplayed his profound Oriental learning in illuſtrating topics of great importance in the hiſtory of mankind; and it is much to be lamented, that he did not live to reviſe and improve them in England, with the advantages

of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure*.

* Of these discourses, the subjects of the two first have been noticed in the Memoirs; the seven following, from the third to the ninth inclusive, are appropriated to the solution of an important problem, whether the five nations, viz. the Indians, Arabs, Tartars, Persians, and Chinese, who have divided amongst themselves, as a kind of inheritance, the vast continent of Asia, had a common origin, and whether that origin was the same that is generally ascribed to them.

To each of these nations a distinct essay is allotted, for the purpose of ascertaining, *who* they were, *whence* and *when* they came, and *where* they are now settled. The general media through which this extensive investigation is pursued, are, first, their *languages* and *letters;* secondly, their *philosophy;* thirdly, the actual remains of their old *sculpture* and *architecture;* and, fourthly, the written memorials of their *sciences* and *arts:* the eighth discourse is allotted to the *borderers*, *mountaineers*, and *islanders* of Asia; and the ninth, on the *origin* and *families* of nations, gives the result of the whole enquiry.

To state all the information which is curious, novel, and interesting, in these discourses, would be nearly to transcribe the whole, and the very nature of them does not admit of a satisfactory abridgment; the conclusion adopted by Sir William Jones, may be given in his own words; but this without the arguments from which it is deduced, and the facts and observations on which those arguments are founded, must be imperfectly understood. I must therefore refer the reader, who is desirous of investigating the great problem of the derivation of nations from their parental stock, or, in other words, of the population of the

A mere catalogue of the writings of Sir William Jones, would ſhew the extent and

world, to the discourses themselves; and in presenting him with a faint outline of some of the most important facts and observations contained in them, I mean rather to excite his curiosity than to gratify it.

I shall follow the discourses in the order in which they stand; and, to avoid unnecessary phraseology, I shall, as far as possible, use the language of Sir William Jones himself.

The first discourse, which is the third of the series in which they were delivered, begins with the HINDUS.

The civil history of the inhabitants of India, beyond the middle of the nineteenth century from the present time, is enveloped in a cloud of fables. Facts, strengthened by analogy, may lead us to suppose the existence of a primeval language in Upper India, which may be called *Hindi*, and that the *Sanscrit* was introduced into it, by conquerors from other kingdoms in some very remote age. The *Sanscrit* language, whatever be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either; yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs, and in the form of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident; so strong indeed, that no philologer could examine them all three without believing them to have sprung from *some common source*, which perhaps no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the *Gothick* and *Celtick*, though blended with a very different idiom, had the same origin with the *Sanscrit*; and the old *Persian* might be added to the same family.

variety of his erudition; a perusal of them will prove, that it was no less deep than

The *Deb-nagari* characters, in which the languages of India were originally written, are adopted with little variation in form, in more than twenty kingdoms and states, from the borders of *Cashgar* and *Khoten*, to the Southern extremity of the peninsula; and from the *Indus* to the river of Siam. That the square Chaldaic characters, in which most *Hebrew* books are copied, were originally the same, or derived from the same prototype, both with the *Indian* and *Arabian* characters, there can be little doubt; and it is probable that the Phœnician, from which the Greek and Roman alphabets were formed, had a similar origin.

The deities adored in *India*, were worshipped under different names in Old *Greece* and *Italy*, and the same philosophical tenets which were illustrated by the Ionick and Attick writers, with all the beauties of their melodious language, are professed in India. The *six* philosophical schools of the Indians, comprise all the metaphysicks of the old *Academy*, the *Stôa*, and the *Lyceum*; nor can we hesitate to believe, that PYTHAGORAS and PLATO, derived their sublime theories from the same fountain with the sages of India. The *Scythian* and *Hyperborean* doctrines and mythology are discovered in every part of the Eastern regions, and that WOD or ODEN, was the same with BUDH of India, and Fo of China, seems indisputable.

The remains of *architecture* and *sculpture* in India, seem to prove an early connection between that country and Africa. The letters on many of the monuments appear partly of *Indian*, and partly of *Abyssinian* or *Ethiopick* ori-

miſcellaneous. Whatever topic he diſcuſſes, his ideas flow with eaſe and perſpicuity;

gin; and these indubitable facts seem to authorise a probable opinion, that *Ethiopia* and *Hindustan* were colonized by the same race. The period of the subjugation of India, by the Hindus under Rama, from Audh to Silan, may be dated at about 36 centuries before the present period.

The ARABS come next under investigation. The Arabic language is unquestionably one of the most ancient in the world. That it has not the least resemblance either in words, or in the structure of them, to the *Sanscrit*, or great parent of the Indian dialects, is established by the most irrefragable arguments. With respect to the characters in which the old compositions of Arabia were written, little is known except that the *Koran* originally appeared in those of *Kufah*, from which the modern Arabian characters were derived, and which unquestionably had a common origin with the *Hebrew* and *Chaldaic*. It has generally been supposed, that the old religion of the Arabs was entirely Sabian; but the information concerning the Sabian faith, and even the meaning of the word, is too imperfect to admit of any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. That the people of *Yemen* soon fell into the common idolatry of adoring the sun and firmament, is certain; other tribes worshipped the planets and fixed stars, but the religion of the poets seems to have been pure theism: of any philosophy but ethics, there are no traces among them; and their system of morals was miserably depraved for a century, at least, before Mohammed.

Few monuments of antiquity are preserved in Arabia,

his ſtyle is always clear and poliſhed; animated and forcible when his ſubject requires

and of these the accounts are uncertain. Of sciences, the Arabs of Hejaz were totally ignorant, and the only arts successfully cultivated by them, (horsemanship and military accomplishments excepted,) were poetry and rhetoric. The people of Yemen had possibly more mechanical arts, and perhaps more science.

Thus it clearly appears, that the Arabs both of Hejaz and Yemen, sprang from a stock entirely different from that of the Hindus; and if we give credit to the universal tradition of Yemen, that Yoktan, the son of Eber, first settled his family in Arabia, their first establishments in their respective countries were nearly coeval, about eighteen centuries before the Christian æra.

The TARTARS furnish the subject of the fifth discourse. In general, they differ wholly in feature and complexion from the Hindus and Arabs. The general traditional history of the Tartars begins with Oghuz, as that of the Hindus does with Rama; and according to Visdelou, the king of the Hyumnus or Huns, began his reign about 3560 years ago, not long after the time fixed, in the former discourses, for the regular establishments of the Hindus and Arabs in their several countries.

The enquiry concerning the languages and letters of the Tartars, presents a deplorable void, or a prospect as barren and dreary as their deserts; they had *in general* no literature, (a proposition, which is not affected by admitting with Ibnu Arabshah, the existence of Dilherjin and Eighuri letters); and all that can be safely inferred from the little information we have on the subject, is the probability that the various dialects of Tartary descended

it. His philological, botanical, philoſophical, and chronological diſquiſitions, his hiſtorical

from one common stock, essentially different from that from which the Indian and Arabian tongues severally came. The language of the Brahmans affords a proof of an immemorial and total difference between the savages of the mountains, as the Chinese call the Tartars, and the studious, placid, contemplative inhabitants of India.

Pure theism appears to have prevailed in Tartary for some generations after Yafet; the Mongals and Turcs some ages afterwards relapsed into idolatry; but Chingis was a theist.

Thus it has been proved beyond controversy, that the far greater part of Asia has been peopled, and immemorially possessed by three considerable nations, whom for want of better names we may call Hindus, Arabs, and Tartars; each of them divided and subdivided into an infinite number of branches, and all of them so different in form and features, language, manners, and religion, that if they sprang originally from one common root, they must have been separated for ages.

The sixth and next discourse is on PERSIA or IRAN.

There is solid reason to suppose, that a powerful monarchy had been established in Irân, for ages before the Assyrian Dynasty, (which commenced with Cayumers, about eight or nine centuries before Christ) under the name of the Mahabadian Dynasty, and that it must be the oldest in the world.

When Mohammed was born, two languages appear to have been generally prevalent in the great empire of Irân; that of the court, thence named Deri, which was only a refined and elegant dialect of the *Parsi*, and that of the learned named Pahlavi. But besides these two, a

researches, and even his Persian grammar, whilst they fix the curiosity and attention of

very ancient and abstruse tongue was known to the priests and philosophers, called the *language of the Zend*, because a book on religious and moral duties, which they held sacred, and which bore that name, had been written in it. The *Zend*, and old *Pahlavi*, are now almost extinct in Irân; but the *Parsi*, which remains almost pure in the Shahnameh (a poem composed about eight centuries ago), has now become a new and exquisitely polished language. The *Parsi* has so much of the Sanscrit, that it was evidently derived from the language of the Brahmans; but the pure Persian contains no traces of any Arabian tongue. The Pahlavi, on the contrary, has a strong resemblance to the Arabic, and a perusal of the Zend glossary, in the work of Mr. A. du Perron, decidedly proves the language of the Zend to be at least a dialect of the Sanscrit. From all these facts it is a necessary consequence, that the oldest discoverable languages in Persia, were Chaldaic and Sanscrit; that when they ceased to be vernacular, the Pahlavi and Zend were deduced from them respectively, and the Parsi from the Zend, or immediately from the dialect of the Brahmans, but all had perhaps a mixture of Tartarian; for the best lexicographers assert, that numberless words in ancient Persian are taken from the language of the Cimmerians, or the Tartars of the Kipchak.

The ancient religion of the old Persians was pure theism, which prevailed until the accession of Cayumers, and was evidently the religion of the Brahmans; whilst the doctrine of the Zend, was as evidently distinct from that of the Véda. With their religion, their philosophy was intimately connected; and a metaphysical theology has been immemorially professed by a numerous sect of

the reader, by the novelty, depth, or importance of the knowledge displayed in them, al-

Persians and Hindus, which was carried partly into Greece, and prevails even now among the learned Mohammedans, who sometimes avow it without reserve. The modern professors of this philosophy, which is that of the Indian Vidanti school, are called Sufis. Their fundamental tenet is, that nothing exists but God; that the human soul is an emanation from his essence, and though divided for a time from its heavenly source, will be finally reunited with it, in the enjoyment of the highest possible happiness.

The result of this discourse is, that a powerful monarchy was established in Irân, long before the Pishdadi or Assyrian government; that it was in truth a Hindu monarchy, that it subsisted many centuries, and that its history has been engrafted on that of the Hindus, who founded the monarchies of Ayodhya or Audh, and Indraprestha or Delhi; that the language of the first Persian empire was the mother of the *Sanscrit*, and consequently of the Zend and Persian, as well as of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic; that the language of the Assyrians was the parent of Chaldaic and Pahlavi; and that the primary Tartar language has been current in the same empire.

Thus the three distinct races of men, described in the former essays, as possessors of India, Arabia, and Tartary, are discovered in Irân or Persia, in the earliest dawn of history.

Whether Asia may not have produced other races of men distinct from the Hindus, the Arabs, or the Tartars, or whether any apparent diversity may not have sprung from an intermixture of these three, in different proportions, remains to be investigated; and in this view, the

ways delight by elegance of diction. His compositions are never dry, tedious, nor dif-

enquiry next proceeds to the CHINESE, who form the subject of the seventh discourse.

The word China, is well known to the people whom we call Chinese, but they never apply it to themselves or their country. They describe themselves as the people of Han, or some other illustrious family, and their country they call *Chim-cue*, or the central region, or *Tien-hia*, meaning what is under heaven.

From the evidence of COH-fut-su or Confucius, it is proved that the Chinese themselves do not even pretend that, in the age of that philosopher, any historical monument existed preceding the rise of their third dynasty, above eleven hundred years before the Christian epoch; and that the reign of Vuvam, who has the fame of having founded that dynasty, was in the infancy of their empire; and it has been asserted by very learned Europeans, that even of this third dynasty no unsuspected memorial can now be produced. It was not until the eighth century before our Saviour, that a small kingdom was erected in the province of Shensi; and both the country and its metropolis were called *Chin*. The territory of Chin so called by the old Hindus, by the Persians and Chinese, gave its name to a race of Emperors, whose tyranny made them so unpopular, that the modern inhabitants of China hold the name in abhorrence.

The *Chinas* are mentioned by Menu, in a book next in time and authority to the Véda, as one of the families of the military class, who gradually abandoned the ordinances of the Véda; and there is a strong presumption for supposing, that the Chinas of Menu are the Chinese. Hence it is probable, that the whole race of *Chinese* descended from the *Chinas* of Menu, and mixing with the

guſting; and literature and ſcience come from his hands, adorned with all their grace and beauty.

Tartars, by whom the plains of Honan, and the more Southern provinces were thinly inhabited, founded by degrees the race of men, who are now in possession of the noblest empire in Asia. The language and letters, religion and philosophy of the modern Chinese, or their ancient monuments, their sciences, and their arts, furnish little, either in support or refutation of this opinion, but various circumstances under the two heads of literature and religion, seem collectively to prove, (as far as such questions admit of proof) that the *Chinese* and *Hindus* were originally the same people. Many singular marks of relation may be discovered between them and the old Hindus, as in the remarkable period of *four hundred and thirty-two thousand** ; and in the cycle of *sixty* years, in the predilection for the mystical number *nine*, in many similar fasts and great festivals, especially at the solstices and equinoxes; in the obsequies consisting of rice and fruits offered to their deceased ancestors; in their dread of dying childless, lest such offerings should be intermitted; and perhaps in their common abhorrence of *red* objects; which the Indians carry so far, that *Menu* himself, when he allows a Bramin to trade, if he cannot otherwise support life, absolutely forbids "his trafficking in "any sort of *red* cloths, whether linen or woollen, or "made of woven bark."

The *Japanese* are supposed to be descended from the

* The period of 432,000 years, seems to be founded on an astronomical calculation purposely disguised, by ciphers added or subtracted, *ad libitum*. See Discourse on Chronology of the Hindus, Sir William Jones's Works, vol. iv. p. 1.

No writer perhaps ever displayed so much learning, with so little affectation of it. In-

same *stock* as the *Chinese;* the *Hindu* or *Egyptian* idolatry has prevailed in Japan from the earliest ages, and amongst the ancient idols worshipped in that country, there are many which are every day seen in the temples of Bengal.

The *borderers, mountaineers,* and *islanders* of Asia, form the subject of the eighth discourse. It begins with the Idumeans or Erythreans, who were indubitably distinct from the Arabs, and, from the concurrence of many strong testimonies, may be referred to the Indian stem.

That the written Abyssinian language, which we call Ethiopic, is a dialect of the old Chaldean, and sister of the Arabic and Hebrew, is certain; and a cursory examination of many old inscriptions on pillars and in caves, leaves little doubt, that the Nagari and Ethiopian letters had a similar form. It is supposed, that the Abyssinians of the Arabian stock having no letters, borrowed those of the black Pagans, whom the Greeks called Troglodytes; and upon the whole, it seems probable that the *Ethiops* of *Meroe* were the same people with the first Egyptians, and consequently, as it might easily be shewn, with the original Hindus.

There is no trace in the maritime part of Yemen, from Aden to Maskat, of any nation who were not Arabs or Abyssinian invaders; and from the gulf of Persia to the rivers Cur and Aras, no vestige appears of any people distinct from the Arabs, Persians, and Tartars. The principal inhabitants of the mountains which separate *Irán* from *India,* were anciently distinguished among the Brahmans, by the name of Doradas; they seem to have been destroyed or expelled by the Afgans or Patans; and there is very solid ground for believing, that the

stead of overwhelming his readers with perpetual quotations from ancient and modern

Afgans descended from the Jews; because they sometimes in confidence avow that unpopular origin, which in general they sedulously conceal, and which other Musselmans positively assert; because Hazaret, which appears to be the Azareth of Esdras, is one of their territories; and principally because their language is evidently a dialect of the scriptural Chaldaic.

It is not unworthy of remark, that the copious vocabulary exhibited by Grellmann of the Gypsy dialect, contains so many Sanscrit words, that their Indian origin can hardly be doubted.

The *Boras*, a remarkable race of men, inhabiting chiefly the cities of *Gujarat*, though Musselmans in religion, are Jews in genius, features, and manners, and probably came first, with their brethren the Afgans, to the borders of India.

The languages, letters, religion, and old monuments of Silân (Ceylon), prove that it was immemorially peopled by the Hindu race. To the people of Java and Sumatra, the same origin may be assigned; and relying upon the authority of Mr. Marsden, that clear vestiges of one ancient language are discernible in all the insular dialects of the Southern seas from Madagascar to the Philippines, and even to the remotest islands lately discovered, we may infer from the specimens of those languages, in his account of Sumatra, that the parent of them all was no other than the Sanscrit.

That the people of Potyid, or Thibet, were Hindus, is known from the researches of Cassiano; their written language proves it.

The natives of Eighur, Tancut, and Khata, who had systems of letters, and are even said to have cultivated

authors, whose ideas or information he adopts, he transmutes their sense into his own lan-

liberal arts, may be suspected to have been of the Indian, not of the Tartarian family; and the same remark may be applied to the nation called Barmas, but who are known to the *pundits* by the name of Brahmachinas, and seem to have been the Brachmani of Ptolemy.

From all that can be learned of the old religion and manners of the Hyperboreans, they appear like the Massagetæ, and some other nations usually considered as Tartars, to be really of the Gothic, that is, of the Hindu race; for it is demonstrable, that the Goths and Hindus had originally the same language, gave the same appellation to the stars and planets, adored the same false deities, performed the same bloody sacrifices, and professed the same notions of rewards and punishments after death. It may be concluded, that all the Northern languages, excepting the Gothic, had a Tartarian origin like that universally ascribed to the Sclavonian.

From the best information procurable in Bengal, it satisfactorily appears, that the basis of the Armenian, was the ancient Persian, of the same Indian stock with the Zend, and that it has been gradually changed, from the time that Armenia ceased to be a province of Irân.

The Greeks and Phrygians, though differing somewhat in manners, and perhaps in dialect, had an apparent affinity in religion as well as in language; the grand object of mysterious worship in Phrygia, is stated by the Greeks to be the mother of the gods, or *nature personified;* as she is seen among the Indians, in a thousand forms, and under a thousand names. The Diana of Ephesus, was manifestly the same goddess, in the character of productive nature; and the Astarte of the Syrians and Phœnicians, appears to be the same in another form.

guage; and whilſt his compoſitions on this account have a pleaſing uniformity, his leſs

The Phœnicians, like the Hindus, adored the sun, and asserted water to be the first of created things; nor can it be doubted, that Syria, Samaria, and Phœnice, (or the long strip of land on the shore of the Mediterranean) were *anciently* peopled by a branch of the Hindu stock, but were *afterwards* inhabited by that race, for the present called Arabian; in all three, the oldest religion was the Assyrian, as it is called by Selden, and the Samaritan letters appear to have been the same at first with those of Phœnice; but the Syriac language, of which ample remains are preserved, and the Punic, of which a specimen is seen in Plautus, and on monuments lately brought to light, were indisputably of a *Chaldaic* or *Arabic* origin. Thus all the different races mentioned in this discourse, may be referred to an Indian or Arabian pedigree.

The ninth discourse, *On the Origin and Families of Nations*, opens with a short review of the propositions to which we have been gradually led.

That the first race of *Persians* and *Indians*, to whom may be added the *Romans* and *Greeks*, the *Goths* and the old *Egyptians* or *Ethiops*, originally spoke the same language, and professed the same popular faith, is capable of incontestable proof: that the *Jews* and *Arabs*, the *Assyrians*, or second *Persian race*, the people who spoke *Syriac*, and a numerous tribe of *Abyssinians* used one primitive dialect, wholly distinct from the idiom just mentioned, is undisputed and indisputable: but that the settlers in *China* and *Japan* had a common origin with the *Hindus*, is no more than highly probable; and that all the *Tartars*, as they are inaccurately called, were primarily of a third separate branch, totally differing from

learned readers are enabled to reap the fruits of his laborious ſtudies.

the two others in language, manners, and features, may be plausibly conjectured, but cannot for reasons alleged in a former essay be perspicuously shewn, and is therefore for the present merely assumed."

If the human race, as may be confidently affirmed, be of one natural species, they must all have proceeded from one pair; and the world, with respect to its population, in the age of Mahomet, would exhibit the same appearances as were then actually observed upon it. At that period, five races of men, peculiarly distinguished for their multitude and extent of dominion, were visible in Asia; but these have been reduced by enquiry to three, because no more can be discovered, that essentially differ in language, religion, manners, and known characteristics. These three races of men, (if the preceding conclusions be justly drawn) must have migrated originally from a central country, and all the phænomena tend to shew that country to be Irân; it is there only that the traces of the three primitive languages are discovered in the earliest historical age, and its position with respect to *Arabia* or *Egypt*, *India*, *Tartary*, or *China*, gives a weight to the conclusion, which it would not have, if either of those countries were assumed as the central region of population. Thus, it is proved that the inhabitants of Asia, and consequently of the whole earth, sprang from the three branches of one stem: and that these branches have shot into their present state of luxuriance, in a period comparatively short, is apparent from a fact universally acknowledged, that we find no certain monument, nor even probable traditions of nations planted, empires and states raised, laws enacted,

His legal publications have been noticed in these Memoirs: of their merit I am not

cities built, navigation improved, commerce encouraged, arts invented, or letters contrived, above twelve, or at most fifteen or sixteen, centuries before Christ.

Hence it seems to follow, that the only family after the Flood established themselves in the Northern part of *Irán*; that, as they multiplied, they were divided into three distinct branches, each retaining little at first, and losing the whole by degrees, of their common primary language, but agreeing severally on new expressions for new ideas; that the branch of YAFET was enlarged in many scattered shoots over the North of Europe and Asia, diffusing themselves as far as the Western and Eastern seas, and at length in the infancy of navigation beyond them both; that they cultivated no liberal arts, and had no use of letters, but formed a variety of dialects as their tribes were variously ramified; that, *secondly*, the children of HAM, who founded in *Irán* itself the first monarchy of *Chaldeans*, invented letters, observed and named the luminaries of the firmament, calculated *the known Indian period of* 432,000 years, or an hundred and twenty repetitions of the *Saros*; that they were dispersed at various intervals and in various colonies over land and ocean; that the tribes of *Misr*, *Cush*, and *Rama*, (names remaining unchanged in Sanscrit, and highly revered by the Hindus) settled in *Africk* and *India*; while some of them, having improved the art of sailing, passed from *Egypt*, *Phœnice*, and *Phrygia*, into *Italy* and *Greece*; whilst a swarm from the same hive moved by a northerly course into *Scandinavia*, and another, by the head of the Oxus, and through the passes of Imaus, into *Cashgar* and *Eighúr*, *Khata*, and

qualified to speak. I have been informed, that his Eſſay on the Law of Bailments

Khoten, as far as the territories of *Chin* and *Tancut*, where letters have been immemorially used and arts cultivated, nor is it unreasonable to believe, that some of them found their way from the Eastern isles into *Mexico* and *Peru*, where traces were discovered of rude literature and mythology, analogous to those of *Egypt* and *India*; that, *thirdly*, the old *Chaldean* empire being overthrown by CAYUMERS, other migrations took place; especially into *India*, while the rest of Shem's progeny, some of whom had before settled on the red seas, peopled the whole Arabian peninsula, preſſing close on the nations of *Syria* and *Phœnice*; that, lastly, from all the three families many adventurers were detached, who settled in distant isles or deserts, and mountainous regions; that, on the whole, some colonies might have migrated before the death of Noah, but that states and empires could scarcely have assumed a regular form till 1500 or 1600 years before the Christian epoch; and that for the first thousand years of that period, we have no history unmixed with fable, except that of the turbulent and variable, but eminently distinguished nation, descended from Abraham.

The tenth discourse is appropriated to unfold the *particular advantages* to be derived from the concurrent researches of the society in Asia; and amongst the foremost and most important which has been attained, he justly notices the confirmation of the Mosaic accounts of the primitive world.

Part of this discourse is quoted at length in the Memoirs; and to abstract it would add too much to the length of this note: I shall only observe, that the discourse is worthy of the most attentive perusal.

was ſtamped with the approbation of Lord Mansfield, and that his writings ſhew, that he had thoroughly ſtudied the principles of law as a ſcience. Indeed it is impoſſible to

For a similar reason, and with the same recommendation, I shall barely advert to the subject of the eleventh and last discourse, delivered by Sir William Jones before the society, on the 20th of February, 1794, On the Philosophy of the Asiatics, quoting a part of the concluding paragraph:—"The subject of this discourse is in-"exhaustible; it has been my endeavour to say as much "on it as possible in the fewest words; and at the be-"ginning of next year, I hope to close these general dis-"quisitions with topics measureless in extent." In this general and concise abstract of the subjects discussed in these discourses, I beg it may be understood, that I by no means pretend to have done justice either to the argument or observations of Sir William Jones; but it may induce the reader to peruse the dissertations themselves, which will amply repay the trouble of the task.

Nor is the reader to conclude that these discourses contain all that Sir William Jones wrote on the sciences, arts, and literature of Asia. We have a dissertation on Indian Chronology; another on the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiack, in which he engages to support an opinion (which Montucla treats with supreme contempt,) that the Indian division of the Zodiack was not borrowed from the Greeks or Arabs; another specifically on the Literature of the Hindus; and one on the Musical Modes of the Hindus; besides many essays on curious and interesting subjects, for which I can only refer to his works.

ſuppoſe, that Sir William Jones applied his talents to any ſubject in vain.

From the ſtudy of law, which he cultivated with enthuſiaſm, he was led to an admiration of the laws of his own country; in them he had explored the principles of the Britiſh conſtitution, which he conſidered as the nobleſt and moſt perfect that ever was formed; and in defence of it he would cheerfully have riſked his property and life. In his tenth diſcourſe to the ſociety, in 1793, little more than a year before his death, we trace the ſame ſentiments on this ſubject, which he adopted in youth.

"The practical uſe of hiſtory, in affording particular examples of civil and military wiſdom, has been greatly exaggerated; but principles of action may certainly be collected from it: and even the narrative of wars and revolutions may ſerve as a leſſon to nations, and an admonition to ſovereigns. A deſire, indeed, of knowing paſt events, while the future cannot be known, (and a view of the preſent, gives often more pain than delight,)

ſeems natural to the human mind: and a happy propenſity would it be, if every reader of hiſtory would open his eyes to ſome very important corollaries, which flow from the whole extent of it. He could not but remark the conſtant effect of deſpotiſm in benumbing and debaſing all thoſe faculties which diſtinguiſh men from the herd that grazes; and to that cauſe he would impute the decided inferiority of moſt Aſiatic nations, ancient and modern, to thoſe in Europe, who are bleſt with happier governments: he would ſee the Arabs riſing to glory, while they adhered to the free maxims of their bold anceſtors, and ſinking to miſery from the moment when thoſe maxims were abandoned. On the other hand, he would obſerve with regret, that ſuch republican governments as tend to promote virtue and happineſs, cannot in their nature be permanent, but are generally ſucceeded by oligarchies, which no good man would wiſh to be durable. He would then, like the king of Lydia, remember Solon, the wiſeſt, braveſt,

and moſt accompliſhed of men, who aſſerts in four nervous lines, that, "as hail and ſnow, "which mar the labours of huſbandmen, "proceed from elevated clouds, and, as the "deſtructive thunderbolt follows the brilliant "flaſh, thus is a free ſtate ruined by men ex-"alted in power, and ſplendid in wealth, "while the people, from groſs ignorance, "chooſe rather to become the ſlaves of one "tyrant, that they may eſcape from the do-"mination of many, than to preſerve them-"ſelves from tyranny of any kind by their "union and their virtues." Since, therefore, no unmixed form of government could both preſerve permanence and enjoy it; and ſince changes even from the worſt to the beſt, are always attended with much temporary miſchief, he would fix on our Britiſh conſtitution (I mean our public law, not the actual ſtate of things in any given period), as the beſt form ever eſtabliſhed, though we can only make diſtant approaches to its theoretical perfection. In theſe Indian territories, which Providence has thrown into the arms

of Britain for their protection and welfare, the religion, manners, and laws of the natives preclude even the idea of political freedom; but their hiſtories may poſſibly ſuggeſt hints for their proſperity, while our country derives eſſential benefit from the diligence of a placid and ſubmiſſive people, who multiply with ſuch increaſe, even after the ravages of famine, that, in one collectorſhip out of twenty-four, and that by no means the largeſt or beſt cultivated (I mean Criſhna-nagur), there have lately been found, by an actual enumeration, a million and three hundred thouſand native inhabitants; whence it ſhould ſeem, that in all India, there cannot now be fewer than thirty millions of black Britiſh ſubjects."

This quotation will prove, that he was not tainted with the wild theories of licentiouſneſs, miſcalled liberty, which have been propagated with unuſual induſtry ſince the Revolution in France; and that whilſt he was exerting himſelf to compile a code of laws, which ſhould ſecure the rights and pro-

perty of the natives of India (a labour to which he in fact ſacrificed his life), he knew the abſurdity and impracticability of attempting to introduce amongſt them that political freedom which is the birth-right of Britons, but the growth of ages. Of the French Revolution, in its commencement, he entertained a favourable opinion, and, in common with many wiſe and good men, who had not as yet diſcovered the foul principle from which it ſprang, wiſhed ſucceſs to the ſtruggles of that nation for the eſtabliſhment of a free conſtitution; but he ſaw with unſpeakable diſguſt, the enormities which ſprang out of the attempt, and betrayed the impurity of its origin. Things ill begun, ſtrengthen themſelves with ill. We may eaſily conceive, and it is unneceſſary to ſtate, what the ſentiments of Sir William Jones would have been, if he had lived to this time.

If the political opinions of Sir William Jones, at any period, have been cenſured for extravagance; let it be remembered, that he adopted none, but ſuch as he firmly believed

to ariſe out of the principles of the conſtitution of England; and as ſuch he was ever ready to avow and defend them. His attachment to liberty was certainly enthuſiaſtic, and he never ſpeaks of tyranny or oppreſſion, but in the language of deteſtation: this ſentiment, the offspring of generous feelings, was invigorated by his early acquaintance with the republican writers of Greece and Rome, and with the works of the moſt celebrated political writers of his own country; but the whole tenour of his life, converſation, and writings, proves to my conviction, that he would have abandoned any opinion, which could be demonſtrated irreconcileable to the ſpirit of the conſtitution.

With theſe principles, he ever refuſed to enliſt under the banners of any party, which he denominated faction, and reſiſted the influence of private friendſhips and attachments, whenever they involved a competition with his regard to the conſtitution of his country. Theſe ſentiments may be traced in his correſpondence and publications, and they are

ſometimes accompanied with expreſſions of regret ariſing from the impoſſibility of reconciling his political principles, to the bias of his inclinations towards individuals.

The lateſt political publication of Sir William Jones, is prior to the year 1783. The temper of the nation, ſoured by a long and unſucceſsful war, was diſplayed during the three preceding years, in the bittereſt invectives and cenſures, both in and out of parliament; and thoſe who thought that the principles of the conſtitution had been invaded by the conduct of the Miniſter, ſupported by a Majority in the Houſe of Commons, looked to a reformation in the repreſentation of the country, as the only means of reſtoring the balance of the conſtitution. The revolution which has ſince deformed the political ſtate of Europe, was not then foreſeen, and the experience founded on the *conſequences* of the ſpeculations which led to it, or have emerged from it, was to be acquired. In judging of the political opinions of Sir William Jones, and of the freedom

with which they were publiſhed to the world, we ſhould revert to the language and ſpirit of the times when they were delivered. It may be further remarked, that ſome political theories, which were held to be incontrovertible, have of late years been queſtioned, and that the doctrines of Locke on Government, which it would once have been hereſy to deny, no longer command that implicit acquieſcence, which they once almoſt univerſally received.

In the firſt charge which Sir William Jones delivered to the grand jury at Calcutta, he told them that he aſpired to no popularity, and ſought no praiſe but that which might be given to a ſtrict and conſcientious diſcharge of duty, without predilection, or prejudice of any kind, and with a fixed reſolution to pronounce on all occaſions what he conceived to be the law, than which no individual muſt ſuppoſe himſelf wiſer. His conduct as a judge, was moſt ſtrictly conformable to his profeſſions: on the bench he was laborious, patient, and diſcriminating: his charges to

the grand jury, which do not exceed ſix, exhibit a veneration for the laws of his country; a juſt and ſpirited encomium on the trial by jury, as the greateſt and moſt invaluable right derived from them to the ſubject; a deteſtation of crimes, combined with mercy towards the offender; occaſional elucidations of the law; and the ſtrongeſt feelings of humanity and benevolence. By his knowledge of the Sanſcrit and Arabic, he was eminently qualified to promote the adminiſtration of juſtice in the Supreme Court, by detecting miſrepreſentations of the Hindu or Mohammedan laws, and by correcting impoſitions in the form of adminiſtering oaths to the followers of Brahma and Mohammed. If no other benefit had reſulted from his ſtudy of theſe languages, than the compilation of the digeſt, and the tranſlation of Menu and of two Mohammedan law-tracts, this application of his talents to promote objects of the firſt importance to India and Europe, would have entitled him to the acknowledgments of both countries. Of his ſtudies in

general it may be obſerved, that the end which he had always in view, was practical utility; that knowledge was not accumulated by him, as a ſource of mere intellectual recreation, or to gratify an idle curioſity, or for the idler purpoſe of oſtentatiouſly diſplaying his acquiſitions; to render himſelf uſeful to his country and mankind, and to promote the proſperity of both, were the primary and permanent motives of his indefatigable exertions in the purſuit of knowledge.

The inflexible integrity with which he diſcharged the ſolemn duty of this ſtation, will long be remembered in Calcutta, both by Europeans and natives. So cautious was he to guard the independence of his character from any poſſibility of violation or imputation, that no ſolicitation could prevail upon him, to uſe his perſonal influence with the members of adminiſtration in India, to advance the private intereſts of friends whom he eſteemed, and which he would have been happy to promote. He knew the dignity, and felt the importance, of his office: and,

convinced that none could afford him more ample ſcope for exerting his talents to the benefit of mankind, his ambition never extended beyond it. No circumſtance occaſioned his death to be more lamented by the public, than the loſs of his abilities as judge, of which they had had the experience of eleven years.

When we conſider the time required for the ſtudy of the law as a profeſſion, and that portion of it, which was devoted by Sir William Jones to the diſcharge of his duties as judge and magiſtrate in India, it muſt appear aſtoniſhing, that he ſhould have found leiſure for the acquiſition of his numerous attainments in ſcience and literature, and for completing the voluminous works which have been given to the public. On this ſubject I ſhall, I truſt, be excuſed for uſing, as I may find convenient, my own language in a diſcourſe which I addreſſed to the Aſiatic ſociety a few days after his deceaſe.

There were in truth few ſciences in which he had not acquired conſiderable proficiency;

in moſt, his knowledge was profound. The theory of muſic was familiar to him, nor had he neglected to render himſelf acquainted with the intereſting diſcoveries lately made in chemiſtry; and I have heard him aſſert, that his admiration of the ſtructure of the human frame, induced him to attend for a ſeaſon, to a courſe of anatomical lectures delivered by his friend, the celebrated Hunter. Of his ſkill in mathematics I am ſo far qualified to ſpeak, that he frequently peruſed and ſolved the problems in the Principia.

His laſt and favourite purſuit was the ſtudy of botany. It conſtituted the principal amuſement of his leiſure hours. In the arrangement of Linnæus, he diſcovered ſyſtem, truth, and ſcience, which never failed to captivate and engage his attention; and from the proofs which he has exhibited of his progreſs in botany, we may conclude, if he had lived, that he would have extended the diſcoveries in that ſcience *. From two

* Beſides occaſional botanical information, we have in

of the eſſays mentioned in the note, I ſhall tranſcribe two ſhort extracts which mark his judgment and delicacy of ſentiment. "If "botany could be deſcribed by metaphors "drawn from the ſcience itſelf, we may juſt- "ly pronounce a minute acquaintance with "*plants*, their *claſſes*, *orders*, *kinds*, and "*ſpecies*, to be its *flowers*, which can only "produce *fruit* by an application of that "knowledge to the purpoſes of life, parti- "cularly to *diet* by which diſeaſes may be "avoided, and to *medicine* by which they may "be remedied." On the indelicacy of the Linnæan definitions, he obſerves, "Hence "it is that no well-born and well-educated "woman can be adviſed to amuſe herſelf "with botany, as it is now explained, though "a more elegant and delightful ſtudy, or one

the works of Sir William Jones, vol. v. p. i, a little tract intitled, *The Design of a Treatise on the Plants of India*, p. 55; *A Catalogue of* 420 *Indian Plants*, comprehending their Sanscrit and as many of the Linnæan generic names, as could with any degree of precision be aſcertained; and, p. 62, *Botanical Observations on seventy ſelect Indian Plants*, which laſt was a poſthumous publication.

" more likely to aſſiſt and embelliſh other " female accompliſhments, could not poſſibly " be recommended."

It cannot be deemed uſeleſs or ſuperfluous, to enquire by what arts or method he was enabled to attain this extraordinary degree of knowledge. The faculties of his mind, by nature vigorous, were improved by conſtant exerciſe; and his memory, by habitual practice, had acquired a capacity of retaining whatever had once been imprinted upon it, In his early years, he ſeems to have entered upon his career of ſtudy with this maxim ſtrongly impreſſed upon his mind, that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him, and it has been remarked, that he never neglected nor overlooked any opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, or of acquiring eſteemed accompliſhments.

To an unextinguiſhed ardour for univerſal information, he joined a perſeverance in the purſuit of it, which ſubdued all obſtacles. His ſtudies in India began with the dawn, and during the intermiſſions of profeſſional

duties, were continued throughout the day: reflection and meditation ſtrengthened and confirmed what induſtry and inveſtigation had accumulated. It was alſo a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties that were ſurmountable from proſecuting to a ſucceſsful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken.

But what appears to me more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents ſo much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations, and a ſcrupulous adherence to the diſtribution which he had fixed; hence all his ſtudies were purſued without interruption or confuſion *. Nor can I omit

* It was a favourite opinion of Sir William Jones, that all men are born with an equal capacity for improvement. The aſſertion (which I do not admit) will remind the reader of the modeſt declaration of Sir Iſaac Newton, that if he had done the world any ſervice, it was due to nothing but induſtry and patient thought. The following lines were ſent to Sir William by a friend, Thomas Law, Eſq. in conſequence of a converſation in which he had maintained the opinion which I have imputed to him;

remarking the candour and complacency, with which he gave his attention to all perſons of whatever quality, talents, or education; he juſtly concluded, that curious or important imformation might be gained even

his answer, which was unpremeditated, is a confirmation of it.

Sir William, you attempt, in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest genius should be ill-defin'd,
I term it *your superior mind*,
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly shewn,
You're ignorant of yourself alone.

Sir WILLIAM JONES's Answer;

Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow,
My memory by art improv'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd.
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's or the gardener's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil.
And say, (no higher meed I ask)
With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task?
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer, who merit most.

from the illiterate, and, wherever it was to be obtained, he ſought and ſeized it.

The literary deſigns which he ſtill meditated*, ſeem to have been as ample as thoſe which he executed; and if it had pleaſed Providence to extend the years of his exiſtence, he would in a great meaſure have exhauſted whatever was curious, important, and attainable, in the arts, ſciences, and hiſtories of India, Arabia, Perſia, China, and Tartary. His collections on theſe ſubjects were extenſive, and his ardour and induſtry we know were unlimited. It is to be hoped that the progreſſive labour of the ſociety will in part ſupply, what he had ſo extenſively planned†.

* See Memoirs, p. 3. vol. ii.

† The following paper written by Sir William Jones, was found amongst his papers after his death, and may be considered as exhibiting his Oriental literary projects:

DESIDERATA.

INDIA.

1.

The Ancient Geography of India, &c. from the Puránas.

Of his private and ſocial virtues it ſtill remains to ſpeak; and I could with pleaſure expatiate on the independence of his inte-

2.

A Botanical Description of Indian Plants from the Coshás, &c.

3.

A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language from Pànini, &c.

4.

A Dictionary of the Sanscrit Language from thirty-two original Vocabularies and Niructi.

5.

On the Antient Music of the Indians.

6.

On the Medical Substances of India, and the Indian Art of Medicine.

7.

On the Philosophy of the Ancient Indians.

8.

A Translation of the Véda.

9.

On Ancient Indian Geometry, Astronomy, and Algebra.

10.

A Translation of the Puránas.

11.

Translation of the Mahábharat and Rámáyan.

12.

On the Indian Theatre, &c. &c.

13.

On the Indian Constellations, with their Mythology, from the Puránas.

grity, his humanity and probity, as well as his benevolence, which every living creature participated.

14.

The History of India before the Mohammedan Conquest. From the Sanscrit Cashmir Histories.

ARABIA.

15.

The History of Arabia before Mohammed.

16.

A Translation of the Hamása.

17.

A Translation of Hariri.

18.

A Translation of the Fácahatâl Khulafá. Of the Cáfiah.

PERSIA.

19.

The History of Persia, from Authorities in Sanscrit, Arabic, Greek, Turkish, Persian, Ancient and Modern.

20.

The Five Poems of Nizámi, translated in Prose.

A Dictionary of pure Persian—Jehangiri.

CHINA.

21.

Translation of the Shí-cing.

22.

The Text of Con-fu-tsu, verbally translated.

TARTARY.

23.

A History of the Tartar Nations, chiefly of the Moguls and Othmans, from the Turkish and Persian.

Could the figure, (I quote with pleaſure his own words,) inſtincts, and qualities of birds, beaſts, inſects, reptiles, and fiſh, be aſcertained, either on the plan of Buffon, or on that of Linnæus, without giving pain to the objects of our examination, few ſtudies would afford us more ſolid inſtruction, or more exquiſite delight; but I never could learn by what right, nor conceive with what feelings, a naturaliſt can occaſion the miſery of an innocent bird, and leave its young, perhaps, to periſh in a cold neſt, becauſe it has gay plumage, and has never been accurately delineated, or deprive even a butterfly of its natural enjoyments, becauſe it has the misfortune to be rare or beautiful: nor ſhall I ever forget the couplet of Ferdauſi, for which Sadi, who cites it with applauſe, pours bleſſings on his departed ſpirit:

Ah! ſpare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

This may be only a confeſſion of weakneſs, and it certainly is not meant as a boaſt of peculiar ſenſibility; but whatever name may

be given to my opinion, it has ſuch an effect on my conduct, that I never would ſuffer the *cecila*, whoſe wild native wood-notes announce the approach of ſpring, to be caught in my garden, for the ſake of comparing it with Buffon's deſcription; though I have often examined the domeſtic and engaging *Mayana*, which "bids us good morrow" at our windows, and expects, as its reward, little more than ſecurity: even when a fine young *manis* or *pangolin* was brought to me, againſt my wiſh, from the mountains, I ſolicited his reſtoration to his beloved rocks, becauſe I found it impoſſible to preſerve him in comfort at a diſtance from them.

I have noticed his cheerful and aſſiduous performance of his filial and fraternal duty: "To the other virtues of Mr. Jones, (I quote the teſtimony and words of profeſſor Bjornſhal, who viſited Oxford whilſt Sir William Jones reſided there, obligingly communicated to me by Dr. Ford of Mag. Hall,) "I ought to add that of filial duty, which "he diſplays at all times in the moſt exem-

"plary manner. I am not ſingular in the "obſervation here made. Every one ac- "quainted with Mr. Jones, makes it likewiſe. "I feel a pleaſure in dwelling upon a charac- "ter that does ſuch high honour to human "nature." The unceaſing regret of Lady Jones is a proof of his claim upon her conjugal affections; and I could dwell with rapture on the affability of his converſation and manners, on his modeſt, unaſſuming deportment, nor can I refrain from remarking, that he was totally free from pedantry, as well as from that arrogance and ſelf-ſufficiency, which ſometimes accompany and diſgrace the greateſt abilities; his preſence was the delight of every ſociety, which his converſation exhilarated and improved.

His intercourſe with the Indian natives of character and abilities was extenſive: he liberally rewarded thoſe by whom he was ſerved and aſſiſted, and his dependents were treated by him as friends. Under this denomination, he has frequently mentioned in his works the name of Bahman, a native of

Yezd, and follower of the doctrines of Zoroaſter, whom he retained in his pay, and whoſe death he often adverted to with regret. Nor can I reſiſt the impulſe which I feel to repeat an anecdote of what occurred after his demiſe; the pundits who were in the habit of attending him, when I ſaw them at a public *durbar*, a few days after that melancholy event, could neither reſtrain their tears for his loſs, nor find terms to expreſs their admiration at the wonderful progreſs which he had made, in the ſciences which they profeſſed*.

* The following is a translation of a Sanscrit note written to Sir William Jones, by a venerable pundit, whom he employed in superintending the compilation of Hindu law. From my own communications with the writer of the note, I can venture to assert, that his expressions of respect for Sir William Jones, although in the Oriental style, were most sincere.

Trivédi Servoru Sarman, who depends on you alone for support, presents his humble duty, with a hundred benedictions.

VERSES.

1. To you there are many like me; yet to me there is none like you, but yourself; there are numerous groves of night flowers; yet the night flower sees nothing like the moon, but the moon.

If this character of Sir William Jones be not exaggerated by the partiality of friendſhip, we ſhall all apply to him his own words, "it is happy for us that this man was "born." I have borrowed the application of them from Dr. Parr: and who more competent can be found, to eſtimate the merit of the great ſcholar whom he deems worthy of this eulogium?

In the pleaſing office of delineating his virtues, my regret for his loſs has been ſuſ-

2. A hundred chiefs rule the world, but thou art an ocean, and they are mere wells; many luminaries are awake in the sky, but which of them can be compared to the Sun?

Many words are needless to inform those who know all things. The law tract of *Atri*, will be delivered by the hand of the footman, dispatched by your Excellence.—Prosperity attend you!

I add a translation of two couplets in elegant Arabic, addressed by Maulavi Casim to Sir William Jones. The writer was employed by him in compiling the Mohammedan law.

Mayest thou remain with us perpetually, for thy presence is an ornament and a delight to the age!

May no unpleasant event find its way to thee; and mayest thou have no share in the vicissitudes of fortune!

pended, but will never be obliterated; and whilſt I cheriſh with pride the recollection that he honoured me with his eſteem, I cannot ceaſe to feel and lament that the voice, to which I liſtened with rapture and improvement, is heard no more.

As far as happineſs may be conſidered dependent upon the attainment of our wiſhes, he poſſeſſed it. At the period of his death, by a prudent attention to economy, which never encroached upon his liberality, he had acquired a competency, and was in a ſituation to enjoy dignity with independence. For this acquiſition he was indebted to the exertion of his talents and abilities, of energies well directed, and uſefully applied to the benefit of his country and mankind. He had obtained a reputation which might gratify the higheſt ambition: and as far as human happineſs is alſo connected with expectation, he had in proſpect a variety of employments, the execution of which depended only on the continuance of his health and intellectual powers. I ſhall not here enlarge

upon the common topic of the vanity of human wiſhes, proſpects, and enjoyments, which my ſubject naturally ſuggeſts; but if my reader ſhould not participate that admiration which the memory of Sir William Jones excites in my mind, I muſt ſubmit to the mortification of having depreciated a character, which I had fondly hoped would be effectually emblazoned by its own excellence, if I did but ſimply recite the talents and virtues which conſpired to dignify and adorn it.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE following Epitaph, evidently intended for himſelf, was written by Sir William Jones, a ſhort time only before his demiſe. It diſplays ſome ſtriking features of his character; reſignation to the will of his Creator, love and good-will to mankind, and is modeſtly ſilent upon his intellectual attainments.

AN EPITAPH.

Here was deposited,
the mortal part of a man,
who feared GOD, but not death;
and maintained independence,
but sought not riches;
who thought
none below him, but the base and unjust,
none above him, but the wise and virtuous;
who loved
his parents, kindred, friends, country,
with an ardour
which was the chief source of

all his pleasures and all his pains:
and who, having devoted
his life to their service,
and to
the improvement of his mind,
resigned it calmly,
giving glory to his Creator,
wishing peace on earth,
and with
good-will to all creatures,
on the [*Twenty-seventh*] day of [*April*]
in the year of our blessed Redeemer,
One Thousand Seven Hundred [*and Ninety-four*].

The Court of Directors of the Eaſt-India Company embraced an early opportunity of teſtifying their reſpect for the merit of Sir William Jones. By an unanimous vote of the Court, it was reſolved, that a monument to his memory ſhould be ordered, for the purpoſe of being erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, with a ſuitable inſcription, and that a ſtatue of Sir William Jones ſhould be prepared at the expence of the Company, and ſent to Bengal with directions for its being placed in a proper ſituation there.

The poſthumous honours paid to his memory by a ſociety of gentlemen in Bengal,

who had received their education at Oxford, were no leſs liberal than appropriate. They ſubſcribed a ſum to be given as a prize for the beſt diſſertation on his character and merits, by any of the ſtudents at that Univerſity; and the propoſal, with the ſanction of the heads of the Univerſity, having been carried into execution, the premium was adjudged to Mr. Henry Philpotts, A. M., Fellow of Magdalen College.

The expectations of my readers would be diſappointed, if I were not to mention the ſolicitude of Lady Jones, and the means adopted by her, for perpetuating the fame of a huſband, with whom ſhe had lived in the cloſeſt union of eſteem and affection. Without dwelling upon the elegant monument erected to his memory at her expenſe, in the anti-chamber of Univerſity College, Oxford, her regard for his reputation was more effectually evinced, by the publication of his works in an elegant edition of ſix quarto volumes, in ſtrict conformity to his opinion, that "The beſt monument that

"can be erected to a man of literary talents, "is a good edition of his works."

On the 27th of January 1795, Sir William Jones was unanimouſly elected a correſponding member of the *Hiſtorical Society of Maſſachuſetts*. The ſociety had ſoon the mortification to learn, that, nine months before the date of their vote, the object of their intended diſtinction was no more. The following letter, notifying the reſolution of the ſociety, was addreſſed, by the preſident of it, to Sir William Jones:

SIR, *Boston, Feb.* 7, 1795.

As preſident, and by the direction of the Maſſachuſetts Hiſtorical Society, I have the honour to incloſe you a vote of that corporation, by which you are elected a member of it.

You have alſo by this conveyance a few publications, and a copy of our charter: by the latter you will ſee, as well the legal date, as the deſign of our inſtitution. We poſſeſs a large hall in the centre of Boſton, where

we depoſit thoſe books, publications, and other matters, which may have a tendency to fix and illuſtrate the political, civil, and natural hiſtory of this continent: and we have been very ſucceſsful in our attempts to collect materials for that purpoſe.

Your character, and the attention which the world allows you to have paid to learning of this kind, have induced us to purſue ſuch meaſures as we hope will obtain your good wiſhes, and friendly regard: and we ſhall have great pleaſure in forwarding to you, from time to time, ſuch other books and publications, as we may ſuppoſe to be acceptable to you.

Any obſervations from you, or any member of the ſociety, in which you preſide, illuſtrating thoſe facts which compoſe the natural hiſtory of America, or of any other part of the world, will be received as valuable marks of your attention.

As the correſpondence of literary and philoſophical ſocieties, eſtabliſhed in different nations, is an intercourſe of true philanthropy,

and has a manifeſt tendency to increaſe that friendſhip, and to ſupport that harmony in the great family of mankind, on which the happineſs of the world ſo much depends, it can never ſolicit your aid without ſucceſs.

I have the honour to be,
With ſentiments of the higheſt reſpect,
Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,
J. SULLIVAN.

It is certainly to be greatly regretted, that Sir William Jones did not live to tranſlate the digeſt of Hindu law, in the compilation of which he had beſtowed ſo much time and attention. It is however ſatisfactory to know, that his benevolent intentions in this laborious work have not been diſappointed, and that Mr. H. T. Colebrooke, in the civil ſervice of the Eaſt-India Company at Bengal, from motives of public ſpirit, and a laudable hope of diſtinction, has completed a tranſlation of it, with an ability which does him the higheſt credit. This voluminous work was undertaken and executed by Mr. Cole-

brooke, under the preſſure of unintermitted official occupations, and is a proof of literary induſtry rarely exceeded.

For the gratification of the reader's curioſity, I inſert the ſhort but characteriſtic tranſlation of the Preface of the Hindu Compilers of the Digeſt.

PREFACE BY THE COMPILERS.

Having ſaluted the Ruler of Gods, the Lord of Beings, and the King of Dangers, Lord of Divine Claſſes, the Daughter of the King of Mountains, the venerable Sages, and the reverend Authors of Books, I, JAGANAT'HA, Son of Budra, by command of the Protectors of the Land, compile this book, intitled, *The Sea of controverſial Waves*, perſpicuous, diffuſive, with its iſlands and gems, pleaſing to the princes and the learned.

What is my intellect, a crazy boat, compared with the ſacred code, that perilous ocean? The favour of the Supreme Ruler is my ſole refuge, in traverſing that ocean with this crazy veſſel.

The learned Radhacanta Goneſpreſada, of firm and ſpotleſs mind, Ramamóhana Ramanidhee Ganaſyama, and Gungadhara, a league of aſſiduous pupils, muſt effect the completion of this work, which ſhall gratify the minds of princes:—of this I have unqueſtioned certainty.

Embarking on ſhips, often do men undaunted traverſe the perilous deep, aided by long cables, and impelled by propitious gales.

Having viewed the title of loans, and the reſt as promulged by wiſe legiſlators, in codes of laws, and as expounded by former intelligent authors;

And having meditated their obſcure paſſages with the leſſons of venerable teachers, the whole is now delivered by *me*.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

QUAM jucunda mihi fuit illa ſemihora, quâ tecum de poëtis Perſicis, meis tuiſque deliciis, ſum collocutus: initium enim amicitiæ et dulciſſimæ inter nos conſuetudinis arbitrabar fuiſſe. Quam ſpem utriuſque noſtri importuna negotia fefellerunt. Ruri enim diutiùs quàm vellem commorari, variæ me cogunt occupationes. Tu Germaniam, ut audivi, quàm citiſſimè proficiſci meditaris. Doleo itaque amicitiam in ipſo flore quaſi decidere. Illud tamen tanquam lenimen doloris mei reſtat, nempè ut, ſi præſens te præſentem alloqui non poſſim, liceat certè quidem per literas colloqui, et cùm ſermonis

communicatione, tùm conjunctione ſtudiorum, perfrui. At cùm de amicitiâ noſtrâ loquar, ne, quæſo, videar hoc tam gravi nomine abuti. Permagno enim vinculo conjungi ſolent ii qui iiſdem utuntur ſtudiis, qui literas humaniores colunt, qui in iiſdem curis et cogitationibus evigilant. Studia eadem ſequimur, eadem colimus et conſectamur. Hoc tamen inter nos intereſt. Nempè tu in literis Aſiaticis es quàm doctiſſimus; ego verò ut in iis doctus ſim, nitor, contendo, elaboro. In harum literarum amore non patiar ut me vincas, ita enim incredibilitèr illis delector, nihil ut ſuprà poſſit: equidem poëſi Græcorum jam indè à puero ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis relliquiis politius aut nitidius eſſe videretur. At cum poëſin Arabicam et Perſicam deguſtarem, illicò exareſcere * * * *

No. II.

REVICZKI à MONS. JONES.

MONSIEUR,

Je ſuis très ſenſible à votre ſouvenir et aux compliments réitérés, dans vos lettres à Madame de Vaucluſe; je puis dire que j'en ſuis un peu fier, me glorifiant, de ce qu'une entrevue d'un quart d'heure m'a pu procurer l'honneur de votre amitié. Je tâcherois bien de la cultiver, ſi mon plan me permettoit de faire un plus long ſéjour dans ce pays-ci, ou du moins, ſi je pouvois vous rencontrer à Oxford, où je penſe de me rendre avant que je quitte l'Angleterre. J'apprens avec plaiſir, que vous avez été chargé de donner au public, un Eſſai ſur la Proſodie des Orienteaux; comme je ſuis perſuadé que vous vous acquitterez dignement de cette commiſſion, et qu'un bon ſuccès couronnera votre entrepriſe, je ſuis charmé d'avance, de l'humiliation que vous ferez eſſuyer à tous nos Poëtes Européens, qui ne pourront pas s'empêcher d'avoir honte de la pauvreté de leurs langues pro-

ſaïques, lorſqu'ils s'apperceveront, que les langues Orientales, independamment de la rime, que eſt de leur invention, ont de véritables quantités de ſyllabes auſſi bien que les Grecs, avec une variété de pieds plus abondantes encore, et par conſéquent un vrai art métrique et proſodique. Je prends la liberté de vous envoyer le cahier d'une de mes dernières traductions de Hafyz, dont je m'amuſe quelquefois quand j'ai du loiſir. Vous qui connoiſſez le génie de la langue Perſanne, trouverez ſans doute mon entrepriſe téméraire, auſſi ne cherche-je point à faire ſentir la beauté de l'original dans ma verſion, mais uniquement les penſées ſimples et ſans ornement, j'y joins auſſi une paraphraſe en vers, mais très libre. En quoi je me ſuis le plus éloigné du texte, c'eſt en ſubſtituant quelquefois au mignon une maîtreſſe, ſoit pour donner une liaiſon aux vers, qui par la nature même du Ghazel, n'en ont point; ſoit pour me conformer en cela au gout de nos pays; d'autant plus que dans le premier vers, le Perſan lui même parle de ſa maîtreſſe.

Vous trouverez auſſi à coté du texte Perſan, des expreſſions analogues des poëtes Grecs et Latins, ſuivant que je m'en ſouviens lorſque je lis Hafyz. J'eſpère d'avoir l'honneur de vous voir ici avant mon départ, vous aſſurant que je compte parmi les plus grands avantages que j'ai eu en Angleterre, l'honneur de votre connoiſſance.

Je ſuis votre très humble Serviteur,

REVICZKI.

No. III.

REVICZKI à MONS. JONES.

Londres, le 24ème de Fevrier, 1768.

MONSIEUR,

Le jour même que j'ai expédié la mienne, j'ai reçu votre ſavante et obligeante lettre, que j'ai lû avec un plaiſir infini, quoique j'aurois ſouhaité qu'elle fût un peu moins flateuſe ſur mon compte, et moins modeſte ſur le vôtre. Toutefois je ne prends pas vos expreſſions à la lettre, et malgré tout ce que vous puiſſiez dire, je vois clairement par votre goût et jugement ſur les paſſages cités

dans votre lettre, que vous avez fait un grand chemin dans la littérature Orientale. Je vous prie cependant, quelque grace pour le Grec et le Latin ; car quoique je ne puiſſe pas nier qu'il y a quelque genre de poéſie, où les Orienteaux et particulièrement les Perſans ont atteint un degré de perfection et de ſupériorité, je ne me ferois point de ſcrupule, de renoncer plutôt à la connoiſſance de ces trois langues qu'à la ſeule langue Grecque. Je ſuis bien aiſé que votre ouvrage ſoit déjà ſi avancé, et que je puiſſe eſpérer de la voir bientôt rendu public. Je ſerois fort embaraſſé de vous donner quelque avis au ſujet de votre livre, à cauſe que je ſuis actuellement depourvu de tout livre qui traite directement de cette matière, et que d'ailleurs, c'eſt une mer à boire, que l'abondance et la variété du metre Oriental, et qu'il eſt impoſſible d'en ſavoir par cœur toutes les parties. Je ſerois curieux de ſavoir, ſous quel chapitre vous avez rangé Le Kaſide, genre de poéſie très en vogue parmi les Arabes, et cultivé avec grand ſuccès, que répond plus qu'aucun autre à l'élogie

Latine, mais qui par ſa conſtruction tient au Ghazel, avec cette différence, que le Ghazel, ſuivant les règles, ne devroit jamais paſſer 13 diſtiques ou beits; et que le Kaſide n'eſt borné à aucun nombre; 2do. que les beits du Ghazel doivent par leur nature comprendre en eux-mêmes, et terminer tout le ſens, pendant que ceux du Kaſide ont du rapport entre eux, en continuant le même ſujèt. Un exemple admirable de ce dernier eſt celui ſur la mort de Mahomet, célèbre dans tout l'Orient, et connu par cœur à tous les gens de lettres, dans une allégorie continuelle, mais admirable et très pathétique, dont le commencement eſt tel, ſi je m'en ſouviens:

امن تذكر جيران بذي سلم
مزجت دمعاً جري من مقلة بدم

Pour ce qui regarde vos doutes ſur la prétendue allégorie de Hafyz, il y auroit beaucoup à dire, car il ſemble que le reſpect et la vénération que les Mahométans portent à la mémoire de ce grand génie, eſt la véritable cauſe

de leur myſtérieuſe interprétation, voulant par là juſtifier la conduite du poëte en nous le donnant pour un homme irréprochable auſſi bien dans ſes mœurs que dans ſes vers. La plus grande partie de ſes commentateurs, comme Shemy, Surury, et les autres, s'évertuent d'expliquer dans un ſens myſtique les vers qui roulent ſur le vin, les garçons, les plaiſirs, et le mépris de la religion, comme indigne d'un bon Muſulman; mais le plus habile de ces interprêtes, le ſavant Sudi, n'a pas voulu ſuivre cette méthode, diſant, que quelque raiſon que puiſſent avoir les autres commentateurs, ſans combattre leur bonnes intentions, il ſe contentera d'expliquer le texte littéralement. Il ne ſera pas peut-être mal-à-propos, de marquer ici une anecdote, que j'ai lû quelque part touchant Hafyz; ce grand homme étant mort, quelques-uns des Ulemas, ont fait difficulté de lui accorder la ſépulture, à cauſe du libertinage de ſes poëſies, mais en fin après bien de conteſtations, il en ſont venu au *Tefal*, c'eſt-à-dire à la pratique,

d'ouvrir ſon Divan au hazard, moyenant une aiguille; le premier vers qui s'offrit à leur vûe fut le ſuivant:

قدم دریغ مدار از جنازه حافظ
اگرچه غرق گناهست میرود ببهشت

Ce paſſage ayant été pris pour une déciſion du ciel, les Ulemas furent bientôt d'accord, et on le fit enterrer dans l'endroit même du Muſella, devenu célèbre par ſes vers. Si je ne me trompe pas, cette circonſtance ſe trouve dans Katib celebi. Quant à moi, tout autant que je ſuis porté à croire que Hafyz en parlant de vin et de l'amour n'entend point fineſſe en cela, de même je dois avouer que je ne trouve point des obſcénités en lui, ni des expreſſions ſales et groſſières comme cela arrive aſſez ſouvent à Sadi. Je ne puis m'empêcher non plus de le regarder comme un eſprit fort, et je pourrois citer cent exemples, pour montrer qu'il ſe moque du prophète et de l'Alcoran comme quand il dit:

ان تلخ وش كه صوفي ام الخبايث خواند
اشهي لنا و اطي من قبلة العذارا

Pour les poëtes Turcs, j'avoue que je ne les lis pas avec le même plaiſir, quoique je convienne qu'il y'en a quelques-uns qui ont du mérite ; le plus agréable, à mon avis, eſt Ruhi Bagdady dont il y a des ſatyres admirables. Je ne ſais pas s'il eſt de votre connoiſſance. Mais la plupart des Turcs ne ſont que des copiſtes ou traducteurs des Perſans, et ſouvent deſtitués de goût et d'harmonie.

Je ne puis pas déviner la raiſon qui vous fait trouver, Monſieur, un ſens impudique dans ce beau vers de Meſihi :

الهي سن بني ايلتمه سينه
صرلما يتجه يارك سينه سينه

dont le ſimple ſens eſt : " Mon dieu, ne m'envoyez pas au tombeau ſans que j'aye auparavant embraſſé mon ami," à moins que vous ne faſſiez conſiſter l'obſcénité dans l'amitié d'un garçon, qui eſt l'éternel ſujet de toutes les poëſies Orientales auſſi bien que Grecques et quelquefois Latines. Je vous envoye la plus fraiche de mes traductions, en vous priant

de me la renvoyer quand vous en ſerez las, car je n'en ai point de copies. Je ſuis, avec la plus parfaite eſtime et vénération,

Votre très humble ſerviteur,

REVICZKI.

No. IV.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Londini, Martii die 7, 1768.

Dicamne me literis tuis delectatum, an eruditum? Prorſus animi pendeo, tu in literis omne punctum tuliſſe videris, hoc unum reprehendendum exiſtimo, quòd conciſione peccent, etſi tu prolixitatis notam incurrere verearis. Quòd miſſam ad te duarum odarum verſionem intemperanti laude efferas, quòdve meas eſſe aliquid putâris nugas, id purè putà humanitatis ac comitatis tuæ indicium eſſe ſuſpicor; quòd autem in ſphalmata mea benignus animadverteris, ſerìò habeo gratiam, uti vice verſâ, quòd tam parcus fueris in caſtigandâ errorum meorum ſylvâ, indulgentiæ tuæ adſcribo. Itaque etſi ſummoperè cavendum mihi ſit, ne, dum culpam removere ſtu-

deo, gratiam, quam profiteor, imminuere videar; non poſſum tamen apud animum meum impetrare, ut omni penitùs apologiæ ſuperſedeam. Quare non incongruum puto monere, me nullo, ſive oſtentationis, ſive gloriæ ſtudio, ad verſus ſcribendos animum appuliſſe, quos jam olim in ſcholæ limine valere juſſos, non ante hos tres menſes, ôtio me ad id pelliciente, reſumſi; non alia, τῆς μελαπλώσεως, ratione, quàm quòd, Latinè redditis 50 circiter odis mercurialis noſtri Hafyzi;

—— cujus amor tantùm mihi crescit in horas,
Quantùm vere novo viridis se subjicit alnus:

in ipſo progreſſu operis tam immanem obſervavi metaphraſis meæ à prototypo diſformitatem, ut me laboris faſtidium ceperit. Nam etſi præter illam inficetam, ſed religioſam verſionem, quam ſingulis diſtichis ſubſcriptam vides, aliam liberiorem et terſiorem, Latinâ æquè ac Gallicâ linguâ, præ manibus habeam; tamen non eſt minùs diſcrepans à textu, quàm حکایت زردوز وبر یا باف Hoc eſt,

Historia aurifabri et storearum textoris. HAFIZ.

Accedit, quod ſæpiſſimè ad exprimendum unius monoſyllabi ſenſum, ſeſquipedali paraphraſi ſit utendum. Proinde non abs re futurum judicavi, ligatâ nonnunquam oratione textum Perſicum æmulari; cujus tamen qualicunque ſucceſſui illud ſemper obſtabit, quòd in Ghazelâ, nulla ſit verſuum cohæſio et ἀλληλουχία, cujus defectum Latina poëſis nullâ ratione admittit. Sed de his affatìm.

* * * * * *

Librum de poëſi Hebræorum quem commendas, epiſcopi Oxonienſis, quemve tibi pro exemplari propoſuiſti, legi jam aliàs, et quidem magnâ cum voluptate, quamvis in præſentiarum parum ex illo memoriæ meæ inhæreat; hoc unum recordor, quòd dictione æquè ac methodo ſit præditus admirabili. Flores Græci et Orientales epiſtolæ tuæ interſperſi, oppidò me delectaverunt, et obſervo tuum in eorum delectu judicium. Propoſitum autem Orientem viſendi, laudo quidem, ſed prævìè ſuadeo ut linguæ ſeu Turcicæ ſeu vulgaris Arabicæ uſum tibi familiarem reddas, ſi profectum et voluptatem ex itinere illo con-

ſequi eſt animus, quandoquidem non aliâ ratione Mahometanos affari conceditur.

Quod de ſervili Turcarum imitatione dixi, non de omni imitatione dictum volo. Scio enim multos imitando archetypum ſuperâſſe, uti hoc, Georgica Virgilii, et Heſiodi ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι teſtantur. Nec ipſe Hafyz negaverit nonnulla ſe ab aliis mutuatum, utpote quem non puduerit ſubindè integros verſus tranſcribere: ſicut ille eſt in ipſo frontis opere: quem, mutato tantùm hemiſtichiorum ordine, Iezido filio ſurripuit, apud quem ita legitur;

الا یا ایها الساکی ادر کاسا و ناولها

ut nihil dicam de integrâ ferè ghazelâ alio in loco, &c. &c. Offendor enimverò inſulſâ illâ et penè continuâ poëtarum Turcarum imitatione, de quibus non ineptè quis dictum putet,

O imitatores, servum pecus!

ut Horatius noſter, &c.

Quæris quid ſentiam de aliis Perſarum poëtis? numve ſolum Hafyz ore rotundo loqui cenſeam? Abſit! quis enim poteſt primam

Sadii paginam inſpicere, quin ſe in exſtaſin rapi ſentiat? Immo ſcire te volo, mihi primum ſtimulum additum fuiſſe ad Orientales literas perdiſcendas hâc Sadii ſtrophâ, quam fortuitò didaſcalus meus Conſtantinopoli recitavit et interpretatus eſt:

ای کریمی که از خزانه غیب
گبر و ترسا وطیفه خورداری
و وستانرا کی کنی محروم
تو که پاشمهان نظر داری

Sed quis non indignetur lepidiſſimum ſcriptorem, à tam illepido metaphraſte, quàm fuit meâ ſententiâ Gentius, Latinitate donatum. Non diffiteor tamen magis me mulceri lectione Hafyzi, eò quòd in illo verba ſententioſa hilaritate mixta deprehendam. Quod Jiamium attinet; etſi illius opere deſtituar, memor tamen eorum quæ Conſtantinopoli degens aliquando legi, non vereor dicere poëtarum totius Perſiæ eſſe feliciſſimum. Et quidem judicio Sudij, Hafyz in compluribus divani ſui *Kaſiis* ſive ισοκαλαλιξη, quem vulgus rhyth-

mum vocat, eſt incomparabilis, uti in literis : ا : م . ب &c.; in aliis rurſum literis eſt remiſſior; in nonnullis denique planè languet, quando Jiamii per omnes alphabeti literas eâdem felicitate decurrit. Ghazelam اکر ان ترک non verti Latino carmine ob verſuum incohærentiam; ſed ſi proſaicam verſionem et notas deſideras, lubens obſequar. Interea mitto hunc noviſſimum, non partum adhuc, ſed embrionem. Vale. Londini, die 7 Martii.

P. S. Verſus tuos Arabicos miror mehercle, non tantùm probo; ſed in hoc non auſim te æmulari.

No. V.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Londini, 17 *Martii*, 1768.

Oppidò recreatus ſum literis tuis, præcipuè verò multiplici tuâ verſione, imitatione, compoſitione. Quarum argumento clarè evincis, te non tantùm

——— exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſâsse manu, verſâsse diurnâ,

ſed omnem propemodùm Hellenici ſermonis δεινοτητα και χαριεντισμον aſſecutum eſſe. Multæ ſunt veneres in odâ tuâ ad Venerem, et plenus laudis conatus in adæquando divino exemplari. Sed quis poſſit ſibi à luctu temperare, cùm obſervaverit, non tantùm nos jacturam pati lepidiſſimi operis, ſed quòd illæ etiam perpaucæ reliquiæ quæ ſuperſunt, adeò ſint mutilatæ & depravatæ? Nam etſi lubens concedam, textum odæ, quem tu eligiſti, ſive illum etiam Dionys. edit. Upton., præferendum eſſe Stephaniano, aut cujuſcunque eſt illa (ſi diis placet) emendatio, quòd in tuo exemplari major habeatur dialecti ratio, ac plures inſint γνησιότητος χαρακτηρες: tamen negari non poteſt complures vel in eo reperiri hiatus, et menda, quæ nullâ ſatis explicatione aut ſenſûs detorſione celari poſſunt. Quamvis autem credibile ſit, Æoliam puellam ſuo particulari idiomate locutam, cujus leges ætate noſtrâ non ſatis perſpectæ ſint: quis tamen putet Æolicam dialectum metro et proſodiæ oppoſitam, ut nihil dicam de ſenſu ipſo in aliquot locis corrupto?

* * * * * *

Elegans omnino eſt verſio illa tua de oſculo Agathonis. Conſimilis idea eſt in illo Hafyzi diſticho:

عزم دیدار تو دارد جان بر لب امده
باز گردد یا دراید چیست فرمان شما

Id eſt, ut oris tui aſpectu frui poſſit, anima mea tota in labiis meis hæret. Jube ergo quod vis; nam à tuo nutu pendet, utrum exiens me inanimem relinquat, an verò rediens me mihi reddat. Auctor Ὀαρίστυος Δάφνιδος καὶ Χλόης lubricum Platonis verſum prorſus αἰσχρολογῶς uſurpavit:

αἰθ' ἀύταν δυνάμαν καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ἐπιβάλλειν.

Quod pollicitus ſum, mitto tibi ghazelam, *Eker an Turki*, &c. cum verſione proſâ, unà autem etiam adumbrationem aliquam in verſu, alio tempore expoliendam. Velim autem mihi perſcribas, utrum ſcias extare aliquam Hafyzi verſionem, ſive typis editam, ſive manuſcriptam, Latinè, aut quovis alio Europæo idiomate. Nam quòd ſciam nullus adhuc poëtæ hujus interpretationem tentavit, præter

primam ghazelam, quæ nuperrimè iterum in analectis profeſſoris Hyde in publicum eſt emiſſa.

Obſecro te inſuper, ut indicare mihi velis, ubi locorum invenire valeam librum primum Iliadis Homeri cum analyſi et notis in uſum ſcholarum, in Angliâ typis vulgatum, quem amicus meus pro filio comparandum flagitat.

Gazela, cujus *ſhahi beit* laudas, profectó lepida eſt; cujus primi diſtichii ſolummodò recordor:

می خواه و کلفشان کمن از دهر چه میجوي
این کفت سحر که کل بلبل تو چه میکوي

Quamvis ſarcinas meas colligere inceperim, ac libros meos in cyſtam condiderim; tamen ſi animo tuo arridet, aut ſi ad propoſitum tuum facit, ghazelam hanc, priûs quàm proficiſcar, vertendam aſſumam. Tu proindè jube, ac vale.

No. VI.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Quòd ſolito tardiùs reſpondeam amiciſſimis tuis literis, nova et planè peregrina civitatis hujus facies in causâ eſt. Nec puto vitio mihi vertas, quòd advenam me, peculiaris genti huic, et inviſa aliàs, conſuetudo, paulò longiùs detinuerit; fateor enim me nuſpiam tali methodo patres conſcriptos decerni comperiſſe. Initio quidem novitate jucundum viſum, ſed ſensìm eò turbarum progreſſa res eſt, ut propè pertæſus ſim ſpectaculi. Nunc igitur, creſcente adhuc tumultu, domî manere ſatius ducens, occaſionem nactus ſum literam hanc exarandi. Gratulor mihi imprimis quód miſſam ad te carminis Perſici verſionem indulgentèr receperis, quòd me ex eo idoneum judicaveris totius divani metaphraſten. Sed quamvis conceptam de me opinionem gloriæ mihi ducam, non vereor tamen adhortationem tuam taxare inclementiæ. Quis enim, niſi *cui robur et æs triplex circum pectus* eſt, aggrediatur *ſexcentarum* ghazelarum,

prosâ et carmine, verſionem? Talis conatus non ſolùm complures annos requirit, ſed et mentem ab omni alio ſtudio vacuam; quæ non eſt mea conditio, cùm ego diſciplinas iſtas non niſi per tranſennam tractare conſueverim. Nihilominùs, quid quod abſolvere potero, aliquandò in lucem edere conſtitui. Clavis Homeri non eſt expers, qui à me librum primum Iliadis cum vocum analyſi poſtulavit; ſed commodiùs putat pueris uſuvenire opus hoc, quia in illo notæ textui ſunt ſubjectæ; quod in clavi deſideratur. Si tamen ad manus eſt tibi clavis Homeri, quæſo inſpicias primam ejus paginam; etenim ſi bene memini, catalogus quidam operi præfixus eſt, qui libri hujus et typographi ſimul notitiam continet. Quamvis me humanitas tua ab omni ulteriori opere abſolverit, mitto tamen odam illam quam in penultimâ tuâ epiſtolâ deſiderâſti, eò quòd rem tibi gratam fore arbitror. Eſt autem, mediusfidius, non ex facillimis una, tum ſenſu, tum vel maximè metaphraſi, ob linguæ exoticæ continuum idioma nullâ ſatis periphraſi exprimendum.

Quæris, quid de linguæ Hebrææ et Arabicæ proprietate ſentiam, deque illis communi μεταχρονισμῳ futuri, pro præterito; reſpondeo: quòd etſi perrarò hebraïzare ſoleam, aut, ut veriùs dicam, ſacram linguam in veneratione potiùs quàm deliciis, habeam; quòd præter unum Veteris Teſtamenti codicem, et nonnulla de eo Rabinorum ſomnia, nihil lectu dignum afferat; hoc tamen ex qualicunque illius lectione retineo, quòd utriuſque inter grammaticen ſumma ſit affinitas, quòdve paucitas temporum et modorum in Arabicâ, ſubſtitutionis eorundem mutuæ occaſio eſt; idque linguæ Hebrææ eodem morbo laboranti neceſſariò convenire putem; quamvis hoc in linguâ Græcâ, maximâ temporum et modorum varietate gaudente, ſatis obvium ſit, ut cùm infinitivum pro imperativo uſurpant. Quod autem ad vocum quantitates attinet, alitèr ſentio. Puto enim eſſe Arabum artem metricam longè recentioris inventionis, utpote quæ paulò ante Muhammedi tempora formam accepiſſe perhibetur, nullo veſtigio antiquioris poëſeos. Cujus ſi eadem eſſet ratio

apud Hebræos, quod quidem motionum consimilis usus suadere videtur; quidni hucusque sine ullâ difficultate Hebræorum prosodiam per analogiam assecuti fuissemus?

Ghazela illa, quam in miscellaneo quodam opere sine authoris nomine legisse te scribis, si quidem correctè scripta esset, certus sum, quòd nihil meo adminiculo eguisses. Nunc autem prout erroribus scatet, Œdipus sim, si expediam. Quis enim ignorat in linguis Orientalibus solam punctorum diacriticorum confusionem maximis difficultatibus ansam dare? Quid si accedat literarum ipsarum omissio aut commutatio? Hinc quicunque lectioni auctoris alicujus operam dat, meâ quidem sententiâ, duplici exemplari instructus sit oportet, ut cùm impossibile penè sit mendorum expertes libros manuscriptos reperire, unus alterius ope corrigatur. Et hæc est mea methodus.

Residuum est, ut pro Italico sonetto mihi communicato, gratias referam, et laudes quas par est conferam, epistolamque concludam. Vale. Londini, die 29° Martii, 1768.

No. VII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Næ tu percomem perque benevolum te præbuiſti! ut qui inter urbanas occupationes, inter civium ſeditioſorum ſtrepitum, inter comitia ad ſenatores eligendos comparata, occaſionem tamen captaveris, cùm ad me amiciſſimè, ut ſoles, ſcribendi, tùm carmen Perſicum mittendi, idque pulcherrimum, et abs te Latinè converſum. Eſt meherculè Hafez noſter, ambroſi â alendus poëta; et quotidiè gratior mihi jucundiorque videtur ejus venuſtas ac pulchritudo. Integra illius opera in lucem proferendi & vertendi, quemadmodum cœpiſti, præcipua difficultas erit verſio poëtica, ſed hæc facilior evadet, quàm opinaris: nam permultæ ſunt, ut puto, Gazellæ, quas vel ob ſententias à noſtris moribus valdè abhorrentes, vel ob figuras elatiſſimas et quaſi παρακεκινδυνευμενα, vel ob diſticha ne minimo quidem nexu inter ſe cohærentia, Latinis verſibus non convertes; ideòque aliquantulùm levabitur Herculeus alioquin labor.

Diſtichon illud انکر ان ترک molam mihi injeciſſe memini, et cum tuo rogatu adverſaria mea inſpicerem, ita inficeta mihi viſa ex illius diſtichi interpretatione, ut mihi planè quadrari putarem ſervuli Terentiani verba,

Davus sum, non Œdipus;

tibi autem illud Sophocleum,

Ὁ πασι κλεινος Οιδιπους καλεμενος·

utpote qui ex illo obſcuro et quaſi ſphingeo carmine, ſignificationem, ſi non perfectam, ſatis tamen luculentam, elicere potueris, illud dico cujus initium:

اغار شد ان زلف مشکین که تو داری
پایان ماه ان غبغب سمین که تو داری

Homeri analyſin, in bibliothecâ noſtrâ reperire non potui. Sed amicum habeo Oxonii, qui librum, de quo percontaris, poſſidet. Ad illum ſcripſi pridiè Kalend. April. et rogavi ut me quàm citiſſimè certiorem faceret, quis fuerit libri illius auctor, et quo loco liber fuerit excuſus.

Nisi essem amantissimus veritatis, et ab omni simulatione aversissimus, dolerem herculè, et ægrè ferrem, te urbem nostram turbulentissimis his temporibus vexatam intueri, et illam Anglorum undequaque percelebratam libertatem in effrænam licentiam (ne dicam immanitatem) mutatam videre. Est sanè respublica nostra propè divinitùs initio constituta, usque adeò ut nulla unquam vel Græcæ vel Romanæ civitatis constitutio fuerit perfectior; imo, nec Plato nec Aristoteles, nec legumlatorum ullus, meliorem civitatis formam cogitatione comprehendere potuit; tam suavi enim concentu et quasi harmonicâ tres pervulgatæ rerumpublicarum formæ in unam speciem tam parantur, ut nec Aristoxeni tibiam, nec Timothei fides modulatiores fuisse putem. Per enim est difficile civitatem constituere, in quâ nec regis dignitas optimatûm auctoritate, nec procerum potestate populi libertas, nec populi libertate legum vis et majestas, minuetur. Sic tamen in hâc insulâ olim se res habuit; et etiam nunc haberet,

ſi nonnulli homines frænis in plebe quàm calcaribus uti máluiſſent. Ideòque mihi temperare nequeo, quin vehementèr improbem illum Wilkenſium fortem quidem et ingenioſum virum, ſed turbulentum civem, et ſeditionis quaſi facem atque incendium. Sed multò magis patriciorum quorundam integritatem ac fidem requiro, qui illum primò ſuſtentabant ac tuebantur, deinde deſeruerunt turpitèr ac prodiderunt. Si cupis legum noſtrarum et conſuetudinum pleniorem habere notitiàm, perlegas velim Smithi librum de republicâ Anglorum, et Forteſcuei dialogum de laudibus legum Angliæ. Primum Latinè, nec inelegantèr, ſcripſit Thomas Smithus, legatus olim noſter in Gallîâ ſub regno Elizabethæ; alter, libellus eſt, de quo dici poteſt id quod de fluvio Teleboâ ſcripſit Xenophon, Μεγας μεν ε, καλος δε. Auctor fuit Angliæ cancellarius ſub rege Henrico ſexto, et ob turbulenta tempora, cum alumno ſuo principe Edwardo, in Galliam fugit; ubi, cùm eſſet ſummâ ſenectute, aureolum hunc dialogum contexuit. Certè leges noſtræ, ut

in illo libro videbis, perſapientèr ſunt compoſitæ, ut ait Pindarus,

Νομος ὁ παντων βασιλευς
Θνατων τε και αθανατων,
Ουτος δε δη αγει βιαιως
Το δικαιοτατον, ὑπερτατα
Χειρι.

Et reliqua, quæ citat in Gorgiâ Plato.

Equidem civitatem noſtram inſpiciens, videor quodammodo ludum Scacchicum (quo ludo uterque noſtri valdè delectamur) intueri. Regem enim habemus, cujus dignitatem ſtrenuè defendimus; ſed cujus poteſtas perbrevem habet *terminationem*. Equites, ſagittarii, atque alii, patriciorum ſpecimem quandam habent, qui bella et negotia publica adminiſtrant; ſed præcipua vis eſt in peditibus, ſeu populo, qui ſi arctè inter ſe cohæreant, præſtò eſt victoria; ſi diſtrahantur et diſſipentur, perit utique exercitus. Hæc autem omnia, ut in ludo Scacchico, certis legibus diriguntur. Denique, cùm meipſum conſidero, videor mihi ſimilis eſſe cujuſdam, qui duobus luſoribus aſſidens, ludum ſtudioſè contemplatur viſendi ſolùm cauſâ, et delectationis.

Quòd si unquam mihi capeſſere rempublicam contingat, nec plauſus meherculè quæram nec lucrum, ſed eò tendam, et ad eum exitum properabo, ut incolumis ſervetur pulcherrimè conſtituta civitas.

Sed, neſcio quomodo, etſi brevis eſſe inſtitui, loquax fio. Ad alia igitur declinabo. Literas tuas proximas non ſine timore aliquo legi: Quid autem timui? Nempè tui ex hâc inſulâ diſceſſûs nuntiationem. Cùm autem nihil de eo locutus ſis, et cùm municipii noſtri negotia ad exitum quemdam perducantur; cùm denique incertos eſſe ſciam rerum humanarum eventus, et neſciam ſi hanc occaſionem amiſero, an te poſthac videro, ſtatui Londinum venire; et ſpero propediè te, vel Nonis vel VIII Iduum, me viſurum. Cura ut valeas.

No. VIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Binas abs te accepi literas humanitatis et eruditionis pleniſſimas, quibus benevolentiam in me tuam, et ingenii tui lumina

facilè perſpexi. Utriſque nunc ſimul reſpondeo.

Conſilium meum de libro inlucem proferendo, abs te probari, ut debui, gaudebam et lætabar, (ut inquit in tragœdiâ Hector,) à te laudato viro laudari. Sed cùm duo illa propè divini poëtæ carmina legerem, incredibilem animo cepi voluptatem. Sunt valdè bella, et interpretatione tuâ, tanquam luce aliquâ illuminari videntur. Prætereà verſibus ea imitatus es, ſanè elegantibus, quos verſus, ſi cum opere meo edi concedas, pergratum feceris cùm mihi, tùm lectoribus; qui gaudebunt, opinor, poëtam Perſicum audire Latinè loquentem. Sin, minus, in theſauris meis latebunt. Αυτογραφα tibi quàm citiſſimè reddenda curabo. Quod autem ſcribis, "Hos verſus cùm iis legendis fueris defeſſus, mihi reddas velim," perindè eſt ac ſi dicas, "Nunquam reddas;" neque enim fieri poteſt, ut iis legendis ſatiari ullo modo poſſim.

No. IX.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Dat. putà Nov. 1768.

Tametſi vereor ne ante ex Angliâ deceſſeris quàm hæ ad te literulæ afferri poterint, nequeo tamen mihi temperare, quò minùs eas ſcribam.

Literas tuas perhumanas accepi; et cùm eas, tum venuſtum Hafizi carmen magnâ cum delectatione perlegi, et quaſi devoravi.

Sed quid opus eſt verbis? Forſan hæc quæ nunc ſcribo, ad te non pervenient. Proindè etiam atque etiam te rogo atque obteſtor, ut quâcunque in regione iter feceris, mei memor ſis, et quàm ſæpiſſimè, quàm primum, quàm longiſſimas ad me literas mittas: et tibi perſuade, nihil mihi jucundius unquam vel fuiſſe, vel fore, amicitiâ tuâ. Vale!

Die Lunæ, Oxonii.

No. X.

Τῳ τιμιωτατῳ ΓΥΛΙΕΛΜΩ 'ΙΟΝΕΣΙΩ χαιρειν και ευπραττειν.

'Οσῃ μεν σε ἡ περι τας αλλας ξενας επιεικεια τε και χρηστοτης, ουκ εχω ειπειν· τουτο δε οιδα, ὁτι τογε εις εμε ἡκον μερος, πολλα αγαθα της σης συνουσιας απελαυσα, ω μεν τοι

αμοιγε ῥᾳδιον επ' ακριβειας απανλα διεξιεναι της σης ευεργεσιας παραλαια, ὡς παραλαβῶν με εξεναγησας και εδειξας τα καλλιστα τε Αθηναιε, προσαγῶν τοις σπευδαιῶν ευδοκιμοις, και παντα τροπον επιμπελεενος ὁπως ἡδιστα διαξω παρ' ὑμῖν. Τα δη τοσαυτα και τοιαυτα τις εκ αν ἡσθειη βλεπων, και ειγε εν ψυχαις τα πραγματα ειη, τις εκ αν αμειψασθαι σε αμοιβη τη δικαια εθελησειε; και δη επιστελλω σοι ὡσπερ ὑπεσχομην, ε μα Δια, ὡς βελομενος ανταποδιδοναι ευεργετη, αλλα μοναχῶς εις μελλησης φιλιας ελπιδα, και μαλιστα ειδως ὁτι εκ ολιγωρησεις πῶν εμῶν γραμμάτον. Τα δε ενθεν ὑστατα γραφω σοι, εγνωστο γαρ ηδη πριν μῆνα δυναι ὀπισθε αυθις κατιεναι, και ἱνα μη μακρες ἀποἱεινω τες λογες, ἱκετευω σε και αντιβολω ὡσπερ μεχρι τεδε πολλην ενειδον σοι την ευνοιαν προς εμε τοσαυτην και προς το λοιπον τε χρονε διαφυλατἱειν. Ερρωσο.

Την μητερα και αδελφην σε χαιρειν κελευω· και ὁμολογω σοταις χαριν, της ες ξενον ανδρα ευποιἱας.

Θεοξηλιωνος τριτη φθινοντι.

No. XI.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Nicææ Ligurum, 4 *Cal. Febr. Anno* 1770.

Miraberis forſan, nec ſanè injuriâ miraberis, cùm acceperis à me ex hâc regione literas; non enim iſthinc ſcribo, ubi aut Tameſis aut Iſis deliciæ meæ allabuntur, ſed ubi mare Liguſticum Alpibus maritimis minatur.

In urbeculâ hâc amœniſſimâ trimeſtris propè commoror; fieri igitur non potuit, ut in Angliâ cùm eſſem, literæ tuæ exoptatiſſimæ ad me perferrentur, quarum unæ pridiè Ca-

lend. Septembris, alteræ decimo-nono Cal. Januarii datæ ſunt; utræque mihi erant jucundiſſimæ; quò longiores, eò me delectabant magis. Libellos tuos de re militari legendo devorare, incredibile eſt quantùm aveam, ſed in ædibus Spencerianis, ut accepi, Londini ſervantur. Unum exemplar ad me afferet prima navis oneraria, quæ huc ex Britanniâ appulerit; tria reliqua curabo, ad tres amicos tuos, (imo meos, ſi tui ſint, licèt à me ne aſpectu quidem cognitos) fidelitèr et celeritèr quantum fieri poteſt, perferenda. Opus iſtud in Germaniâ laudari, nec miror equidem et valdè gaudeo. Primus de eo mentionem mihi fecit nobilis Germanus, vir comis, ut videtur, et amabilis, quem Mediolani quæſtoris officio fungi puto; is pollicitus eſt, non ſolùm ad me opus tuum mittere, ſed etiam certiorem facere, quo modo valeres, et quibus verbis ad te literas inſcriberem; quod ob promiſſum ita lætabar ut nunquam aliàs vehementiùs. Suſpicabar enim (ignoſce injuſtæ ſuſpicioni) me ex memoriâ tuâ propè efflux-iſſe, et deſperabam à te epiſtolam accipere,

niſi te primus ad ſcribendum provocarem. Interea perlatæ ſunt ad me binæ tuæ expectatiſſimæ literæ; quibus acceſſerunt carmina quatuordecim, non tantùm verè lyrica, ſed digna quæ aureæ lyræ ſuccinantur: quòd verò me idoneum putas qui de iis judicium feram, tantùm ſanè glorior, quantùm abeſt ut me tali honore digner; ſed ut ut ſe res habeat, omnia cum notis meis qualibuſcunque ad te tunc remittam poſt acceptum ad haſce literas reſponſum: nolo enim tam bellè exaratas chartulas tabellariis committere, quorum nondum ſit certa atque explorata fides.

Decimo-quarto ut opinor die, hæc accipies, quibus amabò reſpondere ne cunctéris; ac tibi perſuadeas nihil mihi jucundius fieri poſſe, quàm tuarum quicquid ſit literarum. Percontaberis forſan quibus me oblectaverim ſtudiis, poſt tuum ex patriâ meâ diſceſſum. Hæc ut denarrem paucis, te morabor. Inter alias occupationes, librum meum de poëſi Aſiaticâ perpolivi, quem ad te mittere cùm meditarer, ideòque accuratiùs reſcribere cœpiſſem, ecce! majus quoddam intervenit ne-

gotium. Rex Daniæ, laudandæ indolis adoleſcens, qui eo tempore in regiâ Londinenſi habitabat, me (neſcio quâ famâ ſibi notum) acceſſiri jubet: oſtendit codicem Perſicum, ſatis amplum, qui vitam ac res geſtas celeberrimi illius tyranni Nadirſhah dicti, contineret: ait ſe percupere librum illum gallicè, ad verbum redditum videre; alia addit comiùs quàm veriùs. Quid multa? Opus ſum arduum aggreſſus, quod me per majorem anni jam elapſi partem occupatum diſtinuit, hiſtoriam in ſex libros diviſam dicendi genere Aſiatico, fidè reddidi; accedunt notulæ quædam neceſſariæ, et de poëtis quos Aſia tulerat, brevis diſſertatio, cui unum atque alterum Hafezi carmen adjeci, (plenum ſcio erroribus, ſed iis quibus ignoſcent docti, et qui indoctos latebunt). Hæc omnia vix dum ad umbilicum perduxeram, cùm diſcipuli mei (qui tui ſemper memor eſt) ſororula, morbo φθισικῷ correpta repentè ſit, ſtatueritque pater ejus cum familiâ vel in Italiâ vel in Galliâ Tranſalpinâ hyemare. Coactus igitur ſum hiſtoriam meam (quam in lucem proferri rex voluit) Galli

cujuſdam ſatis fidi curæ, committere, qui excuſoris errores corrigeret. Is me nuperrimè certiorem fecit, librum jam eſſe excuſum; et curabo eum ne ad regem quidem ipſum citiùs quàm ad te mittendum. Patriam itaque meam reliqui, et poſt nimis longam Lutetiis commorationem, Lugdunum verſùs iter fecimus, velociſſimo Rhodani fluvio devecti; et Maſſiliam, Forum Julii, atque Antipolim prætergreſſi, hâc regione venimus;—

> Ver ubi purpureum gemmis ridentibus hortos
> Pingit, et à pratis exulat acris hyems.

Diutiùs tamen hìc quàm vellem, commorabimus; ſed puto nos ad Caſendas Junias in Angliam reverſuros. Meditor equidem, ſi qua ſeſe obtulerit occaſio, circiter Idus Februarias Liburnum navigare, et cùm Florentiam celebrem illam Triumvirorum coloniam, et renaſcentium literarum cunas, tum Romam laudatarum artium omnium procreatricem, et fortaſſe Neapolim viſere. Quidquid de iſtâ navigatione ſtatuero, certior fies. Si roges quo modo me hìc oblectem, haud multis reſpondeo. Quidquid habet

muſicorum ars tenerum ac molle, quidquid matheſis difficile ac reconditum, quidquid denique elatum aut venuſtum vel poëſis vel pictura, in eo omni, ſenſus meos et cogitationes defigo. Nec rei militaris notitiam negligo, quâ vir Britannus ſine ſummo opprobrio carere neutiquam poteſt. Multa patriâ ſermone ſcripſi; inter alia, libellum de rectâ juventutis inſtitutione, more Ariſtoteleo, hoc eſt, αναλυτικῶ. Prætereà tragœdiam contexere inſtitui, quam inſcripſi Soliman, cujus, ut ſcis, amabiliſſimus filius per novercæ inſidias miſerrimè trucidatus eſt:—plena eſt tenerorum affectuum fabula, et cothurno Æſchyleo elatior, utpote quæ imaginibus Aſiaticis ſit abundantiſſima. Mitto tibi carmina duo; unum ex Hafizio depromptum; alterum è poëtâ Arabo perantiquo ſumptum,—in hoc tamen imagines ad Romanam conſuetudinem aptavi. Mitto inſuper, ne quæ pars paginæ otietur, epigramma Græcum, quo cantiunculam Anglicam ſum imitatus. Vale; et ſchedas tuas tunc expecta cùm te has literas accepiſſe certior factus fuero.

No. XII.

JONESIUS N. HALHEDO, S.

Jucundæ mihi fuerunt literulæ tuæ, quibus id perſpexerim, quod maximè vellem, nempè te haud ignorare quanta ſit mea in te, ac tui ſimiles, benevolentia. Miſi protinùs, ut petebas, ad amicos meos literas, quibus eos etiam atque etiam ſum hortatus, ut cauſæ perindè faverent tuæ, ac ſi eſſet mea. Quòd ſi petentibus nobis morem geſſerint, et mihi certè fecerint pergratum, et ſibi ipſis non inutile, quippe meæ erga illos voluntati magnus accedet cumulus. Majori tamen opinor fructu negotium tuum potero promovere, cùm in Britanniam rediero; ac tibi velim ſit perſuaſiſſimum nullâ unquam in re ſtudium meum atque amorem roganti tibi aut deeſe aut defore. Quod ad valetudinem meam attinet, bellè habeo; ſed oblectationibus careo iis, quarum deſiderium nequeo non moleſtè ferre. Cùm primùm huc venerim, viſu gratiſſimæ erant eæ res, quas in patriâ noſtrâ,

rarò, aut ne rarò quidem, videmus;—olivæ, myrtus, mala aurea, palmæ, vineta, aromata, et in mediâ hyeme florum ſuaviſſimorum copia. Sed amotâ tandem eâ, quam novitas ſecum affert, jucunditate, faſtidium quoddam ſubeſt ac ſatietas. A mari Liguſtico vix triginta paſſus diſtat diverſorioli mei feneſtra; ſed, ut pulchrè Ovidius,

Una eſt immensi cærula forma maris.

Nihil itaque reſtat aliud, niſi ut cum M. Tullio fluctus numerem, vel cum Archymede atque Archytâ arenas metiar. Credibile non eſt, quantùm me hujuſce loci tædeat, quantùmque Oxonii eſſe cupiam, ubi vel tecum jocari, vel cum Poro philoſophari poſſim. Velim, ſi non moleſtum erit, ad me ſæpiùs ſcribas; nam et tu quid agas, et quid à noſtris agatur, certior fieri cupio; ſed Latinè, ſi placet ſcribas, et hilarè, amovenda eſt enim ea quâ angi videris triſtitia. Me ama, quemadmodum ego te: humanioribus literis da operam, ut ſoles; muſas cole; philoſophiam venerare; multa ſcribe die, multa noctibus:

ita tamen ut valetudinem tuam cures diligentèr. Vale.

Datæ Calendis Martiis, Anno 1770,
Nicææ Ligurum.

No. XIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Nicææ Ligurum, Datæ 7 Calend. April. Anno 1770.

Credibile non eſt, quantùm tuo angar ſilentio, aut enim, quod fieri nolim, literas meas 4 Calend. Febr. datas non accepiſti, aut, quod erit injucundius, tuum ad me reſponſum, it itinere excidit, aut denique, quod ſuſpicari nefas eſt, tuâ penitùs effluxi memoriâ. Scripſi ad te ex hâc regione literas, non (ut de ſuis ad Lucceium ait Cicero) valdè bellas, ſed eas tamen, quas tibi ſatis gratas fore putabam, utpote quæ et benè perlongæ eſſent, et multa de meis rebus continerent. Poſt debitum temporis intervallum, reſponſum tuum cupidè expectabam; quotidiè rogitabam, num quæ à Vindobonâ literæ? Nullæ: idem alio die atque alio atque alio rogabam: nullæ.

Sollicitus eſſe cœpi, et mea indiès vehementiùs augebatur expectatio: nullæ adhuc literæ! et duo propè jam elapſi ſunt menſes, ſed nihil abs te literarum. Ecquid adeò faciam? ecquid capiam conſilii? Chartulas tuas (quas ad te remittendas volebas) vereor incertis tabellariis committere; tu iis intereà haud facilè cares: cæterùm, licèt eas, ante acceptum à te reſponſum, remittere nequeam; notas tamen meas hìc ſubjicio, quas, ſi minùs placent, in ignem conjice; ſunt, ut velle videbaris, omninò ariſtarchicæ et forſan moroſæ nimis. Libellus tuus de re militari Turcarum, oppidò me delectabat; nihil eo vel utilius, et ad tempora accommodatius, eſſe poteſt. Cùm dubium ſit, an hæc ad te perventura ſit epiſtola, breviloquens eſſe cogor, ne prorſùs cum ventis colloquar, et bonas horas inanitèr conſumam. Huic urbi circiter Idus Apriles valedicam: iter Italicum, quod meditabar, in aliud tempus diſtuli. Vale, mi Carole, et mei memor ſis, ut ego ſemper tui. Cùm in Britanniam rediero, longiores et hilariores à me literas frequentèr accipies.

No. XIV.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Tametſi priùs ex hoc loco decedere ſtatui, quàm abs te reſponſum accipere potero, occaſionem ad te ſcribendi prætermittere nec volo, nec debeo. Valdè tibi aſſentior (ut in aliis omnibus) peregrinandi dulcedinem laudanti: nihil unquam aut utilius autumavi, aut jucundius. Quantò mihi gratior eſſet peregrinato mea, ſi mihi Vindobonam viſere liceret, ubi tecum colloqui, tecum philoſophari, tecum in loco deſipere, tecum poëſeôs reconditas gemmas eruere poſſem. Dum eâ felicitate careo, jure quodam meo de cæteris, quibus abundo voluptatibus, malè loquor. Diſplicet Gallorum hilaritas odioſa; et obſcurum quiddam habet cœli Italici placida ſerenitas. Adeò mei amans ſum (hoc eſt, adeò ſum amens) ut me benevolentiâ tuâ digniorem eſſe putem quàm antehac. Neſcis quantùm ab illo muter quem in Angliâ vidiſti. Fui adoleſcens, fui imprudentior; nunc me totum humanioribus Muſis devoveo;

et nihil vehementèr peto præter Virtutem, quâ nihil divinius; Gloriam, quâ nihil mortali pretioſius; ac tuam denique amicitiam, quâ nihil dulcius eſſe poteſt. Ne literæ meæ prorſus illiteratæ ſint, ecce tibi epigramma, quod nocte quâdam ſerenâ fecerat amicus quidam meus, et quod, ejus rogatu, Græcè verti. Tibi ut opinor placebit, nam ad Meleagri et aliorum in Anthologiâ poëtarum mentem videtur accedere. Διζαμαι, &c.

No. XV.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Id. Quintil. 1770.

Næ ego levis homo ſum atque incertus! Totam Europam transvolo, nullibi diù commoror: in Liguriâ hyemavi; in Galliâ, verno tempore fruebar; Germaniæ finibus æſtatem ago; ſi modò æſtas vocari poteſt pluvioſa hæcce et ingrata tempeſtas. Poſſum certè ab hoc loco chartulas tuas, ſine metu, ad te remittere, ac te majorem in modum hortor, ne cunctéris eas in lucem proferre. Dignæ ſunt, et tuo judicio, et doctorum omnium lau-

dibus. Hoc dico ſine blanditiis, quas à me procul habeo. Notæ meæ, quas accepiſti, erroribus plenæ ſunt, quos velim excuſas. Nam cùm eſſem Nicææ, tum veterum libris, tum cæteris (quibus uti ſoleo) adminiculis, planè carui, et etiam nunc careo. Accepi abs te literulas Gallicè ſcriptas, cum odâ in primis laudandâ. In eâ mihi perplacuit facilis illa tranſitio:

> Sed dandæ amori ſunt lachrymæ breves,
> Quas ſanguinis vis, quas pietas cupit.
> Mox, nube abactâ, Sol tenebras
> Diſcutiens, meliùs nitebit.

Crede mihi, à fletu, cùm hæc legerem, vix temperare potui. Ita enim à naturâ afficior, ut magis pulchrâ ac tenerâ ſimplicitate movear, quàm elatiſſimis poëſeôs figuris; inde fit, ut plus me delectent divini illa Pindari, Ὅσα δὲ μὴ πεφιλῆκε Ζεύς, et quæ ſequuntur, quàm elaborata Aquilæ et Ætnæ montis deſcriptio. Ecquid adeò ad te mittam, ne prorſus immunis, tuo fruar munere? Ecce tibi carmen, quod (ſi nihil aliud) commendat certè vetuſtas. Ridebis: non eſt illud quidem, in Antoniæ Delphinæ nuptias; immo laudes continet principis antiquiſſimi Sinenſis, cujus nomen

è memoriâ excidit ; ſcio μογοσυλλαξον eſſe. Cùm opera Confucii à Coupletio aliiſque reddita perlegerim, non potui non demirari cùm venerabilem ſententiarum dignitatem, tùm etiam varias carminum relliquias, quibus ornantur philoſophi illius colloquia. Carmina ea ex vetuſtiſſimis poëſeôs Sinicæ monumentis excerpta ſunt, ac præcipuè à libro Xikim dicto, cujus in regis Galliæ bibliothecâ nitidum extat exemplar. Statim mihi in animo erat, verba Sinica inſpicere ; codicem manu ſumpſi, et poſt longum ſtudium, odam unam cum verſione Coupletii comparare potui, atque adeò ſingulas voces, ſeu potiùs figuras, ad ἀναλυσιν quandam reducere. Hanc igitur odam ad te mitto, ad verbum redditam. Mirifica eſt in eâ cum majeſtate conjuncta brevitas : ſinguli verſiculi quatuor tantùm conſtant vocibus. Unde fit, ut ελλειψεις in iis ſunt frequentiſſimæ, quæ carmen eò ſublimius reddunt, quò obſcurius. Addidi verſionem poëticam, quâ unumquemque verſum ad Confucii mentem expoſui ; luculentè necne, minùs laboro ; tu modò judica : ſatis habeo ſi tibi arrideat.

Minimè te latet, philoſophum iſtum, quem Platonem Sinicum appellare audeo, circiter ſexcentenos ante Chriſtum annos floruiſſe; is autem hanc odam citat, tanquam ſuis temporibus perantiquam; eſt igitur pretioſæ vetuſtatis quaſi gemma, quæ oſtendit, in omni tempore apud omnes populos, eandem eſſe poëſeôs vim, eaſdem imagines. Reſtat aliud opus, de quo loquar neceſſe eſt; ne fortè literæ meæ perlongæ 4 Calend. Febr. datæ exciderint, in quibus totam rem ab initio denarravi. Vitam dico tyranni Perſici Nadir Shah, quam è codice Aſiatico Gallicè verſam edidi; opus ingratum perfeci rogatu regis Daniæ, Anguſti mei, quem magnam Europæ ſpem haud dubito affirmare. Is mihi in primis juſſit, ut opus fidè et penè religioſè redderem; ut notas adjicerem neceſſarias; ut denique brevem de poëſi Perſarum diſſertationem operi ſubjungerem. Penſum meum ut potui, nec ſine faſtidio, perſolvi; ſed ita feſtinanter ac properè, (rex enim me identidem ut feſtinarem urgebat,) ut liber ſit erroribus pleniſſimus, et præſertim diſſertatio de poëſi, in quâ decem

Hafizi Odas vertere auſus ſum, nec exemplari correcto (licèt ſplendidiſſimo), nec ullo omninò uſus commentario. Scripſi ad Riveſtium Angliæ vicarium, eumque rogavi ut ad te librum celeritèr mitterit; quod ſpero facturum. Ignoſce, amabò te, erroribus quos vitare forſan in ſummâ otii copiâ non poſſem, nedum in iis temporis anguſtiis. Ignoſce, ſi duas Odas quas ad me miſiſti گل در بر و می بکف et خوشا شیراز cæteris adjecerim, cum Gallicâ ſolummodò verſione. Ignoſce, ſi de amico meo, amica, ut par eſt, inciderit mentio; regem enim meum ſcire volui quanti te faciam. Ad cætera benevolentiæ tuæ indicia, haud parum accedet ponderis, ſi errores meos in hoc libro notare velis, præcipuè in diſſertatione, quam ſeparato volumine edere ſtatui. Rex Daniæ, ut accepi, opus meum vehementèr probat, et mihi honores neſcio quos meditatur; cogitanti enim illi, quonam me compenſaret munere, dixit amicus quidam meus, vir nobiliſſimus, me pecuniam nec deſiderare, nec magni facere, ſed honoris, ut rebatur, eſſe appetentem.

Libellum tuum de Turcarum re militari ad regem mittendum curavi; tum quia eo lectore dignus eſt, tum quia te habet auctorem. Cave credas, me literis hiſce finem dediſſe, quia nihil aliud habeo quod dicam; affluit enim animus meus rerum copiâ, et mihi longè difficilius eſt, ſtyli impetum temperare, quàm ſcribendi materiem invenire. Sed nolo patientiâ tuâ uſque adeò abuti, ut aures tuas nimiâ loquacitate defatigem. Valetudinem tuam, ſi me amas, cura.

No. XVI.

REVICZKI à MONS. JONES.

Vienne, ce 9 Août, 1770.

En vérité, Monſieur, vous n'êtes pas fort à plaindre de ce changement continuel de climats et de lieux où vous dites être engagé depuis un an entier. C'eſt le plus grand bien à mon avis, qui puiſſe arriver à un homme qui d'ailleurs a toutes les diſpoſitions pour voyager; vous avez paſſé les rigueurs de l'hyver, ſous un ciel doux et tempéré en Italie, le printems en France et en Angleterre;

il vous reſte à paſſer l'été aux confins de l'Allemagne, dans un endroit qui eſt le rendez-vous général de toute l'Europe, et où l'on voit d'un coup d'œil, tant de différentes nations aſſemblées ; cela n'eſt-il pas charmant ? ou n'eſt-ce pas là la partie eſſentielle des voyages, πολλων ανθρωπων γνωναι νοον ?

Je ſens pourtant combien un homme de lettres peut s'y trouver manquer de ſecours, et de commodités pour pouſſer ſes études, et cela ſeul peut diminuer en partie le plaiſir qu'on a de voyager. Je vous ſuis très obligé de la bonté que vous avez eu de m'envoyer cette piece de votre façon, qui me paroit très rare dans ſon genre ; mais, de grace, depuis quand avez-vous fait l'acquiſition de la langue Chinoiſe ? c'eſt un talent que je ne vous connoiſſois pas encore ; mais vous ne mettez point de bornes à votre polyglottie. J'en ſuis d'autant plus charmé que je pourrois au moins compter ſur la fidélité d'une ſeule traduction de cette langue, le peu que nous en avons me paroiſſant fort ſuſpect ; votre piece a outre le mérite de l'antiquité, celui de l'élégance de

la verſion. J'attends avec impatience la vie de Cháh Nadir, et je vous fais mes remercimens pour l'attention que vous avez en pour moi en chargeant le ſous-ſecretaire d'état de me faire tenir un exemplaire, je ne ſuis pas moins curieux de lire ce que vous y avez ajouté ſur la poéſie des Orienteaux.

Vous êtes bien bon, Monſieur, de ſoumettre votre ouvrage à mon jugement ; vous ſavez combien peu vous riſquez, et vous êtes bien ſûr d'entrainer mon foible ſuffrage. J'y trouverai pourtant une faute que n'eſt pas même légère ; à ſavoir, la mention honorable que vous y avez fait de moi, qui l'ai mérité ſi peu, et qui l'aurois du moins taché de mériter, ſi j'avois pu m'y attendre. Il y a cettefois-ci quelques dames et cavaliers d'ici à Spa, qui tous enſemble valent bien la peine d'être connus. On me dit que milady Spencer eſt l'amie intime de la Princeſſe Eſterhazy, vous connoitrez par ſon moyen un amiable et reſpectable Dame, et qui fait grand cas des gens de mérite.

Je n'ai rien à vous envoyer préſentiment

qui vaille la peine; je me reſerve ce plaiſir pour une autre occaſion, et ſuis en attendant avec tout le reſpect et vénération,

Votre très humble ſerviteur,

REVICZKI.

No. XVII.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Viennæ, 16° *Octobris*, 1770.

Etſi nihil certi conſtare poſſit ex noviſſimis tuis literis, quo terrarum conceſſeris ex Thermis Spadanis, tamen ex hoc ipſo ſilentio arguo te inpræſentiarum Londini commorari. Opinionem meam corroborat tarda literarum tuarum perceptio; nam toto illo tempore quo in Hungariam divertens, hinc aberam, epiſtolâ tam exoptatâ fruſtratus fui, nec niſi in reditu diù jam hærentem ac penè obſoletam deprendi. Utinam eveniat, quod tantoperè concupiſcere videris, quodve mihi ſummo gaudio foret; ut, nempè, poſt tot exantlata itinera, Vindobonam tibi viſere liceat. Leves et frivoli Galli; molles et enervati Itali; torpidi fortaſſe & moroſi Germa-

ni, ſed nec ſic aſpernandi, utpote qui pro elegantioribus naturæ dotibus ſolidiores nacti, candore et innatâ quâdam honeſtate advenarum animos devinciunt. Meâ quidem nihil intereſt hoc de Germanis teſtimonium adhibere: namque in Germaniâ non ſecùs ac nuper in Angliâ peregrinus verſor; et nemo, niſi rerum ac locorum ignarus, Hungaros Germanis adnumeraverit, adeò genio, linguâ, moribus, ac naturâ ipſâ inter ſe diffidentes: ſed fatenda eſt ingenuè veritas, neque diffiteor me hìc locorum ſatis ad nutum vitam agere. Tu, qui æquus rerum eſtimator es, facilè, ut opinor, in eandem ſententiam abibis, idemque de hoc populo judicium tuleris. Oppidò te immutatum dicis; ideòque te mihi magis placiturum ſperas, quòd, ſepoſitis juvenilis ætatis oblectamentis, totum te literis et virtutis ſtudio addixeris; at ego te talem revidere malo, qualem in Angliâ cognitum admiratus ſum, nec vidi quidquam quod reprehendere poſſem. In eo autem vel maximè te ſuſpexi, quòd ſeveriſſimas diſciplinas et ſummum in literas ardorem, tam ſcitè luſibus et voluptatibus

temperare noveris. Cave ne ita te ſtudiis immergas, ne vitæ gaudia, parùm per ſe duratura, prætermittas, quibus tanta cum literis eſt affinitas, ut iis nemo, niſi ſapiens et eruditus, rectè frui cenſendus ſit. Cave etiam, ne idem tibi eveniat in provectiori ætate conqueri quod adoleſcenti illi Horatiano, dicenti;

> Quæ mens est hodiè, cur eadem non puero fuit?
> Aut cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?

Quòd autem Muſas pudicas et ἀναφρόδιτας eſſe aiunt, id fabuloſum planè et ſoli fictioni conveniens eſt; nam et ipſæ *carmina jacere inter molles pulvillos amant*.—Jam ad alia digredior. —Verſionem tuam libri Perſici, quam jam aliàs pollicitus eras, immo etiam miſiſſe ſignificaveras, hucuſque non vidi, neque cur nondum appulerit intelligo; ac proinde obſecro, ut ubi deliteat inveſtiges. Carmen Anglicum venuſtiſſimum ejuſque duplicem ac elegantiſſimam metaphraſin magnâ cum delectatione legi atque etiam relegi; miror autem quòd tam parùm contentus eſſe videaris Latinâ, quæ mihi mirè placet.

No. XVIII.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Londini, 11 *Non. Mart. Anno* 1771.

Dii Deæque perdant τὰς ἐκ των ἀπορρήτων noſtros, qui mihi per hos ſex menſes polliciti ſint, ſe complures meos libellos ac literas ad te miſſuros; quod eos necdum feciſſe video, nec ſtatim facturos arbitror: aiunt ſe occaſionem nondum habuiſſe, et propter belli Hiſpanici ſuſpicionem (quæ jam nulla eſt) diutinis impediri negotiis. Nequeo tamen à me impetrare quin ad te ſcribam; multa enim dicenda habeo; quàm vellem coram! Jam indè à reditu meo in Britanniam permagnâ curarum varietate ſum quaſi irretitus: circumſtant amici, ſodales propinqui; hortantur ut poëſin et literas Aſiaticas aliquantiſper in exilium ire jubeam, ut eloquentiæ et juris ſtudio navem operam, ut in fori cancellis ſpatiar, ut, uno verbo, actor cauſarum, et ambitionis cultor fiam. Equidem iis haud ægrè morem geſſi, etenim ſolus per forenſes occupationes ad primos patriæ meæ honores aperitur aditus.

Mirum eſt quàm ſim φιλόδοξος και φιλόπονος. Ecce me adeò oratorem. Erunt poſthac literæ meæ πολιτικωτεραι: et, ſi velit fortuna ut ad capeſſendam rempublicam aliquando aggrediar, tu mihi eris alter Atticus, tu mihi conſiliorum omnium, tu mihi arcanorum particeps. Noli tamen putare me omninò manſuetiores literas negligere: poëmata quædam patrio ſermone ſcripta in lucem propedièm edere ſtatui; tragœdiam Soliman dictam in theatrum tunc adducam, cùm hiſtriones invenero dignos, qui eam agant: prætereà poëma epicum ingentis argumenti (cui Britanneïs nomen) contexere inſtitui; ſed illud ſanè eöuſque differam, donec mihi otii quiddam, cum aliquâ dignitate junctum, concedatur. Intereà belliſſimos lego poëtas Perſicos; habeo codicum manuſcriptorum lautam copiam, partim à me coëmptam, partim mihi commodatam; inter eos, complures ſunt hiſtorici, philoſophi, et poëtæ magni apud Perſas nominis. Poëma Jamii quod Yúſuf Zuleikha vocatur, mihi in primis placet; ſingula diſticha (quorum inſtar quatuor mille et ſeptuaginta continet) ſunt veræ ſtellulæ,

mera lumina; ſex hujus libelli pulcherrima exemplaria Oxonii habemus, quorum unum accuratè ſcribitur, vocalibus inſignitur, et notis Golii illuſtratur; aliud exemplar ipſe poſſideo, quod, ſi tempus ſuppetat, excudi curabo. Tu interea ecquid agis? Pergiſne Hafizum tuum ornare, illuminare? Equidem perlibenter opem meam (quantula ſit cunque) editioni miniſtrabo, ſi velis Londini librum tuum excudi; ſed vix puto quenquam τυπογράφων ſuis illum ſumptibus excuſurum, niſi ſint Hafizi carmina vel Anglicè vel Gallicè verſa; nam credibile vix eſt quàm pauci ſint in Angliâ viri nobiles qui Latinè ſciant. Suadeo itaque, ut notas et verſionem fidam Gallico ſermone ſcribas; poteris tamen Odas abs te Latinis verſibus redditas operi ſubjungere: puto etiam linguam Gallicam veſtratibus gratiorem fore quàm Latinam. Satis benè ſe habet nova Meninſkii editio; novorum characterum Arabicorum ſpecimen ad te mitto, in quibus ſi quid minùs elegans videas, amabò te, quàm primùm edicas, ut citiſſimè corrigatur. Unum Hafizi carmen tabulâ æneâ incidi curavi; et forſan

(ſi aurum abundet) totum Jamii poëma eodem modo incidi faciam; quod opus chartis ſericis impreſſum, et ornamentis illuſtratum, arbitror Bengalæ præfecto et cæteris Indiæ principibus gratum fore. Liber meus ad te miſſus, ubi lateat neſcio; ſed aliud exemplar, idque nitidius et correctius, ad te primâ occaſione mittam, unà cum libello *de literis Aſiaticis*, nuper edito, et Grammaticâ meâ linguæ Perſicæ, ſatis bellè excuſâ; in quâ ſi quid reperias minùs accuratum, ſi quid omitti videatur, oro mihi dicas, ut in alterâ editione illud mutetur, hoc addatur. Librum de poëſi Aſiaticâ tunc in lucem proferam, cùm mihi aliquantulum detur otii. Né tamen putes me ea oblectamenta, quæ ſecum affert adoleſcentia, ſpernere; imò me, ut neminem, delectat cantus et ſaltatio, et modicus vini cyathus, et puellarum (quarum eſt Londini feſtiva copia) divina pulchritudo: ſed omnibus vitæ gaudiis facilè antefero illam, illam quam perditè amo, gloriam; illam per aquas, illam per ignes, illam diebus, illam noctibus perſequar. O mi Carole, (liceat enim te, miſſis formulis,

veteri ſimplicitate alloqui,) quanta mihi ſeſe aperit ſylva! Si vitæ ſpatium duplicetur, vix mihi ſatisfaciat, ad ea quæ in animo habeo tam publicè quàm privatim rectè perficienda. Vale!

No. XIX.

JONESIUS, D. B. S.

Londini, 6 *Kal. April*, 1771.

Liber iſte Perſicus, quem poſſides, gemmâ quâvis eſt pretioſior. Ejuſdem poſſidet exemplar tuo ſimillimum vir undequaque doctiſſimus Meninſkius, quem ſuo more, hoc eſt, inelegantèr ac parùm Latinè ita deſcribit مخزن الاسرار "*mœchzenul eſrar*. Ga-"zophylacium arcanorum aut myſteriorum, "liber pretioſiſſimus, quippe elegantiſſimo in "Perſiâ ſtylo et charactere ſcriptus, inſignibus "imaginibus diſtinctus, et vix inveniendus: "atque in eodem codice libri præterea quin-"que alii continentur, خسرو و شیرین *chuſru* "*ve-ſhirin*, et لیلی و مجنون *Leili wu meg'-*"*nun* hiſtoriæ fictæ amatoriæ; tres verò re-

" liqui morales, هفت پیکر *heft peyker* اسکندر
" نامه اشرف *aſhref nam'ei Iſkender*, et
" اقبال *Ykbâl na'meh:* codex eſt pretio 200
" aureorum æſtimatus." Hinc de vero libri tui pretio judicare potes. Equidem alia quædam ſubjungam, et, ut poëta, haud verebor affirmare ſex belliſſima in hoc libro poëmata, magis ob poëſeôs pulchritudinem, quàm ob ſcripturæ elegantiam, et imaginum nitidos colores, eſſe pretioſa. Auctor fuit percelebratus ille Nezami, cui agnomen Kenjuvi; qui ſub finem ſæculi duodecimi, regi Thogrul Ben Erſlan, illuſtri bellatori et literarum fautori, deliciis erat. Liber quinque complectitur poëmata, quorum ultimum in partes dividitur duas: primum, quod arcanorum theſaurus vocatur, multos continet fabellas et multa colloquia de hominum officiis ac rebus humanis; in illo ſæpè inducitur rex Perſarum celeberrimus Nuſhirván, qui ſub finem ſæculi ſexti contra Juſtinum primum, et Juſtinianum felicitèr bellavit: illo regnante, natus eſt Arabûm legiſlator Mohammedes, qui illum

ob juſtitiam, in Alcorano collaudat; illum poëtæ Perſici Sádi, Hafez, Jami, aliique perpetuò laudant, et unus ex iis bellè ait:

زنده است نام فرّخ نوشیروان بعدل
گرچه بسي گذشت که نوشیروان نماند

"Nomen Nuſhirván fortunatum ob juſtitiam "vivit, licèt multum elapſum ſit temporis, "per quod Nuſhirvan ipſe non ampliùs ma-"net." Secundum poëma juvenis amabiliſſimi Meg'nûn, ſeu *amentis*, ita ob amorem inſanum dicti, et Leilæ pulcherrimæ puellæ vitas continet. Tertium amores complectitur regis Khoſrois è Saſſaniorum familiâ viceſimitertii Nuſhirvani nepotis, et formoſiſſimæ virginis Shirinæ ſeu *Dulcis*. Quartum *ſeptem figuræ* nominatur, et regis Beharam, quem Græci ineptè, ut ſolent, Varanam appellant, hiſtoriam narrat; præcipuè verò ſeptem illius palatia deſcribit, quorum unumquodque diverſum à cæteris colorem habuiſſe dicitur. Quintum Alexandri vitam, ac res geſtas denarrat; verùm enimverò ſciendum eſt, Aſiaticos omnes regem Macedonum à perantiquo

rege Secander dicto non distinguere, sed amborum facta ridiculè commiscere. Hæc habeo quæ de libro tuo dicam, non conjecturâ fretus, sed certè sciens me vera dicere. Lætor admodùm collegium Sti Johannis Cantabrigiensis hunc thesaurum, te donante, possessurum: ac spero in Academiâ vestrâ aliquos futuros, qui poëtæ venustissimi Nezami elegantias poterint animo comprehendere. Si quis pleniorem poëtæ hujusce notitiam habere velit, consulat oportet librum jucundum, cui nomen *vitæ poëtarum Persicorum*, auctore Deuletshah Samarcandio, cujus vidi Lutetiis pulcherrimum exemplar.—Vale!

No. XX.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Viennæ, die 10° *Octobris*, 1771.

Jam propè annus est elapsus, à quo occasionem præstolor, quâ libellum, te probante, in lucem emissum, ad te mitterem, quin ullam hactenùs potuerim adipisci; nunc demum opportunè evenit discessus in Angliam viri amicissimi, τῶ ἐπὶ τῶν ἀποῤῥήτων Britanniæ legationis, qui mihi officium suum spontè ob-

tulit, et opus *hoc meum, aut, ſi mavis, tuum*, ad te deferri curare eſt humaniſſimè polli citus. Eadem fidelia cuperem etiam gratum animum, pro tranſmiſſo mihi munere, conteſtari, ſed grates perſolvere dignas non opis eſt noſtræ; *ſat erit tua dicere facta.* Oppidò miratus ſum ſtudium et doctrinam ac vel maximè diligentiam in triplici opere quo mihi gratificatus es, ſed erubui laudibus quas mihi intemperantèr prodigis. Multum ſanè tibi literæ et literati omnes debere fatebuntur, ſi eandem deinceps, quam cœpiſti, orientalibus literis operam navaveris. Scire percuperem quo honore remuneratus ſit virtutem et laborem tuum Rex Daniæ, aut, illo auctore, Rex Angliæ, ut tibi et bonis omnibus, qui te æquè ac ego diligunt, gratari poſſim, utque nobile tuum ingenium condignè præmiatum lætari valeam.—Vale!

No. XXI.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Oxonii, vii *Id. Decembres*, *Anno* 1771.

Abs te per hos menſes (imo potiùs annos) tredecim, ne literulæ quidem! Binas

equidem ad te literas miſeram, unas Non. Mart. Latinè ſcriptas et benè longas, alteras Gallicè exaratas *currenti*, quod aiunt, *ſtylo*. In iis quid egerim, quid agere meditarer, in quo vitæ curſu eſſem, ad quas dignitates aſpiraret ambitio mea, feci te diligentiſſimè certiorem. Libros meos quatuor, ut opinor, accepiſti, quos D. Whitchurch, legato Anglico ὁ ἐκ τῶν ἱερῶν, ſecum, meo rogatu, Vindobonam tulit. Illum, adoleſcentem bonæ indolis, et literarum peramantem, dignum eſſe ſcito quem utaris familiaritèr. Hocce literarum ad te afferet D. Drummond, homo literatus, quem medicæ artis ſtudium, quod in hâc inſulâ non te latet eſſe perhonorificum, iſthîc proficiſci incitavit, ſecundùm Homericum illud, Ἰητρὸς ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀνθάξιος ἄλλων.

Eos velim ita tractes, ut ſciant meam commendationem apud te plurimùm valere. Accipies eodem tempore oratiunculam quandam meam, in pulchellum, neſcio quem, terræ filium qui Academiæ noſtræ conviciari auſus eſt: non impunè, ut videbis, ſi quid apud iſtiuſmodi

vappam ac nebulonem valeat mucro orationis meæ. *Conturbavi*, ut ait Cicero de ſuis Commentariis, *Gallicam nationem.* Quid agit Hafez, deliciolæ noſtræ? Nunquamne carmina illa ſuaviſſima, te interprete, prodibunt in lucem? Placetne tibi verſio mea Anglica, carminis iſtius *Egher an Turki?* Noſtratibus certè quidem non diſplicet. Vellem plures alias Anglicè vertere, ſed otium non ſuppetit. Neminem adhuc inveni, qui libellum tuum de re militari reddere dignè poſſet. Præfatio tua omnibus et docta et elegans videtur; ſed opus (quod tute ais in procœmio) titulo *Osúlúl hikm fi nezámi' lümem* aiunt non reſpondere. Ejuſdem libri πρωτότυπον Turcicè ſcriptum (cum cæteris Conſtantinopoli excuſis, et belliſſimo carminum Meſihii exemplari) in bibliothecâ Regiæ noſtræ Societatis vidi. Cupio ſcire, num facile ſit omnes eos libros quos laudas, ab Ibrahimo editos, vel in Germaniâ, vel in Thraciâ, aut Hungariâ emere? quod ſi fieri poſſet, illorum compos eſſe pervellem. Ecquidnam de Turcis novi? μεν

εἰρήνης οὐδεὶς λόγος; Equidem, ſimul ac de belli Ruſſici exitu certior factus fuero, legationem Turcicam apertè petere conſtitui; nunc occultè et ſuſurratìm. Rex, optimè in me affectus; optimates ſatis benevoli; mercatorum ſocietas admodùm mihi favet: illud ſolum vereor, ne quis competitor potentior in ſcenam prodeat, et me curſu prævertat. Si petitio felicitèr evaſerit, dii boni! ὡς καλανεανιεύσομαι; primùm, tuo Vindobonæ fruar colloquio; dein literis Aſiaticis madebo; Turcarum mores ex abditiſſimis fontibus exhauriam—ſin aliud contigerit, φιλοσοφήλεον. Erit forum; non deerunt, ut ſpero, cauſæ; erit litium plena meſſis; reſtabit eloquentiæ ſtudium; reſtabit poëſis, hiſtoria, philoſophia, quarum ſingulis rectè colendis vita noſtra hæcce humana, ὅσοι νῦν βροτοὶ ἐσμεν, vix ſufficiet. Multa alia habeo quæ dicam, ſed me *imperioſa trahit*,—non *Proſerpina*, ut ſpero, at ſi qua eſt fori ac judiciorum fautrix Dea. Longiores literas expecta: tu intereà ad me quàm longiſſimas mitte. Te unicè ac fraternè diligimus.—Vale!

No. XXII.

JONESIUS ROBERTO ORME, S.

IV. *Id. Apriles, Anno* 1772.

Quantâ cum voluptate, quantâque admiratione tui, hiſtoriam de bello Indico legerim, faciliùs poſſum animo complecti, quàm verbis enarrare: ita enim dilucidè abs te conſilia, res geſtæ, et rerum eventus declarantur, ut iis profectò, dum legebam, non mente ſolùm ſed re intereſſe, non tam lector, quàm actor eſſe, viſus ſim. In primis mihi placebant vitæ ac naturæ hominum, aut rerum geſtarum gloriâ, aut ſapientiæ laude florentium, abs te declaratæ; nec minorem narrationi venuſtatem afferunt, locorum inſignium deſcriptiones, velut illa Gangis fluvii planè graphica; et ſanè animadverti non modò poëtas, ſed politiores omnium ferè ætatum hiſtoricos in fluviis deſcribendis haud parum artis ac ſtudii poſuiſſe: ſic Achelöum Thucydides, Teleböam Xenophon deſcribit, uterque ſuo in genere egregiè; ſed hic, ut ſemper, venuſtè ac brevitèr; ille, ut ſæpiùs, elatè atque horridulè. Ad genus

dicendi quod attinet, ſi elegantia et in verbis conſtet, et in verborum collocatione, quàm elegans oratio ſit oportet tua, in quâ verba lectiſſima, ſemperque apta ad id, quod ſignificant, ordine pulcherrimo collocantur; quæ laus eſt in ſcribendo propè maxima. Quòd ſi hiſtoriæ tuæ partem alteram, quæ à te jamdudum flagitatur, in lucem protuleris, cùm bonis omnibus ac tui ſimilibus gratum feceris, tum nominis tui famam latiùs diffuderis: nec juſtum videtur ornari abs te ac celebrari regionem Coromandelicam, ſi negligatur ea, quam rex quidam Indicus *delicias terrarum* vocitabat, *Bengala.*—Vale!

No. XXIII.

JONESIUS F. P. BAYER HISPANO, S.

Prid. Cal. Mart. An. 1774.

Libelli tui *de Phœnicum Lingua et Colonis*, qui dubito doctiorne ſit an jucundior, belliſſimum exemplum accepi; et quanquam vereor, ne *aurea æneis*, tanquam Homericus

ille Diomedes, permutare videar, mitto tamen ad te, in grati ſcilicet animi teſtimonium, commentarios meos poëſeôs Aſiaticæ, qui ſi tibi arriſerint, id ſcito magnæ mihi voluptati fore.—Vale!

No. XXIV.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Id. Jul. An. 1774.

Adoleſcentulum ſummâ modeſtiâ, diligentiâ, virtute præditum, cui nomen Campbell, quíque ad te hoc literularum pertulerit, majorem in modum tibi commendo. Is in Indiâ mercaturam facturus eſt; ſed priuſquàm longam iſtam et moleſtam navigationem ſuſceperit, ſermonibus quibuſdam Europæis atque Aſiaticis, et ex his præcipuè Perſico, addiſcendis, operam eſt daturus. Quantum illi vel in ſtudiis vel in negotiolis adjumenti afferre poteris, tantum mihi allatum autumavero; ipſum præterea tibi ſemper devinxeris.

Quid agit Haririus noſter? Ecquando abs

te ornatus, prodibit in lucem? Nos in foro tempus conſumimus; quicquid otii datur, id omne legibus interpretandis hiſtoriiſque legendis conferre cogimur. Commentarios meos ad te miſi, quos te ſpero accepiſſe. Vale.

No. XXV.

H. A. SCHULTENS

لفريد عصره و قريع دهره

يونس

السّلام

Quoties, amiciſſime Jones, fortunati ejus temporis, quod in beatâ veſtrâ inſulâ tranſegi, ſubit memoria, toties animum ſentio miro quodam voluptatis ſenſu perfundi, à gratiſſimâ recordatione jucundæ tuæ atque utiliſſimæ, quâ frui mihi licuit, conſuetudinis. Simul verò tui deſiderium tam vehementèr excitatur, ut abſentiam tuam feram ægerrimè. Quam animi ægritudinem ſin minùs tollere, at lenire poteſt, dulce epiſtolarum commercium. Et reverâ non illud

tempus indè à reditu in patriam effluxiſſet, abſque ut nihil prorſus de me audires, niſi cùm ipſe variis, iiſque inſolitis, negotiis fuiſſem diſtrictus; tum timuiſſem, ne ſtudiorum tuorum moleſtus eſſem interpellator. Tollit hunc metum gratiſſimum, quod nuper à te accepi commentariorum tuorum munus, quod eò mihi gratius accidit, quo videre inde licuit, mei memoriam tibi nondum excidiſſe. Maximas omninò ago habeoque gratias pro terſo illo tuo, atque elegantiſſimo libro, quem ſummâ aviditate legi, perlegi, relegi, et, ne vivam, obſtupui. Simul tamen ſincerus Muſarum noſtrarum amator deplorandam illarum ſortem indolui, quibus in ſummâ cultorum ſuorum penuriâ tantum virum eripiunt rauca fori jurgia. Ergone eas non habent venuſtates, eas gratias, ut aliis quæ not niſi opes et honorum titulos dotem adferunt, præferri mereantur? Ergone non ita placet sola earum forma, et habitus elegantiſſimus, ſimul et ſuaviſſimus, ut cultores allicient, qui, ſpretis aliis, perditè eas ament, iis ſolis ſe oblectent, atque toti cum iis ſint? Ignoſ-

cas, mî Joneſi, talia amicè tecum expoſtulanti.

Operis tui non niſi pauca, duo fortè vel tria, exempla hucuſque ad nos ſunt delata. Fac, quæſo, ne illorum copiam ulteriùs nobis invideat librariorum ſocordia. Accipies brevì orationem, quam hìc loci habui, inauguralem de *finibus literarum Orientalium proferendis*. Tumultuariè confecta, non potuit ita elaborari ac debuiſſet, atque ipſe vellem, modò per tempus licuiſſet. Jucundiſſimum, quod obeo, munus hoc ſolum habet moleſtiæ, quòd nondum liceat liberè quò velim divagari, atque in inſtitutionibus grammaticis, lectionibus exegeticis Veteris Teſtamenti, et enarrandis antiquitatibus Judäicis, tantum temporis conſumere cogar, ut parum vel nihil legendis auctoribus Arabicis, multò minùs Perſicis, ſuperſit. Sed tædium hoc eò libentiùs fero, quò, ſi citò devoretur, majus inde otium mihi brevì ſit naſciturum. Et ubi ſemel omnem hanc lectionum farraginem ſingulis annis repetendam chartis mandavero, liber et mei juris potero totus his ſtudiis incumbere. Mei-

danenſem edendum ſuſcipere jam certum mihi eſt deliberatumque. In editione parandâ duo ad minimum luſtra erunt impendenda. Quanta enim tum ipſius linguæ, tum hiſtoriarum, rituum, et morum Orientalium cognitio ad id requiratur, ſine quibus tamen tantum opus ne conandum quidem eſt, ipſemet probè nôſti. An verò hic fœtus, ubi ad maturitatem pervenerit, obſtetricantem manum facilè inventurus ſit الله اعلم. Scheidius Profeſſor Harderovicenſis in edendo Gieuhario occupatur. Sumptus tanto operi imprimendo neceſſarios cùm ferre non valeat, difficultatem hanc putat ſublatam iri, ſi 28 faſciculos, pro numero literarum diviſos, ſeorsìm in lucem emittat; ita ut pecunia ex primo faſciculo, qui literam ا continebit, parata ſufficiat imprimendo ب et ſic porrò.

Cæterum novi, quod ad te ſcribam, nihil eſt. Quàm vellem tui iterum videndi copia mihi fieret! Si id in te efficere valeat per glaciem currendi ardor, ut Bankſium veſtrum, mitatus eum in finem huc venires, jam non

adeò frigora extimeſco, ut contra ſperem intenſiſſima, glacieſque ſolidiſſimas et diù duraturas. Quidquid ſit, ſive hyeme, ſive æſtate, nihil unquam poterit mihi gratius accidere, quàm te hoſpitem excipere. Uxor (quam antè 5 circiter menſes duxi) magno flagitat deſiderio videndi Joneſium illum, de quo maritum audit quotidiè loquentem. Multum ea te ſalvere jubet, ut et pater meus, qui dici non poteſt quantoperè legendis operibus tuis imprimis commentariis fuerit delectatus. Magno ille te honore proſequitur, et diligit, et colit. —Tu velim ſcribas ad me quid agas; quid agant optimæ illæ tuæ mater et ſoror, quas meo nomine plurimum quæſo ſalutes, eaſque certiores reddas, gratiſſimum me animum ſervare et ſemper ſervaturum pro inſigni humanitate et variis officiis, quibus me ſibi devinxerunt.—Cæterùm de me ſic judices, quantùm ego poſſim, me tibi, omnibuſque tuis ſummo cum ſtudio præſtò ſemper futurum. Vale, mî Joneſi, meque ama.

Scripſi Amſtelædami,

9 Sept. 1774.

Ferè oblitus eram de principe noſtro Damaſceno Yuſeph (ni fallor) عباس ad te ſcripſiſſe. Valdè doleo eum tam diù hìc latuiſſe, ut biduo antequam hinc Bruxellam peteret, me primum inviſerit. Mirè delectatus fui indole ejus liberali, generoſâ, et verè Arabicâ. Neque elegantiori doctrinâ videbatur deſtitutus. Sed de his tu meliùs judices, quàm ego.—Egō hominem, quamdiu vivam, amabo, cujus jucundi ſermones me febri laborantem ita recreârunt, et totum quaſi occupârunt, ut peſſimo morbo redire cupienti nullus locus ſupereſſet.

Si velis ad me ſcribere, quod quæſo facias citiſſimè, hæc ſit epiſtolæ inſcriptio:

A Monſ. SCHULTENS,
Profeſſeur en Langues Orientales,
Amſterdam.

Accepi nuper catalogum librorum, qui apud Whitium venales proſtant. Niſi moleſtum ſit, gratiſſimum mihi feceris, ſi ipſum jubeas hos libros mihi reſervare, quos brevì curabo, ſimul miſſâ pecuniâ, ut huc deferantur;

No. 419 Elmacini Hiſtoria Saracenica—18 Sh.

1100 Herbelot. 31. 3 Sh.

1471 Geogr. Nubienſis verſio. 4 Sh.

5909 Eutychius. 15 Sh.

2091 Hunt in Proverbia VII. 1 Sh.

No. XXVI.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Prid. Non. Oct. 1774.

Gratiſſimas abs te literas accepi, datas V Id. Sept. ſed ſeriùs quàm vellem mihi redditas, quòd in maritimâ Cantii parte æſtatem egi, et nuper admodùm Londinum redii; Commentarios meos abs te et patre tuo probari, vehementèr gaudeo; quòd addis amiciſſimè tu quidem et humaniſſimè, ægrè te ferre, me politioris doctrinæ deſertorem eſſe, agnoſco benevolentiam expoſtulationis tuæ. Sed, mî Alberte, non eſt integrum; jacta eſt alea; libri mei omnes, cùm impreſſi tùm manuſcripti, præter eos, qui ad jureconſulti et oratoris officium pertinent, in arcâ Oxonii otiantur;

et ſtatui, per viginti minimùm annos, nullis rebus, niſi aut forenſibus aut politicis, operam navare. Conſilii mei rationes longo ſermone perſequi non eſt neceſſarium: illud ſufficiet dicere, me, ſi Romæ vixiſſem aut Athenis, oratorum et illuſtrium, civium labores, vigilias, pericula, exilium, invidiam, mortem denique, vel umbris poëtarum vel philoſophorum hortis antelaturum fuiſſe. Idem faciendum in hâc Anglorum republicâ, quæ nec Romanæ nec Athenienſi cedit, et ſentio, et à pueritiâ ſenſi, et ſemper ſentiam. Porrò autem, tametſi literarum politiorum venuſtatem facilè agnoſco, tamen valdè me delectat id quod à Neoptolemo in tragœdiâ dicitur, Philoſophari juvat ſed paucis; et illud Hippocrateum, Ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ τέχνη μακρὰ, ὁ καιρὸς ὀξὺς. Strenuè denique aſſeverabo alias eſſe majores artes, quæ non ſolùm fructus, ſed et dulciſſimos fructus, afferunt. Quid! nullamne attulit animi voluptatem divina illa Matheſis Archimedi, geometrarum principi, cùm in theoremate demonſtrando adeò intentè cogi-

tationem defixiſſet, ut captas eſſe Syracuſas non sentiret? Quid! ullamne rem jucundiorem aut nobiliorem eſſe putemus, quàm juris patrii unum ſtudium, de quo velim in memoriam revoces quid dicant in Ciceronis de Oratore libris L. Craſſus et Q. Scævola? Quid! exiſtimaſne *Suada m* illam, cujus medulla ab Ennio dicitur Cethegus, qui et flos populi ab eodem vocatur, aut Thaliæ aut Polyhymniæ ſuavitatis palmam concedere? Quid! eſtne aliquis qui non M. Tullii ſimilis eſſe, cujus, cùm in omni mallet vitâ tùm in ſtudiis, exemplar et quaſi ἰδεαν mihi proponam, quàm aut Varronis eruditiſſimi viri, aut Lucretii, poëtæ ingenioſiſſimi? Quòd ſi verè inſuave et horridum fuiſſet juris noſtri ſtudium, quod eſt longè ſecùs, tamen reprehendendus non eſſem, ſi cum veteribus ſapientiſſimis, et cum ipſâ ſapientiæ deâ, Athenarum fautrice, Minervâ, fructuoſam atque utilem olivam ſterili lauro anteponerem. Ut apertè loquar; non eſt mei ſtomachi nobilium virorum arrogantiam, quæ à poëtis et literarum cultoribus de-

voranda eſt, perferre. Hæc tibi amicè expoſtulanti, amicè reſpondeo; tuam autem voluntatem, egregiè in me perſpectam et cognitam, ſcito mihi perjucundam eſſe. Orationem tuam avidè expecto. Labores tuos omnes, et præcipuè Meidanenſe, opus biluſtre, fortunet Deus! Mens ſit, oro, fortis et conſtans doctiſſimo Scheidio, ut opus immenſum quod meditatur, Atlanteis humeris ſuſtinere valeat. Induſtriam ejus, omni laude dignam, admiror; ſed poſt Meninſkii fatum, non loquor de opere, ſed de ipſius miſeriis, non eſt viri prudentis (et qui ſibi haud ſapit, nihil ſapit) navem ſuam tam incerto mari, atque adeò propè naufragii periculo exponere. Rege dignum opus eſt, fateor; ſed cenſum requirit regis. Verè tibi gratulor, gratulantur tibi mater et ſoror mea, felicitate nuptiarum tuarum. Schultenſiæ tuæ, quam amabiliſſimam eſſe certò ſcio, et patri tuo, viro optimo, ſalutem impertio plurimam. Gratum habeo, quòd me Amſteledami videre cupis; mihi quoque ſummæ erit voluptati tecum in patriâ tuâ colloqui;

quòd ſi tuâ frui liceret conſuetudine, glacies veſtra Heſperidum hortis eſſet amœnior, nec ipſa Tempe adire magis cuperem; ſed, propter forenſes occupationes, æſtas mihi ad peregrinandum erit commodior. Polliceor tibi me, vel anno proximo, vel poſt eum venturo, menſe Julio aut Auguſto, apud te perlibentèr commoraturum.

Joſephum, hominem Syrum, tibi placuiſſe lætor, et gaudeo illum per Germaniam iter facturum eſſe. De illo ſatis longa eſt hiſtoria; qui, niſi ego primariis hujus civitatis viris, qui apud regem plurimùm valeant, ſedulò exorâſſem, Londini aut vixiſſet miſerrimus, aut mortem obiiſſet immeritò. Libros quos emere voluiſti, tibi reſervat Bibliopola. Literulas ad te meas Idibus Juliis ſcriptas, quas ad te perferendas dedi adoleſcenti Campbello, nondum, ut arbitror, accepiſti. Regis Hiſpaniæ filius, Gabrielis, princeps juventutis, ad me miſit Salluſtium ſuum ſplendidiſſimè impreſſum. Id mihi ſummo honori duco, gratiaſque perdiligentèr egi. Audiiſti ſine dubio

de Brucii, hominis Scoti, peregrinationibus in Syriam, Arabiam, Abyſſiniam, Nubiam, Ægyptum;—cui non domus ſua nota magis eſt, quàm Rubri Maris littus, et Nili fons.—Multos ſecum attulit codices Æthiopico ſermone ſcriptos, et, inter alios, Enochi vaticinium, librum antiquum, ſed inter Sibyllina volumina numerandum.

* * * * *

Dum hæc ſcribebam, venit ad me quidam qui attulit codicem, ut aiebat, manu ſcriptum, quem à Montacuto, nobili Anglo, Venetiis acceperat, ut ad me perferret. Aperui librum; inveni belliſſimum et perfectiſſimum Motanabii exemplar, cum epiſtolâ verſibus Arabicis ad me ſcriptâ, ab *Abderrahman* neſcio quo, quem fortaſſe in Aſiâ Montacutus viderat. Gratiſſima eſt docti Arabis in me benevolentia; verſus appoſui; neutiquam me dignor tam exaggeratis laudibus; ſed nôſti magniloquentiam Aſiaticorum. Noli jam putare me Motanabii poëmata continuè perlecturum; latebunt Ox-

onii, cum cæteris iſtis ſimilibus theſauris meis. Velim tibi perſuadeas te à me plurimi fieri, nec quidquam mihi jucundius eſſe poſſe, quàm abs te ſæpiſſimè longiſſimas epiſtolas accipere. Cura ut valeas, meque, ut facis, amare pergas.

No. XXVII.

JONESIUS F. P. BAYER, S.

4 *Non. Oct.* 1774.

Vix reperio quibus tibi verbis agam gratias, quòd Salluſtii hiſtoriam chartæ ſplendidiſſimæ perpulchrè impreſſam, et in ſermonem Hiſpanum elegantèr converſam, ad me mittendam curaveris; eodemque me, novum hominem et privatum, honore affeceris, quo non niſi magnos reges et illuſtres academias, anteà dignatus es. Sed incipienti mihi literas ad te mittere, dubium omninò viſum eſt, gratularerne tibi priùs de præſtantiſſimo interpretationis ſcriptore, an gratias agerem quòd

mihi adeò jucundum tui μνημόσυνον dediſſes. Auguror ſanè clarius lumen bonarum artium, ac ſcientiarum acceſſurum patriæ tuæ, in quâ regius adoleſcens eo ſit ingenio eâque doctrinâ præditus, ut hiſtoricorum Romanorum principem luculentèr interpretari, notiſque eruditis illuſtrare poſſit. Quàm pauciſunt in aliis regionibus juvenes primarii, qui tantum opus perficere aut velint, ſi poſſint, aut poſſint fortaſſe, ſi velint! Salluſtii graviſſimum opus, ſapientiâ et dignitate plenum, benè intelligere, permagnum eſt; aptè illuſtrare, egregium; bellè vertere, admirandum. Hæc omnia ſi vir privatus effeciſſet, laude dignus eſſet; ſi adoleſcens, honore decorandus; ſi et juvenis et princeps juventutis, ſummis honoribus præconii more perſequendus.

Linguæ veſtræ ſtudium doctiſſimæ com plures jam annos intermiſi; ſed memini me Alonzi heroicum poëma, Garcilaſſi carmina, Cervantis lepidas fabellas, magnâ cum voluptate legiſſe. Nihil tamen, ita fortunatè vivam,

elegantius aut politius legi, quàm Saluſtii verſionem; et libentèr doctiſſimo auctori aſſentior, cùm dicat in procœmio, "linguam veſtram "ad Latini ſermonis gravitatem proximè ac- "cedere." Pergat igitur juvenis amabiliſſimus cùm de patriâ ſuâ tùm de humano genere bene mereri; efficiatque ut omnibus hujus ævi principibus viris facilè ſit anteponendus. Si mihi liceat eloqui quod ſentio, auctor ſim ut M. Tullii ferè divinis operibus quàm diligentiſſimè navet operam; quæ neminem unquam legiſſe puto, quin legendo factus ſit et eloquentior et doctior. Digna eſt admirabilis illa ad Quintum fratrem de provinciâ adminiſtrandâ epiſtola, quæ ab omnibus in terrarum orbe regibus memoritèr quotidiè recitetur. Digni ſunt libri de Officiis, de Finibus, de Quæſtionibus Tuſculanis, qui centiès perlegantur. Dignæ Orationes ferè ſexaginta quæ in omnes Europæ linguas convertantur. Nec vereor affirmare ſedecim illos epiſtolarum ad Atticum libros hiſtoriis ferè omnibus (Salluſtio excepto) præſtare. Quod ad tua ipſius opera attinet, liber tuus jucundiſſimus à me diligentèr et lectus eſt

et legetur.—Audio te ejuſdem verſionem Latinam meditari, quam ut perficias oro, gentium exterarum gratiâ. Nihil in eo quod ſit mutandum video, nihil quod non laudandum. Pervelim plures tuos antiquitatum Aſiaticarum et Africanarum libros in lucem proferas. Ecquid harum rerum ſtudioſis gratiuſne optare poſſim? Tu interea, vir clariſſime, et meo et reipublicæ literariæ nomine, etiam atque etiam vale.

No. XXVIII.

JONESIUS G. S. MICHAELI, S.

Prid. Non. Novemb.

Peto à te ne me putes libros tuos aut non legiſſe, aut lectos neglexiſſe. De fabulis Hebræorum neque à te prorſus diſſentio, nec tamen uſquequaque tibi aſſentior. Nolui igitur, re nondum ſatis exploratâ et cognitâ, ab opinione vulgari recedere. Cæterùm commentarios noſtros abs te probari lætor. Quod quæris, ſeriòne Muſas Aſiaticas et politiores literas deſeruerim, nihil ſcito eſſe verius; nec per viginti annos quidquam de his rebus aut ſcribam aut meditabor. Totus in foro ſum, et in juris

noſtri ſtudio Σπαρταν ἔλαχον: tua tamen opera, teque ipſum, vir optime atque humaniſſime, plurimi ſemper faciam. Vale!

No. XXIX.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Jan. 6, 1775.

Etſi his diebus, quibus moleſti et inſoliti labores totum me occupatum tenent, ne id quidem temporis mihi ſupereſt, ut de epiſtolis exornandis cogitare liceat, tamen non potui doctiſſimo Bjornſtahlio nihil literarum ad te dare, cùm ut haberet, quo optatus ipſe aditus ad te patefieret; tùm, ut videres, me tui non immemorem vivere.—Jucundum tibi erit cum Sueco noſtro Philarabe colloquium. Non tantùm enim multorum hominum mores vidit et urbes, ſed Orientales etiam literas et callet egregiè et amat vehementèr. Deliciis (non olim, ut ſcribis, ſed etiam nunc) tuis addictum ſcio pergratum tibi futurum.—Accepi utraſque tuas literas. Priores, quas Campbello dederas ad me perferendas, reddidit mihi ejus avunculus Cunningham, mercator hâc in urbe degens.

Ipsum adolescentulum nondum vidi. Missus est in ludum quendam aliquot milliaribus hinc dissitum. Si huc redierit, conabor, quâcunque in re potero, memet utilem ei præstare:—ad alteras brevî respondebo. Tu interim, mî Jonesi, fac ut valeas, meque amare perge. Optimam tuam matrem et sororem, cæterosque communes amicos, meo nomine salutes quàm plurimùm.—Vale.

Dabam Amstelodami,
vi Januarii, 1775.

No. XXX.

JONESIUS REVICZKIO, S.

Dat. Londini, xiv *Kal. Feb. Anno* 1775.

Noli putare me tui oblitum, quòd raras à me literas accepisti; neque enim habui cui rectè fasciculum darem, nec tabellariis incertis χάσχειν nostram familiarem volui committere. Nescio præterea an hoc literularum ad te perventurum sit, et vereor de re quâlibet apertiùs, ut soleo, loqui; cùm tua ad me humanissima epistola, Varsoviæ Idib. Jan. data, resignata mihi reddita sit, quod puto hanc nostram fore, priusquàm tu illam recipies. Me scito infinitis

in urbe et in togâ occupationibus impediri, quò minùs literis dem operam. Libros edidi duos; quos tum demùm accipies, cùm aliquem invenero, cui prudentèr eos committam. Scribe ad me literas, amabò te: nihil mihi amicitiâ tuâ jucundius eſſe poteſt. Quàm vellem aut tu huc veniſſes, aut ego iſtuc, ut unà vivere poſſemus. Diſplicuit mihi legatio Turcica. Vivam in patriâ, quæ bonis civibus haud facilè caret; jamdudum enim σαλεύει. O, quàm lætarer, ſi te huc legatum videre poſſem: haud inviderem aut Europæ aut Aſiæ regibus! Tu intereà, mî Reviczki, etiam atque etiam vale!

No. XXXI.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Quantâ ſim lætitiâ affectus, acceptis tuis amantiſſimis literis, facilè perſpicies, ſi amorem in te meum plenè cognitum habueris. Ego occupationibus quibus eram hactenùs impeditus, frequentiùs hoc tanto ſolatio frui non potui, idque humaniſſimè à te factum agnoſce, ut eo tempore acciperem tuas literas

quò non expectarem. Etſi autem tutius fore crediderim nequid literis committamus, quod, ſi prolatum ſit, moleſtè feramus; tamen reſignationem epiſtolæ meæ, de quâ me edoces, caſui potiùs quàm ſtudio tribuo. Non dubito quin occupatiſſimus ſis, cùm te forenſibus exercitationibus totum dedideris. Quare non equidem jam te rogo ut ad me aſſiduò ſcribas, ſed hoc te ſcire volo, quòd mihi ad ſcribendum plus otii quàm anteà contigerit, poſtquàm exactis nuperrimè biennalibus comitiis (tædio autem ſæcularibus) laborem penè omnem exantlavi. Hæc de publicis negotiis harum partium.—De Britannicis autem nihil cognovi ex tuis literis; ſed ex aliis abundè comperio quantùm vos coloniarum interni motus, et bello externo difficiliores, exagitant. Me jam muneris et officii mei, non tam arduî quàm ingrati, faſtidium cepit; nec alia mihi conſolatio eſt hujus ingentis moleſtiæ, niſi quòd ſpero non ampliùs longiorem annuâ fore. Næ ego eſſem Londini libentèr, atque utinam aliquod in illâ urbe Reipublicæ meæ, πολιτικον opus efficere, et navare mihi liceat, καὶ κε τὸ βελόμην καὶ

οὐκ πολυκέρδιον εἶεν, nihil ſanè tali provinciâ jucundius accidere mihi poſſet. Quod ſi Diis inſperatò viſum fuerit, tu velim mihi ibi præſtò ſis, ut tuo conſortio tuâque familiaritate, ut conſuevi, in omnibus rebus utar. Libros quos te edidiſſe ſcribis, nullâ mentione argumenti, conſequi aveo, nec dubito quin eorum lectione mirum in modum oblecter. Vale; et ut me ames, vehementèr te rogo.

No. XXXII.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Vide quantùm à libertate abſim, ego ſcilicet, qui τέλειαν ἐλευθερίαν ſolebam præ me ferre! Volens equidem, atque adeò ardentèr cupiens, te Amſtelodami viſere, pollicitus etiam tibi, me hoc demùm anno apud te futurum, variis et magnis negotiis Londini detineor. Scito me unum eſſe è ſexaginta viris iis, qui de debitoribus bona cedentibus judicant. Officio huic ſatis ineſt utilitatis, lucri non nimis: me tamen per majorem anni partem in hâc urbe defixum tenet. Adde ſtudia neceſſaria, et forenſes occupationes, magnum-

que opus reſpondendi clientibus de quæſtionibus juris. Græcos tamen oratores lectito; et Iſæi utiliſſimas orationes patrio ſermone converti. Quid agit interea Meidanius? quid Haririus? Pergas velim eos ornare, ita tamen ut cures valetudinem. Vale!

vij Id. Dec. MDCCLXXVI.

No. XXXIII.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Dici vix poteſt quantoperè me exhilararent literæ tuæ, breves illæ quidem, ſed officii et humanitatis pleniſſimæ. Pudet profectò, me tam ſerò ad eas reſcribere, ut jure mihi videar à te reprehendendus, tanquam tuorum erga me beneficiorum parùm memor: quam verò ſuſpicionem graviſſimam ut omni vi atque operâ deprecor, ſic nolo equidem, nec poſſum, omnem negligentiæ culpam prorſus diffiteri.—Habes, mî Joneſi, rëum confitentem; ſed ignoſcas, quæſo, meliora in futurum polliceni.—Prætereà multæ ſunt et infinitæ ferè occupationes meæ, quæ me vix ſinunt reſpi-

rare,—certè ſcribere volentem continuò jubent officium illud in aliud tempus rejicere. Juſta tibi videbitur hæc excuſatio, ubi dixero, de Meidanio meo per hos 5 menſes ne quidem fuiſſe cogitatum. Nunc verò, paulò plus otii nactus, intermiſſum laborem brevì reſumam, cujus perſequendi moleſtiam multùm ſublevabit ingens et rarum beneficium, quod à bibliothecæ Leidenſis curatoribus nuper impetravi, ut non tantùm codicem Meidanii, ſed alios etiam, quibus indigeo, huc mecum deferam, eoſque, quamdiù opus erit, in uſus meos adhibeam. Itaque tam inſigni benevolentiâ mirificè adjutus, pergam acritèr, quantùm per alias occupationes licebit, in deſcribendo codice, conficiendis indicibus neceſſariis, (ſine quibus in tali opere exſequendo nihil proficitur,) et augendo atque ornando omni editionis apparatu, qui jam paulatìm ſub manibus cœpit increſcere;—utinam modò liceret omne illud tempus, quod multùm reluctanti, ægerrimèque interdum ferenti, ſurripiunt cujuſcunque generis lectiones, quas dicimus, coram diſcipulis, aliiſve auditoribus cùm publicè, tùm

privatim, habendæ, his meis deliciis unicè impendere.—Sed tres, quatuorve annos prævideo in hoc piſtrino adhuc fore conſumendos, nec priùs me indè liberandum, quàm majore rerum copiâ inſtructo, facilè mihi erit hujuſmodi recitationes abſque longâ meditatione effundere, et, ut nos dicere ſolemus, tanquam ex manicâ excutere:—interim jacet Haririus, jacent poëtæ Arabes; jacent etiam, quod vehementèr doleo, literæ Perſicæ, molles illæ et elegantes, quarum addiſcendarum tuâ me tant cupiditate incendiſti, ut quidquid evenerit, ſi modò vivam et valeam, certum ſit deliberatumque, raro apud nos exemplo, totum me illis tradere. De edendo Haririo parùm abeſt, ut deſperem. Conſtitueram ſolum textum exhibere, ex optimis, qui ad manum erant, codicibus expreſſum, eique verſionem ab Avo paratam et abſolutam adjungere:—hoc ſi præſtarem, videbar mihi ſine temporis diſpendio, et intereà dum aliud agerem, utilitati publicæ ſatis conſulere. Sed ſunt, quorum judicio multùm mihi deferendum eſt, partìm etiam voluntate obtemperandum, qui conſilium illud diſ-

ſuadeant, et ſeriò hortentur, ne in lucem prodeat ſine excerptis ex Tebrizio aliiſve grammaticis, vel etiam ſine annotationibus quibuſdam meis. Ego quidem non ita ſentio: ſed eſt horum auctoritati cedendum, ideòque expectandum, donec major mihi facultas ſit talem editionem ritè ornandi. Scheidius noſter his diebus edidit primam particulam Lexici Gieuhariani, quæ ex capite I, ſive باب الهمزة uſque ad finem literæ ق ad قيأ decurrit, et 200 ferè paginis comprehenditur.—Putat integrum opus cum verſione Latinâ edendum, 10 volumina, unumquodque mille paginarum fore impleturum. Diverſa ſunt hominum judicia. Ipſe quidem in perſequendo tam immenſo opere, adeò nullam moleſtiam prævidet, ut etiam de Phiruzabadio aliiſque auctoribus edendis interdum cogitet. Alii verò inſtitutum arbitrantur infinitis obſeptum difficultatibus, nec unquam, niſi aureus quidem imber ipſi decidat, ad finem perducendum:—et hoc quidem unicum eſt, quod in Arabicis hodiè inter nos agitur, niſi quòd Willmettus, juvenis theologus, ſed eruditus, gloſſarium parat in

Haririum, Arabſhiadem, et Coranum.—Incipientibus opus utiliſſimum, quódque multùm proderit iis, qui, Lexici Goliani caritate, ejuſque comparandi difficultate, ſolent interdum ab harum literarum ſtudio deterreri. Melior eſt Græcarum literarum et Latinarum apud nos conditio; quod equidem non invideo, nec miror, ſed ferrem adhuc leniùs, ſi modò aliqua hujus felicitatis pars in Orientales etiam literas redundaret.—Habemus Ruhnkenium in elaborando Velleïo Paterculo, Burmannum in Propertio, Wyttenbachium in Plutarcho, Tollium in Apollonii Lexico Homerico, eodem quod eſt à Villoiſonio in Galliâ editum, occupatos. Phalaridis epiſtolæ, de quarum auctore tanta fuit inter veſtrates Boyleium et Bentleium controverſia, brevì in lucem emittentur. Vidiſtin elegantiſſimam Ruhnkenii diſſertationem de vitâ et ſcriptis Longini? Multa ſunt ejus exempla in Angliam delata:—ſin videris, curabo, ut, datâ occaſione, eam accipias. Prodibit etiam intra paucas hebdomadas bibliotheca quædam critica, duobus vel tribus faſciculis, quovis anno, edenda, cujuſque duplex

erit inſtitutum. Alterum, ut novos libros, ſed optimos, commemoret, ex omni genere literarum, quæ ad eruditam antiquitatem pertinent; alterum, ut nova quædam et inedita, ſubindè interſpergat. Latent quidem ejus auctores, vel potiùs, latere cupiunt; etſi quoſdam illorum certiſſimè prodet cùm haud vulgaris eruditio, tùm rara ſcribendi elegantia. Nec tamen ita ſunt mihi prorſùs ignoti, quin hoc auſim confidentèr affirmare, magnoperè tibi hunc libellum eſſe placiturum:—ſunt autem in illâ ſocietate quidam ex amicis meis atque familiaribus, qui id à me petant, ut commendatione meâ, bibliopolam Londini habeant, ad quem poſſint exempla quædam tranſmittere. Cogitavi de Elmſleyo, cui haud grave erit, viginti, vel etiam paucioribus exemplis experiri, quem ſucceſſum libellus iſte inter vos ſit habiturus.—Sed volui priùs hâc de re ad te ſcribere, ut vel ipſe, vel alius quiſquam tuo hortatu, promptior ſit ad illum negotium ſuſcipiendum. Eſt adhuc aliud, idque majoris momenti, quod, me tanquam proxenetâ quodam uſi, vehementèr à te flagitant:—nempè ex

Orientalibus literis, imprimis verò Arabicis, Perſiciſque nonnulla in Bibliothecam conferre cupientibus auctor fui, ut, cùm pauci libri in hoc genere prodeant, pauciores etiam aliquâ commemoratione digni ſint, vacuum hunc locum relinquerent brevioribus diſſertationibus σχεδιασμασι, διατριβαις vel quocunque tandem nomine aliquid acciperent, quod ad hæc ſtudia promovenda egregiè conducat. Ipſe promiſi, me interdum, ſi nihil melius haberent, biographias quaſdam ex Jbn Chalikane ſuppeditaturum. Tunc illi laudare quidem hoc conſilium, ſimul verò vehementèr à me petere, ut Joneſio hujuſmodi diatribas extorquerem:—nihil fore, quod hanc bibliothecæ partem ornatiorem redderet magiſque commendaret:—me, ſi vera ſint, quæ de mutuâ noſtrâ amicitiâ ſemper in ore fero, facilè illud à te impetraturum. Vides igitur, mî Gulielme, quò me adduxerit frequens tui erga me amoris gloriatio:—ſed pareo eorum voluntati eò lubentiùs, quò pulchrior mihi indè ſpes naſcitur, gravem quam fecimus tui jacturam, aliquâ ratione reparandi.—Itaque oro te, obſecro et per vete-

rem illum tuum amorem Muſarum Orientalium, quibus tam flebile tui deſiderium reliquiſti: per illum ergo amorem obteſtor, ut, dumcommoda tibi eſt iis gratificandi occaſio, hanc nobis felicitatem non invideas. Excute forulos;—invenies multa parata, perfecta, nec indigna, quæ lucem adſpiciant: quidquid mittes, erit illud acceptiſſimum, et, vel addito tuo nomine, vel omiſſo, uti ipſe hoc juſſeris, bibliothecæ inferetur. Si Anglicè quid ſcriptum habeas, nec ſit tibi ejus Latinè vertendi opportunitas, illud equidem lubens ſuſcipiam, iſtamque verſionem aliis, qui ſunt Latinè ſcribendi multò me peritiores, examinandam et corrigendam tradens curabo, ne tuæ laudi atque exiſtimationi aliquid detrahatur.—Nihil prætereà addetur, omittetur, vel mutabitur, ſed omnia erunt tua eadem illa, quæ miſeris: quam in rem, fidem meam, ſi opus eſſe putas, ſanctiſſimè interpono.—Tu, niſi moleſtum eſt, citò mihi reſcribe, noſtræque petitioni facilem te præbe ac benignum.

Gratulor munus, quod aditum tibi ad majora et pinguiora brevì patefaciet. Sed amiſ-

ſam libertatem, non tam tui, quàm mei cauſâ, moleſtè fero. Nemini, ne Anglo quidem, miſera eſt ſervitus, quæ in utilitatem publicam ſuſcepta, virtutis eſt et meritorum juſta remuneratio. Mihi autem, qui, dum liber eras, fruſtrà te expectavi, imprimis gravis eſt illa tua ſervitus, quæ tui videndi ſpem ſin minùs omnem præcidit, at certè minuit, et multum extenuat.—Hunc tu nobis metum eripe, et ſi quid vacui temporis tibi relictum eſt;—erit autem interdum, nam habes 59 ſocios in munere tuo tibi adjunctos;—id quæſo ne prætermittas, ſed huc excurrens, felicitatem noſtram jucundiſſimo tuo adſpectu et colloquio augeas quàm cumulatiſſimè. Ego quin ad vos aliquando revertar, non defectu quodam voluntatis retineor; tantâ enim cum voluptate repeto, memoriâ tempus illud, quo ſuaviſſimâ tuâ conſuetudine frui mihi licuit, ut ne vivam, ſi non ardentiſſimos deſiderio teneor in eandem felicitatem quantò ociùs evolandi. Nec prohibet temporis anguſtia, quandoquidem ita fert muneris mei ratio, ut per novem ferè menſes plurimis negotiis obrutus, tribus reliquis liber ſim

et homo mei juris.—Quid igitur?—Dicam quod res eſt, nec turpe exiſtimabo talia amico indicâſſe

اذا ثقل روني خف علي ان اجي الليلم

Sterile ut ubivis, ſic etiam in Belgio literaturæ Orientalis ſolum neceſſaria quidem at vitam lautè ſatis alendam præbet; quod ſuperfluum videri poſſet neutiquam concedit. Donec igitur inexpectata quædam fertilitas advenerit, itineris Anglici iterum ſuſcipiendi ſpes prorſus mihi evanuit. Sed quæ fors fert, æquo feram animo. Quandoquidem verò hujus rei mentionem apud te injeci, addam etiam aliud, in quo tu forſan poteris egregiè mihi adjuvare. Conſtitui, ut rebus meis meliùs conſulam eamque ſuperfluitatem conſequar, quæ, etſi careri poteſt, tamen grata eſt et jucunda fruentibus, adoleſcentulum circumſpicere, quem in ædes recipiam, cujuſque mores dirigam ac gubernem:—ſed cupio imprimis ex veſtratibus aliquem recipere, cùm quòd rariùs ſolent noſtri homines pueros allis tradere, tum quòd melius videtur (vides quàm ingenuè tecum agam) Anglo cui-

dam libertatem vendere, à quo major est lautior merces expectanda.—Sed monet deficiens charta, ut tandem desinam esse verbosior. Tu, si me amas, brevi rescribes, quid tibi hâc de re videatur, et si quid poteris mei causâ efficere, id scio te lubentèr facturum:—Ego quidem nunquam committam, ut quidquam, quod præstare possim, à me frustrà petas. Uxor mea mecum te optimamque matrem tuam et sororem plurimùm salvere jubet. Vale, mî Jonesi, Schultensiumque tuum amare perge.

Amsteledami, Prid. Non. Maii.

XXXIV.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

Amicè tibi et suavitèr hortanti, ut novo operi apud vos mox edendo ἔρανον meum conferrem, certè non deessem, sed pangerem nescio quid, ut possem; nisi omninò egerem otio. Cùm enim officium meum judiciale, tum forensis labor, lucubrationes continuæ, dicendi meditatio, actio causarum, et in jure respondendi munus, vix horulam mihi concedunt ad somnum,

et ad cibum capiendum. Quòd me jucundiſſimè feceſti certiorem quid tu agas, quídque in patriâ tuâ agatur, gratias ago maximas. Ego ſi quem Anglum generoſum et benè locupletem invenero, qui vel filium vel pupillum ad recolendas humaniores literas iſtinc mittere voluerit; laudis tuæ me verum præconem fore polliceor, nec in re quâpiam tibi defuturum. Hoc tamen quàm ſit incertum, tu non ignoras. Vale, meque dilige.

IV. Cal. Jul. 1777.

No. XXXV.

REVICZKIUS JONESIO, S.

Varsoviæ, 17 *Martii*, 1779.

Pertulit ad me nuper Duninius binos tuos variæ eruditionis libros, noviſſimè in lucem editos, quibus vehementèr delectatus ſum; nam et memorem te adhuc mei ex munere hoc gratus recognovi, et ſingularis illa doctrina, quâ ſcripta tua referta luxuriant, voluptatem, cum profectu legenti adtulit, et ad obliterata penè jam in animo meo hujuſcemodi ſtudia, iterum recolenda, ſtimulum addidit. Vitam

Perſici Schach Nadir jam anteà princeps Adamus Czartorifki linguis Orientis non infeliciter addictus, legendam mihi obtulit, et quæ in diatribe adjuncta honorificè de me meminiſti indigitavit; ſed ea quidem amori erga me tuo unicè adſcripta velim. Nunc quòd amœnioribus literis nuncium dare, et Themidis ſacrario unicè te devovere decreveris, ſine Reipublicæ literariæ jacturâ fieri poſſe non cenſeo, neque futurum ſpero, quin te Melpomene naſcentem vidit, et nolentem volentem ſub ſuo imperio coërcebit. Mihi jam in ſeptimum annum, et ad faſtidium uſque Viſtulæ, littora coluntur, felicioribus mutanda, ni fallor, extincto, ſi diis placet, in Germaniâ bello. Quantò gratiùs in Britanniâ nec longè à te, tempus meum tranſigerem, ſi me fata meis paterentur ducere vitam auſpiciis! Sed quocunque locorum ſorte compulſus fuero, amare te non deſinam. Vale.

No. XXXVI.

H. A. SCHULTENS JONESIO, S.

Quanquam plurimis occupationibus et ſæpiùs et nunc maximè impedior, à conſcri-

bendis epiſtolis, per quas veteris amicitiæ memoria recolatur, à cujus rei ſuavitate atque delectatione molestè fero me abduci: tamen tale mihi videtur argumentum literarum tuarum, quas his diebus accepi, ut melius ſit tribus duntaxat verbis ad eas reſpondere, quàm, dum meliorem quæro ſcribendi opportunitatem, nimiâ cunctatione efficere, ut vel nihil ad tuam, quæ in ſummo meo erga te ſtudio, quàm maximè mea eſt, juvandam præſtare queam, vel, etſi à me juvari non poſſis, in ſuſpicionem veniam negligentiæ in amicis colendis, eorumque voluntati ac deſiderio obtemperando.

Enimvero, mî Joneſi, intellexi tuam petitionem graviſſimi muneris, ac glorioſiſſimi, quod, ſi virtute non fautoribus ambiendum ſit, haud ſcio in quem conferri poſſit te digniorem, atque ornatiorem cùm ingenio, plurimarum rerum utiliſſimarum cognitione, admirabili eloquentiæ vi et præſtantiâ; tùm verò patriæ ac libertatis amantiorem, qui communi rerum veſtrarum calamitati ſuccurrat majore conſilio, prudentiâ, fortitudine, animi integritate, cui

igitur alma Mater noſtra (nam patere me hâc appellatione pietatis meo ſenſui gratificari) ſalutis ac proſperitatis ſuæ curam tutiùs committat.

Sed hunc tuum, qui palàm cognitus eſt, libertatis amorem nonne in hâc temporum perverſitate tibi putas nociturum eſſe? Ferentne plurimi, à quorum ſuffragiis ea res pendet, perſonam Academiæ in comitiis publicis à *Julio Meleſigono* ſuſtineri? Belgæ quidem de rerum veſtrarum ſtatu ſic judicant, difficile eſſe bono viro, qui libertatis amorem publicè profiteatur, ad rempublicam gerendam admoveri.

Verùm hæc dices nihil ad me pertinere: modò quodcunque in me eſt, omni ſtudio conferam ad cauſam tuam promovendam. Atque hoc ipſum eſt, de quo velim paulò plura ex te ſciſcitari: quomodo et apud quos illud ſtudium profitendum ſit ac declarandum. Hebeamne poteſtatem ſuffragium mittendi, cujus ratio pro cauſâ tuâ habeatur? Id quidem vix credidero. An verò ex amicis meis Oxonienſibus illi compellandi ſint, à quorum amicitiâ, benevolentiâ, et humanitate aliquid

ſperare auſim, veluti Kennicottus, Whitius, Winſtanlejus? Tu mihi primâ mox occaſione reſcribas, atque indices quid agendum ſit. Habebis me tui ſtudioſiſſimum, nec ullâ in re patiar officium meum tibi deeſe.

Ego nunc Leidæ verſor, ubi ante annum ferè cum dimidio, Patri meo defuncto ſucceſſi in munere docendarum literarum Orientalium. Sed de his rebus cupio propedièm pluribus ad te ſcribere. Nam vehementèr etiam ſcire cupio quid tu agas, quid agant mater tua fœminarum optima, et ſoror mihi amiciſſima. Velim meo nomine plurimam iis ſalutem dicas, et obſequii atque amicitiæ meæ ſignificationem ad eas perferas. Vale, mî Joneſi, et me amare perge.

Dabam, Lugduni Bat.

Prid. Kal. Jun. 1780.

Miſſa ſunt quædam exempla catalogi bibliothecæ patris mei, quæ vendetur menſe Septembri, ad bibliopolam Londinenſem, puto ad Elmſlejum. Ex iis juſſi unum ad te deferri.

No. XXXVII.

JONESIUS H. A. SCHULTENS, S.

11 *Kal. Jun.* 1781.

Ego de bello hoc facinoriſſimo quid ſentiam, tu non ignoras; quantus autem ſim tyrannorum oſor, quantus veræ libertatis fautor et vindex, carmen hoc *Alcaicum* patrio ſermone ſcriptum, dilucidè monſtrabit: ſed inhumanæ forent literæ quæ humaniores et putantur et eſſe debent, ſi viri literati, præſertim ii qui ſtudiis delectantur iiſdem, bellum pluſquam civile gererent. Perge me igitur Batavus Anglum, ut facis, amare; quemadmodùm ego te, Anglus Batavum, et amo et amabo. Scito me ruri nuper hyemantem et feriatum ſeptem illa noſtrorum Arabûm *ſuſpenſa* poëmata, ne verſiculo quidem omiſſo, Anglicè reddidiſſe; totum opus, cum notis, et procœmio de vetuſtioribus Arabiæ monumentis, proximis æſtivis feriis in lucem proferre ſtatui. *Tabrizzii* commentarium ipſe poſſideo; *Zouzenii* παραφρασιν et notulas perutiles, cujus libri pulchrius exemplar Lutetiæ utendum accepi,

benigniſſimè mihi commodavit collegium Trinitatis Cantabrigienſe. *Sadii* notas et verſionem Perſicam cum *Anſarii* ſcholiis, et inſigni *Obeidallæ* editione, Oxonii habemus; ſed omninò omnes editiones et commentarios accedere vehementèr cupio. Avus tuus felicis memoriæ, quem ego maximè, ut debeo, ſemper facio, carmina hæc "cedro digna" prædicat, ſeque ait, niſi fallor, codicem *Nabaſſ* Leydenſem in proprios uſus tranſcripſiſſe. Prætereà in bibliothecæ locupletiſſimæ *Schultenſianæ* indice, cujus unum exemplar, Huntero, amico meo, fidelitèr tradidi, alterum ipſe avidè pervolutavi, hæc verba legi: "6990. Septem *Moallakat* Arab. pucherrimè ſcripta." Ecquis, amabò, codicem hunc emptum poſſidet? Quonam veniet pretio? Dolet, emptorem me non fuiſſe; ſed ego tunc variis et magnis negotiis ipſe *ſuſpenſus* de *ſuſpenſis* carminibus ne cogitavi quidem. Adjuva me, per muſas oro, in opere hoc meo lautâ ſupellectile ornando; et quicquid habes vel notarum vel lectionum variarum apud te reconditum, deprome atque imperti. Multa de familiâ tuâ φιλάρατι dixi in procœmio, plura et magnifica,

ſed et vera dicturus. Scire in primis velim, ulluſne è ſeptem poëtis, præter *Amriolkaiſum* et *Tarafem* Latinè redditus apud vos prodierit. Librum meum, quem benè nitidum reddet *Baumgartius* pumex, expecta. Mater mea dilectiſſima omnium mulierum *fuit*, ut ſemper putavi, optima; eſt, ut confido, ſanctiſſima; ego me luctu macerare non deſinam. Te et Schultenſiam tuam benè valere, ſi quàm citiſſime certior factus fuero, id mihi erit gratiſſimum. Vale.

No. XXXVIII.

Baron REVICZKY to Sir W. JONES.

Londres, 30 *Juin*, 1789.

MONSIEUR,

Par la Veſtale, frégate qui devoit conduire à la Chine le Colonel Cathcart, je vous ai envoyé une lettre, Monſieur, en réponſe à une belle epitre Perſanne, que le Sr. Elmſley libraire dans le Strand m'a fait tenir de votre part, et qui m'a ſervi d'un temoignage bien agréable du précieux ſouvenir dont vous continuez à m'honorer, malgré la diſtance des lieux qui

nous ſépare. Mais j'ai ſçu que le Colonel étant mort en chemin la Veſtale étoit retournée en Angleterre, et j'ai lieu de ſoupçonner que par cet accident ma lettre n'a pas atteint ſa deſtination. J'ai reçu depuis peu un ſuperbe ouvrage que vous avez fait imprimer à Calcutti, et qui feroit honneur à la plus celebre imprimerie de l'Europe, accompagné d'une auſſi élégante qu'obligeante lettre, où j'ai reconnue la main de quelque très-habile Chattât, ſi je ſuis encore en état d'en juger, car en vérité, faute de continuer à cultiver les langues Orientales, elles me ſont devenues ſi étrangères, que ſi je n'en avois jamais rien appris. Je n'ai pas encore vu la belle écriture Arabe ſi bien rendue par l'imprimerie, que dans le poème Perſan dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me gratifier. Je ſuis bien faché que pendant mon ſejour à Londres j'ai été privé de votre chère compagnie, qui m'auroit été d'une reſource infinie; et j'ignore encore ſi je jouirai de ce bonheur lors de votre retour, me voyant obligé de ſuivre bientôt ma nouvelle deſtination à Naples, où l'Empereur m'a nomme ſon

Miniſtre. Mais quelle que ſoit ma deſtinée, je vous prie d'être perſuadé, que l'abſence et l'éloignement ne changeront jamais rien à la réſolution que j'ai priſe d'être toute ma vie par reconnoiſſance et par inclination,

Votre très humble et très obeiſſant,

Serviteur,

REVICZKI.

Appendix, A.

The Deſign of "Britain Diſcovered," an Heroic Poem, in Twelve Books,

By WILLIAM JONES.

Ne carmine quidem ludere contrarium fuerit: ideoque mihi videtur M. Tullius tantum intuliſſe eloquentiæ lumen, quod in hos quoque ſtudiorum ſeceſſus excurrit.

Quintil. Inſtit. l. x. 5.

The Idea of an Epic Poem, at Spa, July 1770, Anno ætat. 23.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED:

A POEM.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

THE DESIGN.

THE firſt hint of this poem was ſuggeſted by a paſſage in a letter of Spenſer to Sir Walter Raleigh, where having explained his intention in writing the Fairy Queen, he

adds, that if he found his image of Prince Arthur, and the allegory of the twelve private virtues to be well accepted, he might, perhaps, be encouraged to frame the other part of political virtues in his perſon, after he came to be king. What Spenſer never lived to perform, it is my deſign in ſome meaſure to ſupply, and in the ſhort intervals of my leiſure from the fatigues of the bar, to finiſh an heroic poem on the excellence of our Conſtitution, and the character of a perfect king of England.

When this idea firſt preſented itſelf to my mind, I found myſelf obliged, though unwillingly, to follow the advice of Boſſu, who inſiſts, that a poet ſhould chooſe his ſubject in the abſtract, and then ſearch in the wide field of univerſal hiſtory for a hero exactly fitted to his purpoſe. My hero was not eaſy to be found; for the ſtory of King Arthur, which might have been excellent in the ſixteenth century, has loſt its dignity in the eighteenth; and it ſeemed below a writer of any genius to adopt entirely a plan chalked out by others;

not to mention, that Milton had a deſign in his youth, of making Arthur his hero; that Dryden has given us a ſketch of his intended poem on the ſame ſubject; and that even Blackmore had taken the ſame ſtory; whoſe ſteps it were a diſgrace to follow.

It only remains, therefore, to have recourſe to allegory and tradition; and to give the poem a double ſenſe; in the firſt of which, its ſubject is ſimply this, the diſcovery of our iſland by the Tyrian adventurers, who firſt gave it the name of Britain; in the ſecond, or allegorical ſenſe, it exhibits the character above mentioned, of a perfect king of this country,—a character the moſt glorious and beneficial of any that the warmeſt imagination can form. It repreſents the danger to which a king of England muſt neceſſarily be expoſed, the vices which he muſt avoid, and the virtues and great qualities with which he muſt be adorned. On the whole, Britain Diſcovered, is intended as a poetical panegyric on our excellent Conſtitution, and as a

pledge of the author's attachment to it; as a national epic poem, like thoſe of Homer, Virgil, Taſſo, Camoëns, deſigned to celebrate the honours of his Country, to diſplay in a ſtriking light the moſt important principles of politics and morality, and to inculcate theſe grand maxims, that nothing can ſhake our ſtate, while the true liberty of the ſubject remains united with the dignity of the ſovereign, and, that in all ſtates, virtue is the only ſure baſis of private and public happineſs.

A work of this nature might indeed have been written in proſe, either in the form of a treatiſe, after the example of Ariſtotle, or of a dialogue, in the manner of Tully, whoſe ſix books on government are now unhappily loſt; or perhaps in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, who has left us ſomething of the ſame kind in his idea of a patriot king: but as poetry has the allowed advantage over mere proſe, of inſtilling moral precepts in a manner more lively and entertaining, it was

thought proper to deliver the whole ſubject in regular meaſure, under the fiction of an heroic adventure.

The poem will be written in rhyme, like the tranſlation of the Iliad by Pope, and of the Eneid by Dryden; ſince it has been found by experience, that the verſes of thoſe poets not only make a deeper impreſſion on the mind, but are more eaſily retained in the memory, than blank verſe, which muſt neceſſarily be too diffuſe, and in general can only be diſtinguiſhed from proſe by the affectation of obſolete or foreign idioms, inverſions, and ſwelling epithets, all tending to deſtroy the beauty of our language, which conſiſts in a natural ſweetneſs and unaffected perſpicuity: not to inſiſt that a writer who finds himſelf obliged to confine his ſentiments in a narrow circle, will be leſs liable to run into luxuriance, and more likely to attain that roundneſs of diction ſo juſtly admired by the ancients. As to the monotony which many people complain of in our Engliſh rhymes, that defect, which is certainly no

ſmall one, if we admit only thoſe endings which are exactly ſimilar, muſt be compenſated by a judicious variation of the pauſes, an artful diverſity of modulation, and chiefly by avoiding too near a return of the ſame endings.

The machinery is taken partly from the Socratic doctrine of attendant ſpirits or benevolent angels, like Thyrſis in the Maſque of Comus; and partly from the Scriptural account of evil ſpirits worſhipped in Aſia, under the names of Baal, Aſtartè, Niſroc, Dagon, Mammon, Moloch, and in ancient Europe, where Cadmus introduced them under thoſe of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Neptune, Vulcan, Pluto. If any objection be made to theſe machines, they may be conſidered as allegorical, like Spenſer's knights and paynims; the good ſpirits may be ſaid to repreſent the virtues, and the evil ones the vices.

The action, or ſtory of the piece, is raiſed upon the tradition before-mentioned, that the Phœnicians firſt diſcovered the iſland of

Britain; but the reſt muſt be wholly ſupplied by invention.

A prince of Tyre, therefore, whom we may name Britanus or Britan, ſhocked at the cruelty of his countrymen in ſacrificing their priſoners to idols, and at their impiety in paying divine honours to evil ſpirits, had meditated a voyage to ſome diſtant coaſt; with which intent, pretending to prepare for an expedition againſt ſome rival nation, he had built a number of barques, and ſecured to his intereſts a company of enterprizing youths, but was doubtful whither he ſhould direct his courſe, till his attendant ſpirit, Ramiel, appeared to him in a viſion, commending his pious reſolution, and adviſing him to ſeek a beautiful iſle in the weſt, where, after a variety of dangers on earth and ſea, he would reign in peace, and be the progenitor of a noble race, who would profeſs a true and benevolent religion, and excel all other nations in learning, arts, and valour. At the ſame time, the ſpirit ſhewed him the picture of a lovely nymph who then ruled

the iſland, attended by damſels of her own nature. The prince, animated by this viſion, and deeply enamoured with the idea of the nymph, who, in the allegorical ſenſe, repreſents Liberty, left the coaſt of Phœnicia, and ſailed towards Egypt.

Theſe circumſtances, being previous to the action, are not related till the ſecond book: for, at the opening of the poem, after the uſual introduction, the prince is brought with his companions to the mouth of the Nile; he lands, and advances towards the city of Memphis, but is met in a foreſt by Ramiel, in the ſhape of a venerable ſage, who conducts him to the palace of the Egyptian king, where he ſees the temple of ſcience, the pyramids (then juſt begun), and other amazing edifices. After a ſplendid repaſt, he is deſired to relate the motives of his voyage.—The ſubject of the next book has been already explained; but it will be diverſified, like all the reſt, with ſeveral ſpeeches, deſcriptions, and epiſodes.—The third book begins with a conſultation of the evil deities worſhipped

in Phœnicia; whoſe various characters are delineated. The debate is opened by Baal, who, in a furious ſpeech, complains of the inſult offered to their temples by the expedition of the Tyrians, and diſcourſes with malignity on the future happineſs of their deſcendants. Various ſtratagems are propoſed, to obſtruct their progreſs. At laſt, Aſtartè offers to allure the chief with the love of pleaſure, Mammon to tempt him with riches; Dagon promiſes to attack his fleet, Niſroc to engage him in a deſperate war, Moloch to aſſiſt his enemies by his enchantment, and Baal himſelf to ſubvert his government, by inſtilling into his mind a fondneſs of arbitrary power. In the mean while, the Tyrians are at ſea, accompanied by Raniel, who, in the character of a ſage, had offered to conduct them; they are driven by a tempeſt back to Cyprus, where Aſtartè, in the ſhape of a beautiful princeſs, like the nymph before deſcribed, attempts to ſeduce the hero by all the allurements of volup-

tuouſneſs, which he reſiſts at length by the aſſiſtance of the guardian ſpirit, and leaves the iſland, where he had almoſt been induced to ſettle, miſtaking it for the weſtern iſle deſcribed to him in his viſion.—In the fourth book, after an invocation to the nymphs of Thames, the virgin Albina is repreſented converſing with her damſels in Albion;—her dream, and love of the Tyrian prince, whoſe image had been ſhewn to her in a rivulet by the Genius of the iſle. The Phœnicians, landing in Crete, are received by Baal, who had taken the form of the Cretan king, and diſcourſes to the prince in praiſe of tyranny, but is confuted by the ſage.—The fifth book repreſents a nation in peace; a meeting, raiſed by the inſtigation of Baal, is appeaſed; arts, manufactures, and ſciences begin to flouriſh. As the Tyrians ſail along the coaſt of the Mediterranean, the ſage, at the requeſt of Britan, deſcribes to him the ſtate of Greece, Italy, and the Gauls, and relates rather obſcurely, by way of prophecy, the future

glory and decline of Athens and Rome.—The Phœnicians reach the ſtreights, at the opening of the ſixth book. The evil ſpirits aſſemble, and determine, ſince moſt of their ſtratagems had failed, to attack them by violence. Dagon raiſes a tempeſt and a great commotion in the elements, ſo that the whole fleet is covered with darkneſs: Ramiel encourages the prince, and, pretending to retire from danger on account of his age, ſummons a legion of genii, or benevolent angels, and engages the evil ſpirits in the air. Niſroc, in hopes of intimidating Britan, appears to him in all his horrors; the prince expoſtulates with him, and darts a javelin at the ſpirit, but is ſeized by Mammon, and carried in a cloud to a diſtant part of the globe; upon which, Ramiel, whoſe power may be ſuppoſed to be limited, and who might think that the virtue of the prince ſhould be put to a ſevere trial, leaves him for a time, and flies, in his own ſhape, to the manſion of the beneficent genii.—The ſeventh book is

wholly taken up with a deſcription of the oppoſite hemiſphere, to which the prince is conveyed by Mammon, whoſe palace and treaſure are deſcribed; the Tyrian chief is almoſt tempted to deſiſt from his enterpriſe, and to reſide in America with the adorers of Mammon:—the inconveniences of an oligarchy diſplayed. The evil ſpirits being diſperſed, light returns to the Tyrians, who find themſelves in the ocean, but, miſſing their leader and the ſage, diſpute about the regency, and are on the point of ſeparating;—the danger of anarchy: at length having an admiral and a commander, they land on the coaſt of Gaul, at the beginning of the eighth book. Niſroc incites the king of that country to attack them; hence is deduced the origin of the national enmity between the Engliſh and French. The guardian ſpirits aſſemble; their ſpeeches; the genius of Albion propoſes to conduct Albina to the palace of Mammon, in order to rouſe the hero from his inactivity.—In the ninth book,

the war in Gaul is ſupported with alternate ſucceſs, and various heroes diſtinguiſh themſelves on both ſides by their valour or virtue. Moloch contrives an enchanted valley between the Gallic city and the Phœnician camp, which diſtreſſes the Tyrians extremely, who, deſpairing of the prince's return, are encouraged and aſſiſted by Ramiel.—In the tenth book, the genius appears to Albina, relates to her the ſituation of Britan, and paſſes with her diſguiſed like young warriors, through the centre of the earth; they riſe on a ſudden in the gardens of Mammon, and diſcover themſelves to the prince, who returns with them to Europe.—The malevolent ſpirits, thus baffled in all their attempts, debate, in the eleventh book, upon taking more vigorous meaſures, and reſolve to hazard a deciſive battle with the guardian angels. The war in Gaul continued; a bloody combat; the Tyrians put to flight: Britan and Albina appear and rally them; the evil deities defeated; Gaul ſubdued; the Phœnicians paſs the enchanted valley.—In the laſt

book, the victorious army march along the coaſt of France, till they diſcern the rocks of Albion; upon which, they embark and croſs the channel, attended by the inviſible genii, who ſit in the ſails. The nuptials of Britan, who gives his name to the iſland, with Albina, that is, in the more hidden ſenſe, of royalty with liberty. The Tyrians chooſe their brides among the other nymphs. Ramiel conducts the king and queen of Britain to the top of a high mountain, ſince called Dover Cliff, whence he ſhews them the extent of their empire, points to its different rivers, foreſts, and plains, foretels its future glory, and, having reſumed his celeſtial form, flies to heaven; the hero and nymph deſcend from the mountain aſtoniſhed and delighted.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED.

BOOK I.

The daring chief who left the Tyrian ſhore,
And, led by angels, durſt new ſeas explore,

Commands my boldest strain. Thro' dire alarms,
The shock of tempests, and the clash of arms,
He sought the main where blissful Albion lay,
And, heav'n-defended, took his anxious way.
Tho' air-born fiends his wand'ring fleet assail'd,
With impious rage; yet love and truth prevail'd.

BRITAIN DISCOVERED:

AN

HEROIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENTS.

BOOK I.

THE *Phœnicians* having landed near *Tarteſſus*, are unkindly received by the natives; their leader, BRITAN, ſends *Phenix* and *Hermion*, as his ambaſſadors, to the king of *Iberia*, who treats them with indignity, rejects the proffered union, and commands them to leave his coaſt. In the mean time, the prince of *Tyre* wanders, to meditate on his deſtined enterpriſe, into a foreſt; where his attendant ſpirit appears to him in the character of a *Druid*, warns him of approaching dangers, and exhorts him to viſit in diſguiſe the court of king LUSUS: he conſents; is conducted to the banks of the *Tagus*, with a harp and oaken garland; and is

hoſpitably entertained by the ſovereign of *Luſitania*, who prevails on him to relate the hiſtory of his life and fortunes. The narrative begins from his viſion of ALBIONE in the groves of *Tyre*, and his conſultation of the *Memphian* ſages, to his arrival in *Greece*. He viſits DIDO, his father's ſiſter, then employed in building *Carthage*. A debate between *Phenix* and the *Carthaginian* chiefs on the beſt poſſible form of government.

BOOK II.

The gods of INDIA convened on Mount *Cailás*, by *Rudra* or *Mahádéva*, the power of deſtruction; their numbers, characters, attributes, and attendants. The goddeſs *Gangá* announces the views and voyage of the *Tyrian* hero; expreſſes her apprehenſions of his ultimate ſucceſs, but adviſes the moſt vehement oppoſition to him; declaring, that his victory will prove the origin of a wonderful nation, who will poſſeſs themſelves of her banks, profane her waters, mock the temples of the *Indian* divinities, appropriate

the wealth of their adorers, introduce new laws, a new religion, a new government, inſult the *Brâhmens*, and diſregard the ſacred ordinances of *Bribmâ*. After a ſolemn debate, it is agreed to exert all their powers, and to begin with obſtructing the paſſage of the *Phœnician* fleet into the *Atlantic*, by hurling a vaſt mountain into the ſtraits; they proceed immediately to a variety of hoſtile machinations.

BOOK III.

The narrative of *Britan* continued, with a deſcription of the *Grecian* iſlands, of the *Italian* and *Gallic* ſhores, and cloſed with an account of the tempeſt that compelled him to land on the coaſt of *Iberia*. The king of *Luſitania*, foreſeeing the future greatneſs of the prince, ſecretly envies him, but promiſes friendly aid in *private*, aſſigning reaſons for his inability to give *open* ſuccour. *Britan* departs, and proceeds toward *Gaul*, in order to view the channel and beautiful iſle, that were deſtined to perpetuate his name.

BOOK IV.

The hero, ſtill diſguiſed, and attended by his tutelary genius, travels to the coaſt of *Gaul*; learns that the king of that country, GALLUS, invited by an embaſſy from *Iberia*, and inſtigated by the HINDU god of battles, had reſolved to concur in extirpating the *Phœnicians*; and is appriſed, that the *Tarteſſians* had actually aſſailed the works which his army had raiſed. On this, he returns with incredible celerity; while the benignant genii, or ſpirits, permitted to attend on favoured mortals, hold a ſplendid convention in the Empyrean.

BOOK V.

War is begun in form, and various actions of heroes are related; the *Indian* gods intermix in fight, and are oppoſed by the guardian ſpirits. *Tarteſſus* taken by ſtorm: in a council of *Tyrian* chiefs, it is propoſed by *Lelex*, to leave the coaſt victorious, and ſail inſtantly to *Albion*; but the impractica-

bility of that plan is evinced by a meſſenger, who announces the ſudden obſtruction of the ſhips. *Britan* then propoſes, as a meaſure diſtreſsful but neceſſary, to purſue their courſe with vigour through *Iberia* and *Gaul*; that, if conquered, they might periſh glorioufly; if conquerors, might ſeize the hoſtile galleys, and in them paſs the channel. The propoſal is received with burſts of applauſe, and the *Phœnician* troops are drawn out in complete array.

BOOK VI.

Various exploits and events in battle. The actions of *Indra*, god of air, with his *ſeven* evil genii; of *Rama*, *Belabadra*, *Nared*, and *Cartic*. The *Tyrians*, in deep diſtreſs, apply to LUSUS, who aſſiſts them coldly. The *Celts* are every-where ſucceſsful; and the *Gallic* fleet covers the bay.

BOOK VII.

The guardian ſpirit prepares the nymph *Albione* for proſperous events; encourages *Britan*, but announces imminent perils; then

leaves him on pretence of aſſiſting at certain *Druidical* rites. A terrible combat in the air, and at the ſtraits, between the oppoſing gods and the tutelary angels; the mountain is rent from the mouth of the ſtraits, and becomes a floating iſland, which, being fixed, has the name of *Madera*, and is given to LUSUS. The *Phœnician* fleet having been with difficulty preſerved from the *Agnyaſtra*, or fiery darts of *Mahéſa*, ſails triumphantly into the *Atlantic*, after a ſurpriſing retreat of the army under the conduct of *Britan*.

BOOK VIII.

The *Druid* returns with a relation of oracular anſwers in the *Celtic* temples, concerning the deſtiny of *Albion*, and the *Atlantides*, or New World: the future *American* war and the defence of *Gibraltar* by different names, are obſcurely ſhadowed in the prediction. An obſtinate naval fight; in which, BRITAN is wounded by an arrow of fire, but protected and carried from the fleet by his attendant angel.

BOOK IX.

The genius tranſports *Britan* to the iſle of *Albion*; which is deſcribed by its mountains, vales, and rivers; then uninhabited, except by nymphs and beings of a ſuperior order. The palace and gardens of *Albione*; who completes the cure of her lover, and acquieſces in his return to the army; having firſt, at his requeſt, told her own adventures, and related the ſeparation of her iſland from the coaſt of *Gaul.*

BOOK X.

The *Gallic* army arrayed: the actions of their chiefs. A variety of diſtreſs involves the *Tyrians* by ſea and land; they are driven to their works, and encloſed on both ſides; until their prince appearing ſuddenly among them, rouſes their courage, and performs the moſt heroic achievements, by which the ſcale of ſucceſs is completely turned. This book contains a number of events and epiſodes; among them is the death and funeral of MELCART, the *Tyrian* Hercules.

BOOK XI.

The *Indian* deities invite thoſe of *Tyre* and *Syria* to co-operate with them; propheſying darkly the invaſion of their empire by the Croiſaders; they excuſe themſelves, equally averſe to the *Gauls* and to all the nations of *Europe*. A final conflict; and a complete victory in every element by the *Phœnicians* over *Gallus* and *Iberus*, and by the protecting, over the malignant ſpirits. The victors land in *Albion*, ſince called *Britain*, on the coaſt of *Hama*, now *Hampſhire*; a deſcription of the triumph, entertainments, and ſports.

BOOK XII.

The nuptials of *Britan* and *Albione*, or, allegorically, of *Royalty* and *Liberty* united in the conſtitution of *England*. The attending *Druid*, appearing in his own form and in all his ſplendour, predicts the glories of the country, and its diſaſters; but animates,

rather than alarms, the hero and nymph, whom he conſoles, whenever he afflicts them; he recommends the government of the *Indians* by their own laws. He then flies, his object being attained, to the celeſtial regions; they apply themſelves to the regulation of their domain and the happineſs of their ſubjects.

The diſcovery of the BRITISH ISLES by the *Tyrians*, is mentioned by *Strabo*, *Diodorus*, and *Pliny*; and proved as well by the *Phœnician* monuments found in IRELAND, as by the affinity between the *Iriſh* and *Punic* languages. NEWTON places this event about the *Eight-hundred-eighty-third* year before CHRIST, and in the *twenty-firſt* after the taking of TROY

BOOK I.

GENIUS, or Spirit, or tutelary Power
Of virtue-loving heav'n, yet uninvok'd
By prophet rapt, or bard in hallow'd ſhades
To grace his native minſtrelsy, though oft
Thy cares for BRITAIN, thy celeſtial aid
Grateful her ſons have mark'd; if e'er thou ledſt

Her glitt'ring ranks unmatch'd o'er hostile fields,
Or, when her navies hurl'd dismay through GAUL,
Pointedst their light'ning, and on some bright mast
Satst like an eagle plum'd with victory.
Oh! fill this glowing bosom, whilst I sing
Her charms, her glories, and thy love divine.

What Chief, what Sage, what Hero, train'd by thee
To wisdom, first on this delightful isle
Struck his advent'rous prow? That sacred form
Of state, self-balanc'd, harmony sublime,
Freedom with sov'reignty in sweet accord,
Who constituted first? The Prince of TYRE
Long wand'ring, long depress'd, yet e'er impell'd
Right onward, till fair triumph bless'd his toils,
By godlike worth and beauty's heav'nly charm.

Now were his light-oar'd galleys tempest-tost
To rich TARTESSUS, on the far-sought shore
Of that proud realm, where BŒTIS, ample flood,
Rush'd o'er the manors of IBERUS old,
Fam'd for the laughing sheaf, the silky fleece,
And many-cluster'd vine; not fam'd her sons
For meek deportment, or the soothing voice
Of hospitality, and reception mild
In sure abode, to strangers visitant.

From BOOK VII.

As *Tibetian* mountains rise
Stupendous, measureless, ridge beyond ridge,
From *Himola*, below the point far seen
Of *Chumaluri*, to more lofty steeps,
Cambala vast, then loftier without bound,
Till sight is dimm'd, thought maz'd; the traveller

Perplex'd, and worn with toil each hour renew'd,
Still through deep vales, and o'er rough crags proceeds:
Thus on the beech, now died with horrid gore,
Warrior o'er warrior tow'ring, arms on arms,
Dire series, press'd; one slain, the next more fierce,
Assail'd the *Tyrian*: he his falchion keen
Relax'd not, but still cloth'd its edge with death,
Disturb'd, yet undismay'd; stung, not appall'd,

Appendix. B.

A

PREFATORY DISCOURSE

TO

AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE TURKS.

THERE is no people in Europe, which has raiſed the terror, and excited the curioſity of the Chriſtian world more than the *Turks*; nor any, I believe, of whoſe true genius and manners we have ſo imperfect a notion; for though a great number of travellers, and among them ſeveral excellent men, have from time to time publiſhed their obſervations on various parts of the *Turkiſh* empire, yet few of them, as it evidently appears, underſtood the languages that are ſpoken in it, without which their knowledge could not fail of being very ſuperficial and precarious.

It has generally happened, that the perſons who have reſided among the *Turks*, and who, from their ſkill in the *Eaſtern* dialects, have been beſt qualified to preſent us with an exact account of that nation, were either confined to a low ſphere of life, or engaged in views of intereſt, and but little addicted to polite letters or philoſophy; while they, who, from their exalted ſtations and refined taſte for literature, have had both the opportunity and inclination of penetrating into the ſecrets of *Turkiſh* policy, were totally ignorant of the language uſed at *Conſtantinople*, and conſequently were deſtitute of the ſole means by which they might learn, with any degree of certainty, the ſentiments and prejudices of ſo ſingular a people: for the *Mahometans*, naturally ignorant and reſerved to men of our religion, will diſcloſe their opinions to thoſe only who have gained their confidence by a long intimacy with them, and the Greek ſubjects, who have a juſt deteſtation of their oppreſſors, can hardly be ſuppoſed to ſpeak of them with tolera-

ble candour. As to the generality of interpreters, we cannot expect from men of their condition any depth of reaſoning, or acuteneſs of obſervation; if mere words are all they profeſs, mere words muſt be all they can pretend to know.

It may therefore be given as a general rule, that no writer can exhibit a juſt picture of the manners of any people, who has not either converſed familiarly with all ranks of them for a conſiderable time, or, by a more tedious proceſs, extracted their ſentiments from the books that are written in their language; and it is equally true, that the juſteſt deſcription of the *Aſiatic* manners muſt neceſſarily be given by thoſe, who, beſides a complete acquaintance with *Oriental* literature, have had the advantage of a long reſidence in the *Eaſt*; for which reaſon, the moſt authentic account of a *Mahometan* nation, that ever was publiſhed, is that of the *Perſians* by the traveller *Chardin*, who not only had the moſt familiar intercourſe for many years with the greateſt men in

Iſpahan, but was perfectly acquainted with the *Perſian* hiſtories and poems, from which he has given us many beautiful extracts.

We have great reaſon to regret, that no relation of equal authority, has been written on the manners of the *Turks*; for among the many narratives on that ſubject which have been preſented to the public, there are very few that can be recommended to a ſenſible reader. There are indeed ſome works in the languages of *Europe*, from which, as from ſo many copious ſources, we may draw a variety of real knowledge on this head; and it will not be improper in this diſcourſe to give a liſt of them, with a few remarks on each, before I proceed to mention the *Eaſtern* books, both printed and in manuſcript, from which the materials of the following eſſay were taken. This ſeems to me a more reaſonable and leſs oſtentatious method of producing my authorities, than to fill every page with uſeleſs quotations, and references to ſections or chapters, which few readers will take the pains to conſult,

One of the moſt ancient, and perhaps the moſt agreeable of theſe works, compriſes the *four epiſtles of* BUSBEC on his embaſſy to *Soliman the Second*, and his *oration on a plan for ſupporting a vigorous war againſt the Turks*; in all which pieces, his diction is extremely poliſhed and elegant, his obſervations judicious, his account of public facts indiſputably true, and his anecdotes tolerably authentic: but by neglecting to make himſelf a complete maſter of the *Turkiſh* language, or by his long confinement at *Conſtantinople*, he omitted an opportunity of converſing with the fineſt writers and ableſt ſcholars, whom the Othman empire ever produced, and whoſe beautiful compoſitions added a luſtre to the reign of *Soliman*.

The *Turkiſh* articles in the vaſt compilation of M. D'HERBELOT, are of the higheſt authority, ſince he drew them from a number of Eaſtern manuſcripts, many of which were compoſed by *Turks* themſelves, who had at leaſt as fair a chance of knowing *their own manners and opinions*, as any *European*

whatever. It is not poſſible to be too laviſh in the praiſes of that excellent work, which has the uncommon merit of being no leſs agreeable than learned; and though it is diſpoſed according to the order of the alphabet, yet it is ſo judiciouſly contrived by the help of references, that with all the convenience of a dictionary, it may be read for the moſt part like a regular treatiſe.

The *Hiſtory of Timúr* or *Tamerlane*, written originally in *Arabic*, by a native of *Damaſcus*, and tranſlated into *French* by *M. Vattier*, deſerves to be credited, as far as it relates to the conqueſts of that hero in the *Lower Aſia*, and to his war with the ſultan *Bayazid the Firſt*, who was forced by the *Tartars* to raiſe the ſiege of *Conſtantinople*. The actions of *Timúr* are related at large in this elegant work, which diſplays a faithful and intereſting picture of the *Aſiatic* manners in the *fourteenth century*; the author of it was contemporary with the *Tartarian* warrior, and was eye-witneſs of the principal facts which he records.

The *Tales of the forty Viſirs*, tranſlated by *M. de la Croix*, are alſo undoubtedly authentic; and though they are very inelegant, and in ſome parts trifling, yet upon the whole they are ingenious, and ſhew in ſome degree the turn of mind of the people for whom they were invented; but the moſt uſeful tranſlation of a *Turkiſh* book that has yet appeared, is that in *Italian*, of an admirable hiſtory by the Mufti SAADEDDIN, which reaches indeed no lower than the reign of *Selim the Firſt*; but for the beauty of its compoſition, and the richneſs of its matter, may be compared with the fineſt hiſtorical pieces in the languages of *Europe*.

It will ſeem ridiculous to place a *Turkiſh dictionary* among theſe authorities; but it is certainly true, that *the great repoſitory of Eaſtern learning, compiled by* MENINSKI, contains not only the cleareſt explanation of common words, and proper names, but exhibits the moſt exact ſpecimens of the colloquial expreſſions and forms of ſpeech uſed by the *Turks;* and a judicious writer will not fail to obſerve the

minuteſt phraſes, or even the commoneſt proverbs of a nation whom he intends to deſcribe, ſince they ſometimes compriſe an alluſion to local cuſtoms, and often include ſome maxim or received opinion, which may ſerve to ſet the character of the people in a ſtriking light. It is a remark of Mr. *Pope*, in anſwer to a line of Lord *Hervey*, that *a dictionary, which gives us any thing but words, muſt be not only an expenſive, but a very extravagant one*; yet, methinks if a dictionary can be found, which is *not very expenſive, nor very extravagant*, it cannot reaſonably be cenſured for giving us a little *real knowledge* as well as *words*.

The Hiſtory of the Turks by the prince*

* It will give me pleasure to pay a small tribute in this place to the memory of that excellent man, by vindicating his character from the very unjust and groundless charges of *M. de Voltaire*, who allows indeed, that he possessed the united talents of the ancient *Greeks*, a taste for polite letters, and a skill in the art of war. He adds, this *Cantemir* was supposed to be a descendant of *Timúr*, known by the name of *Tamerlane*, because *Timur* and *Temir* sound nearly alike, and because the title of *Kan*, which *Tamerlane* bore, is found in the name of *Cantemir*. Now the truth is, that the syllable

CANTEMIR, far ſurpaſſes, in authority and method, every work on the ſame ſubject in

Cán is not خان *khán*, a title of honour, but قان *kán*, blood; and the words *Timúr*, or *Temir*, are used indifferently in the *Turkish* language for *Demir*, that is *iron*, which was the precise meaning of *Tamerlane's* true name: so that *Cantemir* literally ſignifies *the blood of Timur*; and the propriety of this name was confirmed by a *Tartarian* chief, who aſſured *Demetrius*, that a prince of his nation, lineally deſcended from *Tamerlane*, had married a Chriſtian woman, from whom the family of the *Cantemirs* had their origin. But, continues the *French* hiſtorian, whatever might be the lineage of *Cantemir*, he owed all his fortune to the *Turkish* court; and was no ſooner inveſted in his principality of *Moldavia*, than he betrayed the ſultan, his benefactor, to the *Ruſſian* emperor, from whom he had hopes of greater gain: the *Czar*, he adds, relying on his promiſes, advanced in the month of June to the banks of the river *Hierasus*, or the *Pruth*, where, by depending on *Cantemir*, he met the ſame hardſhips, that his rival *Charles* had ſuffered at *Pultava* by having truſted to *Mazeppa*. It muſt have coſt this ingenious writer ſome pains to have crouded ſo many errors into ſo few words. *Cantemir* inherited an ample fortune from his father, and lived at *Conſtantinople* in a ſplendid retreat, where he amuſed himſelf with building palaces near the *Boſphorus*, and adorning them with the fineſt remains of old *Grecian* ſculpture, that could be procured: while he was engaged in theſe, and other agreeable purſuits, *Brancovan*, prince of *Valachia*, was accuſed of holding a ſecret correſpondence with the *Czar*; and *Cantemir*, who accepted, much againſt his inclination,

any *European* dialect. He was educated at *Conſtantinople*, and acquainted from his ear-

the title of *Prince of Moldavia*, was sent by the *Turkish* court with orders to seize the person of the rebel. As his revenues were not sufficient to support his new dignity without some indulgence from the court, the sultan promised to dispense with his paying the usual fine * upon his investiture, and to defray the additional expences that he might incur on account of the war; but the prince had no sooner reached the capital of *Moldavia*, than he received orders from the ministers to remit without delay the fines due to the sultan and the vizir; to collect provisions for an army of sixty thousand *Turks*; to complete the bridge over the *Danube*; and to march in person towards *Bender* before the festival of *St. George*. The prince, on receiving these commands, with which it was not in his power to comply, resolved to join the Czar, and was of signal service to him, as it appeared by the great regard, which that monarch professed for him till the hour of his death. The distress of *Peter* was owing to his dependence on the promises of *Brancovan*, who had engaged to supply the *Russians* with provisions, yet remained an idle spectator of their calamity, till their camp was threatened with a famine. Thus, one of the finest writers of our age accuses a generous and amiable prince of ingratitude, avarice, and perfidy, merely for the sake of comparing him with *Mazeppa*, and of drawing a parallel between the conduct of *Charles XII.* and *Peter I.*; and he deserves still more to be censured, for deviating knowingly from the truth, since it appears from some parts of his *General*

* Called by the Turks پیشکش pishkesh.

lieſt youth with the genius and manners of the *Turks*; and as he was eminently ſkilled in the *Arabic*, *Perſian*, and *Turkiſh* languages, he was enabled to draw his knowledge of their affairs from the fountain-head: for which reaſon, if his narrative were not rather too ſuccinct, and if he had dwelt ſomewhat longer on the ſubject of the *Eaſtern* government and literature, or had unfolded all the cauſes of the greatneſs and decline of the *Othman* empire, his work would have been complete, and my preſent attempt entirely ſuperfluous. As to his piece, conſidered as a literary performance, it contains all the qualities which *Tully* lays down as neceſſary to conſtitute a perfect hiſtory*: nothing is aſſerted in it that has the appearance of falſehood; nor any eſſential thing omitted that has the leaſt colour of truth; there is no reaſon to ſuſpect the writer either

History, that he had read the works of *Cantemir*, and admired his character. See *the Life of Charles XII.* book v.; and *the History of the Russian Empire*, vol. ii. chap. ii.

* Cicero de Oratore, ii. 15.

of partiality or diſaffection; the order of time is accurately preſerved, and the deſcription of remarkable places frequently inſerted; the author gives his judgment, openly, on the counſels of kings and generals; he relates the circumſtances of every memorable act; and ſhews both the cauſes and conſequences of every important event: with regard to the perſons, he deſcribes the lives and characters not only of the ſultans, but of all the eminent men who bore a conſiderable ſhare in the great tranſactions of the nation: and he dreſſes the whole piece in an eaſy, natural, and flowing ſtyle, without affecting any merit, but that of clearneſs; except where, for the ſake of variety, he drops a few flowery expreſſions in the Oriental manner. To which may be added, (a qualification that *Cicero* ſeems to have omitted in the paſſage juſt referred to,) that he has made his work extremely agreeable, and has infuſed into it that exquiſite charm*, ſo neceſſary in all finiſhed compoſitions, which makes the

* Φίλτρον καὶ ἴυγγα, as the *Greeks* called it.

reader leave it unwillingly, and return to it with eagerneſs. It is almoſt needleſs to ſay, after this juſt encomium, that CANTEMIR's *hiſtory* renders the compilations of *Knolles* and *Rycaut* entirely uſeleſs; though both of thoſe works are well written, and the former even elegantly for the age in which the author lived: yet I muſt do them the juſtice to acknowledge, that I have borrowed ſeveral hints from them, though I could not make any poſitive aſſertion upon their authority, as they were both ignorant of the *Turkiſh* language; and ſince a very ſenſible writer * obſerves even of *Plutarch*, that though he was ſuppoſed to have reſided in *Rome* near forty years at different times, yet he ſeems never to have acquired a ſufficient ſkill in the *Roman* language to qualify himſelf for the compiler of a *Roman* hiſtory, the ſame objection may certainly be made to the two hiſtorians above mentioned, one of whom ſpent moſt of his time in a college, and the other, though he reſided many years in

* Middleton, in the preface to his Life of Cicero.

Turkey, was forced to converſe with the *Turks* by the help of an interpreter.

The letters of a lady, famed for her wit and fine taſte, are in every body's hands; and are highly eſtimable, not only for the purity of the ſtyle, and the livelineſs of the ſentiments, but for the curious picture they give of the *Turkiſh* manners in the preſent age, and particularly of the women of rank at *Conſtantinople*, whoſe apartments could not be acceſſible to acommon traveller.

The author of *Obſervations on the Government and Manners of the Turks* had, from his reſidence in their metropolis, and the diſtinguiſhed part that he bore in it, an opportunity of inſpecting their cuſtoms, and forming a juſt idea of their character. It is a ſingular pleaſure to me to find many of my ſentiments confirmed by the authority of ſo judicious a writer; nor do I deſpair, if this eſſay ſhould fall into his hands, of giving him a more favourable opinion of the *Turkiſh* language, which he ſuppoſes to be *formed of the very dregs of the* Perſian *and* Arabian *tongues*; and

a higher notion of the *Perſian* poetry, which, he obſerves, it is almoſt impoſſible, as far as he can find, for the beſt tranſlator to convert even into common ſenſe*.

But the lateſt, and, perhaps, the moſt curious publication on the ſubject of the *Turks*, was, *A Treatiſe on Tactics*, written in *Turkiſh*, in the year 1731, and tranſlated two years ago by a foreign nobleman, who added to it *a very ſenſible preface, and learned notes.* It was the object of this little work to recommend to the *Othman* court the military diſcipline of the *Chriſtians*, and to diſplay the advantage of that artful diſpoſition of their troops, by which the timorous and ſuſpected men are put under a neceſſity of fighting, even againſt their will; a diſpoſition, which *Hannibal*, and other great maſters in the art of war, have followed with ſucceſs, and which, if we believe *Homer*, was even as ancient as the ſiege of *Troy:*

The horse and chariots to the front assign'd;
The foot, the strength of war, he rang'd behind;

* Second Edit. p. 38.

The middle space, suspected troops supply,
Enclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly.
POPE's *Iliad*, iv. 342.

The whole treatiſe is entertaining and inſtructive; and though it is very imperfect, and often erroneous where the *Chriſtians* are mentioned, yet it ſupplied me with many important lights, in my enquiry concerning *the cauſes of the greatneſs and decline of the* Turkiſh *empire*.

Theſe are the principal works in the languages of *Europe*, that have fallen into my hands, on the ſame ſubject with the following *Eſſay*; and, though I have borrowed very freely from them all, yet by making this general acknowledgment of my obligations to them, I obviate, I think, any objection that can be made on that head, and cannot juſtly be reputed a plagiary, if to the paſſages taken from others, I add a ſeries of remarks peculiar to myſelf. I very ſoon deſiſted from my ſearch after the other books on the Turkiſh affairs, in the *French* and *Italian* languages; for, after having run over a great number of them, I found them to contain little more than the ſame facts, which are related more ele-

gantly by the above-mentioned authors, with the addition of ſome idle fables and impertinent projects. As to the *Greek* writers of the *Byzantine* hiſtory, who have given us an account of the *Turks*, it was the leſs neceſſary to examine them with attention, as *Knolles* ſeems to have reduced them to their quinteſſence; and indeed, the generality of thoſe hiſtorians were more attentive to the harmony of their periods, and the beauty of their expreſſions, than either to the truth of the facts which they related, or to the ſolidity of the remarks deduced from them. They were no longer thoſe excellent *Greeks*, whoſe works remain to this age, as a perfect example of the nobleſt ſentiments delivered in the pureſt ſtyle: they ſeemed to think, that fine writing conſiſted in a florid exuberance of words, and that, if they pleaſed the ear, they were ſure to ſatisfy the heart: they even knowingly corrupted the *Aſiatic* names, to give them a more agreeable ſound*, by which they have led their ſuc-

* Thus they changed *Togrul Beg* into *Tangrolipix*, and *Azzo'ddin* † into *Azatines*.

† عزّ الدين the ſtrength of religion.

ceſſors into a number of ridiculous errors, and have given their hiſtories the air of a romance.

Before I proceed to the books, which the *Turks* themſelves have written on their own affairs, it will be neceſſary to make a digreſſion on their *literature* in general, leſt the opinion which moſt men entertain of the *Turkiſh ignorance*, ſhould induce ſome of them to ſuſpect the authority of theſe works, or even to doubt of their exiſtence.

It is a ridiculous notion, then, which prevails among us, that *ignorance is a principle of the Mohammedan religion*, and that the *Koran* inſtructs the *Turks* not to be inſtructed. I have heard many ſenſible men inveighing againſt the mean policy of *Mohammed*, who they ſay commanded his followers to be ignorant, leſt they ſhould one day or other learn that he had impoſed upon them. There is not a ſhadow of truth in this: *Mohammed* not only permitted but adviſed his people to apply themſelves to learning. He ſays expreſsly in his ſtrange book, where there are many fine ideas mixed with a heap of rubbiſh, *that*

the man who has knowledge for his portion, has received a valuable gift; and among his ſayings, which were preſerved by his intimate friends, and are now conſidered as authentic, there are ſeveral which recommend learning in the ſtrongeſt terms; as, *the ink of the learned and the blood of martyrs are of equal value in heaven,* and *learning is permitted to all believers both male and female:* not to mention that precept of his, which is well known, *Seek learning, though it were in* China.

There would be no end of quoting all the ſtriking expreſſions of this ſingular man, and the ableſt profeſſors of his religion, in praiſe of knowledge and letters; indeed we all know, no modern nation was ever more addicted to learning of every kind than the *Arabians*; they cultivated ſome branches of ſcience with great ſucceſs, and brought their language to a high degree of clearneſs and preciſion; a proof that they had not only men of taſte, but even many philoſophers among them; for, that language will always be moſt clear and preciſe, in which moſt works of real philoſophy

have been written. We are willing alſo to allow, that the *Perſians* have been a polite and ingenious people, which they could not have been without a ſufficient culture of their talents. They lay for a long time aſtoniſhed and ſtupified at the rapid progreſs of the *Mohammedan* arms; but when they began to revive, and had embraced the religion of their conquerors, they followed their natural bent, and applied themſelves with great eagerneſs to the improvement of their language; which was by that time grown very rich by its mixture with the *Arabic*. We are no leſs candid to the *Indians*, whom we know to have been a wiſe and inventive nation; we read with pleaſure their fables of *Pilpai*; we adopt their numerical characters; we divert and ſtrengthen our minds with their game of *Cheſs*; and of late years, we have condeſcended to look into their writings; but by a ſtrange degree of obſtinacy, we perſiſt in conſidering the *Turks* as rude, ſavage, and not only unacquainted with the advantages of learning, but even its avowed perſecutors.

This prejudice, abſurd as it may ſeem, is of very ancient growth; it was firſt brought into *Europe* at that memorable period, when letters began to revive in the weſt; and has continued to this day without any diminution. It was the faſhion in that age to look upon every perſon as barbarous, who did not ſtudy the philoſophy of the old Academy; and becauſe the *Turks* had driven the *Greeks* from their country, it was immediately concluded that they perſecuted even *the language and learning of that nation.*

It is certain, indeed, that the *Turks* were for many years wholly addicted to arms; but when they had ſecured their conqueſts in *Aſia*, and eſpecially when they were ſettled at *Conſtantinople*, they began to cultivate every ſpecies of literature; and their ſultans often ſet them the example. At that time, they were ſo ſenſible of the high poliſh which learning gives to the manners of every nation, that they reflected with diſdain on their ancient rudeneſs; and one of the beſt poets, quoted by *M. d'Herbelot*, ſays, *although the rude diſ-*

poſition of the Turks *ſeemed to be a diſorder that had no remedy, yet when they diſperſed the clouds of ignorance with the ſtudy of polite letters, many of them became a light to the world**. But here we muſt be underſtood to ſpeak merely of poetry, rhetoric, moral philoſophy, hiſtory, and the leſs abſtruſe parts of knowledge; for we muſt confeſs, and the *Aſiatics* confeſs themſelves, that they are far inferior to the natives of *Europe* in every branch of pure and mixed mathematics, as well as in the

* In Turkish,

ترکلک طبعي گرچه اوده
بر مرض در که پوقدر انه علاج*
لیک علمله ظلمت جهلی
محو ایدوب اولدیلر جهانه سراج*

But this opinion is contradicted by a satirist, who asserts that, if a *Turk* excelled in every branch of science, and were the ablest scholar of his age, yet a certain rudeness would ever adhere to his disposition.

فرید روزگار اولسه فنون علمیله بر ترک
اشکلب ذرّه چه اولمز مزاجندن اتک رایل

arts of painting and ſculpture, which their religion forbids them to cultivate: a very abſurd piece of ſuperſtition! which the *Perſians* and *Indians* wiſely neglected, as they knew that their legiſlator prohibited the imitation of viſible objects to the *Arabs* of his age, leſt they ſhould relapſe into their recent folly of adoring images; and that when the reaſon of the law entirely ceaſes, the law itſelf ought alſo to ceaſe. They begin, however, to imitate our ſtudies; and they would undoubtedly have made a conſiderable progreſs in the ſciences, if the preſs at *Conſtantinople* had not failed upon the death of *Ibrahim*, an officer of the Porte, and, what was more ſingular, a very learned and able printer, whoſe place has not yet been ſupplied. This enterpriſing *Turk*, who had learned *Latin* by his own induſtry, and was no contemptible writer in his native language, founded a ſet of *Arabic* types, and printed, under the protection of the court, ſeveral pieces of Oriental hiſtory, ſome treatiſes of geography with maps, and an eſſay of his own upon the military diſcipline of the *Euro-*

*peans**; but none of his countrymen have continued his project; becauſe it is impoſſible to underſtand the claſſical writings of the *Turks* without more than a moderate knowledge of *Perſian* and *Arabic*, to which none can pretend, who have not made thoſe languages their particular ſtudy for many years; and this is no doubt the reaſon, why there are fewer men of letters among the *Turks* than among us; for though an intimate acquaintance with the *Greek* and *Roman* authors is neceſſary to ſupport the character of a ſcholar, yet a very ſlight tincture of the ancient languages is ſufficient for a popular writer, and ſcarcely any is requiſite for a ſuperficial reader.

The *Mohammedans* in general are paſſionately fond of hiſtory, and not leſs ſo of that miſcellaneous kind of learning which the *Greeks* called πολυμάθεια, or a general knowledge of a vaſt variety of ſubjects.† The

* See a catalogue of the books printed by *Ibrahim*, at the end of this diſcourſe.

† This kind of learning was called *varia eruditio* by the *Romans*, among whom *Varro* was the moſt eminent for it. The moſt curious and entertaining works of this

Turks have more hiſtorical pieces in their language, than moſt *European* nations; and we may judge of their erudition by the large work compoſed in the ſeventeenth century by *Câtibzádeh*, which contains an accurate account of all the books that had been written till his time in *Turkiſh*, *Arabic*, and *Perſian*.*

Theſe works are very imperfectly known in *Europe*; for though *Donado*, a ſenator of *Venice*, and ambaſſador from that ſtate to the

nature are, *the Banquet of Athenæus*, *the Nights of Aulus Gellius*, and *the Chiliads of Tzetzes*; but the *Arabians* were fonder of this *various erudition* than any people whatever. This ſpecies of writing begins to grow contemptible among us, ſince nothing can be more trifling than to transcribe our common-place book; and nothing more easy than to quote a multitude of authors in the margin.

* The title of this book is كشف الظنون *Cashfo'zonûn*, or *the Diſcovery of Opinions*; but it might juſtly be intitled, افوار الافلاك في اظهار علم الاعراب والاعجام والاتراك or, *A comprehenſive View of the Learning of the Arabs, Perſians, and Turks.*—*M. d'Herbelot* has inſerted the beſt part of this work in his *Bibliothéque Orientale*.

Porte, publiſhed a ſhort eſſay in *Italian* on the *literature of the Turks*; yet he knew little or nothing of their language, and took all his accounts of their books from an interpreter, who led him into ſeveral miſtakes.

The golden age of the *Turkiſh* learning, was the reign of *Soliman* the Second, or *The Legiſlator*, in the ſixteenth century: and indeed the moſt ſhining period in the hiſtory of any nation muſt certainly be that, in which the example of the ſovereign gives the nobles a turn for letters, and in which a reputation for knowledge opens a way to riches and honour.

Ali Chelebi, who wrote a very celebrated book of morality, was appointed *Molla*, or eccleſiaſtical judge of *Adrianople*, and had he lived, would have been raiſed to the dignity of Mufti, or ſupreme interpreter of the law. He had ſpent ſeveral years in compoſing an elaborate paraphraſe of *Pilpai's Fables*, in which, however, he was a cloſe imitator of an excellent *Perſian* author, named *Caſhefi*. His work, which he intitled *Homaiûn Nâmeh*,

contains fourteen ſections in proſe and verſe, and a very elegant introduction, and an entertaining preface. I may juſtly aſſert, that it compriſes all the beauties of the *Turkiſh* language; but it is ſo mixed with *Perſian* and *Arabic* phraſes, that a *Turk* of no education would not be able to read a page of it. A beautiful copy of this book is preſerved in the *Britiſh Muſeum*, among the manuſcripts of Sir *Hans Sloane**: and it would be highly uſeful to any perſon, who had acceſs to that collection, and wiſhed to learn *Turkiſh*; eſpecially as part of it has been tranſlated into *French*, and part very elegantly into *Spaniſh*, by the help of which tranſlations he might purſue his ſtudy with incredible eaſe, provided that he had a moderate knowledge of *Arabic*, which may truly be called the baſis and groundwork of Eaſtern learning.

This is the principal ſyſtem of *Ethics* among

* No. 3586. In the same collection, No. 5456, is a very agreeable romance, intitled, *the Life of Abu Sina*, by *Hassan*, preceptor to *Morad* the Third. Both these books, as well as the rest, which follow, are often cited by *Meninski*.

the *Turks*, if we except, perhaps, a moral work *on the duties of man*, intitled, *Icsîri devlet*, which ſeems alſo to be written in a very poliſhed ſtyle. The *Tales of the Forty Viſirs*, compoſed by a preceptor of *Morad* the Second, are amuſing and ingenious; but as they are not remarkable for any beauty of language, they do not deſerve to be mentioned as a claſſical work; ſince an elegance of diction, as well as a loftineſs of ſentiment, are neceſſary to conſtitute a fine piece of writing.

The nobleſt hiſtorical work in the *Turkiſh* language was compoſed by *Saadeddîn*, who was Mufti of *Conſtantinople* in the reign of *Morad* the Third. It contains the hiſtory of the *Othmans*, from the founder of that family to *Selim* I. This elegant work has been tranſlated into *Italian* by a very able interpreter of the *Eaſtern* languages; and the excellent prince *Cantemir* has inſerted the ſubſtance of it in his hiſtory of the *Turks*.

There are a great number of other hiſtories in *Turkiſh*, ſome of the whole *Othman* family, and ſome only of diſtinct reigns; as Solimám

Nâmeh, the *Life of Soliman*; Selím Nâmeh, *the Life of Selim*; and many more, which are highly eſteemed by the *Turks* themſelves: yet it muſt be confeſſed, that the ſtyle of theſe writers, and principally of *Saadeddín*, by no means anſwers to our ideas of the ſimple and graceful diction, the kind of writing which *Cicero* commends, *diffuſed, expanded, and flowing with a natural ſmoothneſs*; on the contrary, moſt of their figures are ſo extravagant, and many of their expreſſions ſo ridiculouſly bombaſt, that an *European* muſt have a very ſingular taſte, who can read them either with pleaſure or patience*: but ſuch is the genius of the nation; and we can no more wonder, that their rules of compoſition are different from ours, than that they build their palaces of wood, and ſit on ſofas inſtead of chairs.

* Thus a *Turkish* historian, instead of saying that a prince was just and pious, tells us that the footstool of his sovereignty was decked with the ornament of piety, and the throne of his dignity embellished with the rich mantle of justice;—Rutbeti khilafetleri zineti tekwa ileh arásteh, we seriri seltanetleri hilyei maadilet ileh pirásteh; the two members of which sentence end like a poetical couplet, with similar sounds.

The *Byzantine* hiſtorians cannot be ſo eaſily excuſed; they had the fineſt models of compoſition before them, which they neglected: but the *Turks* cannot be condemned for departing from a ſtandard of taſte, of which they were wholly ignorant.

It is by no means true, however, that the *Aſiatic* hiſtories are no more than chronicles, and contain no ſenſible remarks on the conduct of princes, whom they conſider, we are told, as ſomething more than mortal; there are, indeed, many dull compilations in the languages of *Aſia*, as well as in thoſe of *Europe*; but the moſt approved hiſtorians of the Eaſt interſperſe their narratives with excellent maxims, and boldly interpoſe their judgment on the counſels of miniſters, and the actions of monarchs, unleſs when they ſpeak of very recent events, and living characters, on which occaſions they are more circumſpect: and probably *Saadeddîn* continued his hiſtory no lower than the reign of *Selim*, that he might not be reſtrained in his reflections by any fear of giving offence.

I have not yet been fortunate enough to meet with the valuable work of *Ali Efendi*, containing the hiſtory of the lives of *Mohammed II. Bayazid II. Selim*, and *Solimán*, of which Prince *Cantemir* gives ſo high an encomium; "*This book*, (ſays he,) *which is extremely ſcarce, contains every quality of an excellent hiſtory; a noble ſimplicity of ſtyle, a warm love of truth, and an abhorrence of flattery.—I am indebted to this author*, (continues the Prince,) *for many ſtriking paſſages in my own piece.*"

The *Turks* have alſo many treatiſes on their *government*, *laws*, and *military inſtitutions*, which, if they were tranſlated into ſome *European* language, would throw a wonderful light on the manners of this extraordinary nation, and preſent us with a full view of their real character.

One of the moſt curious manuſcripts that I have ſeen in the *Turkiſh* language, is a very long roll of ſilky paper*, containing, as it were, a map of the *Aſiatic* hiſtory from the earlieſt times to *Selim the Second*: the names

* Bodl. Marsh. 196.

of all the patriarchs, prophets, kings, ſultans, and califs, who at any time flouriſhed in *Aſia*, are ſet down in a genealogical order, in which the chronology alſo is carefully obſerved; and a ſummary account of their lives and actions is added to moſt of them. The writer of it is more explicit with regard to the *Othman* family. I took care to compare his remarks with my other materials. The whole work is beautifully tranſcribed; and the name of *Mohammed* in particular, is adorned with a garland of tulips and carnations, painted in the brighteſt colours.

In the ſame collection with the preceding work*, is *An Hiſtory of the Othmans*, from the founder of that race, to *Bayazid the Second:* it is finely preſerved, and written in an eaſy ſtyle. The prefatory chapter contains a juſt encomium of the firſt *Turkiſh* ſultans, whoſe eminent abilities were a principal cauſe of the greatneſs of their empire.

There is another work among *Golius's* ma-

* No. 313. Most of the manuscripts in this valuable collection of *Marsh*, belonged to the very learned *Golius*, who has written notes in the margins with a black pencil.

nuſcripts *, which has been extremely uſeful to me. It is a regiſter of all the officers of ſtate, the ſervants of the court, and the *Turkiſh* forces, both by land and ſea, with the daily and yearly expences of ſupporting them, as they were eſtabliſhed in the reign of *Ahmed the Firſt*, at the opening of the laſt century: the ſecond part contains an enumeration of all the *Othman* ſubjects in *Europe* and *Aſia*, who hold their eſtates by a military tenure; with the exact number of ſoldiers that each province and diſtrict can produce. As this regiſter was copied from an original in the imperial treaſury, there can be no doubt of its authenticity. But the beſt *modern hiſtories of the Turks* are thoſe printed by *Ibrahim*, in the middle of the preſent century, which, together with ſeveral other fruits of that printer's induſtry, were brought from *Conſtantinople*, by a late excellent ambaſſador, and pre-

* *Marsh.* 454. *Golius* has written the following title to this book: Imperii Osmanici† Canon, continens quæ et quibus stipendia soluta fuerint, imperante AHMEDE: unde patet quæ sit imperii illius potentia, TURCICE, ex autographo imperiali descriptum.

† In Turkish قانون

ſented to the *Royal Society*, in whoſe library they are preſerved.

The moſt agreeable of them is called by the florid title of *Gulſheni Kholafa**, or *the*

* In Turkish گلشن خلفا

The author of this fine work was نظمي افندي زاده

Nazmi Zada Efendi, who ſeems to have been in high favour with the *Ulema*, or *Lawyers* and *Eccleſiaſtics* of his age. The *Mufti*, and the two *Chief Juſtices* of *Aſia* and *Europe*, wrote the moſt profuſe encomiums of it, which are prefixed to the book. That of the *Mufti* has ſomething ſo ridiculouſly bombaſt in it, that the reader will perhaps be pleaſed to ſee it literally tranſlated, as it will give him an idea of the flowery ſtyle of the *Aſiatics*:—

بو مجلد شريف و مجموع لطيف مزكر و قايع
سابقه وباعث حوادث لاحقه او لوب بنابيح
عبارا تندن جريان ايدن زلال معاني ومسارح
تعبيرا تندن سرپر آورده اولان ازهار مباني مجاهدان
دين وددولتك آب رويي ومرابطان جهاد اند يشه
نك كل خوشبويي اولمغله لايق انظار ذوي
الاعتبار وسزاوار مطالعهٔ اولي الابطار اولمشدر*

Roſe-garden of the Califs, and compriſes, in a thin volume in folio, a very elegant hiſtory of the *Turkiſh* nation, from the Califs of the houſe of *Abbas*, one of whom imprudently eſtabliſhed a militia of young *Turks*, to the year of CHRIST 1717, when *Ahmed the Second* ſat on the *Othman* throne.

The next is *an Hiſtory of the Turkiſh Empire*, from the year 1591, by *Naïma**; it is printed in two large volumes, and the continuation of it by *Raſhed Efendi*† fills two more; the fifth volume was added by another hand, and brings it down to 1728, two years before the rebellion, and the depoſition of Sultan *Ahmed*. This excellent work contains

As this noble volume and elegant compilation records paſt events, and lays open the cauſes of ſucceeding tranſactions; the pure ſtream of ſenſe, that flows from the ſprings of its expreſſions, and the flowers of perſpicuity, that ariſe from the borders of its rhetoric, together with the ſplendour of thoſe chiefs, who fought for the faith and the empire, and the fragrant roſes of the fame of thoſe valiant heroes, are worthy of the attention of all intelligent men, and deſerve the inſpection of the diſcerning reader.

* In Turkiſh نعيما † راشد افندي

a narrative of all the memorable events that happened in the dominions of the Sultan, *for a period of above an hundred and thirty years*; the embaſſies from all foreign powers, among whom the *Engliſh* are mentioned with regard; the reigns of eleven *Othman* emperors, from the death of *Morád III.* to the laſt great ſedition at *Conſtantinople*; the lives and characters of the moſt eminent viſiers, and learned men, who flouriſhed in thoſe reigns; together with a view of the affairs of *Aſia*, and even of *Europe*, according to the notion that the *Turks* have of them; which may ſerve to ſhow how far their intelligence reaches, and in what light they conſider the genius, manners, and influence of the *Chriſtian world*; we muſt not be diſguſted at their falſe and abſurd opinions concerning us; ſince the leſs they know of our counſels and intereſts, and even the leſs reſpect they have for us, the greater advantage we ſhall obtain in our tranſactions with them; and the leſs they are appriſed of our real force, the fewer proviſions will they have made againſt it, whenever we ſhall chuſe to exert it.

For my part, I cannot help thinking, that a juſter notion of the government, laws, and policy of the *Turks*, may be formed by an attentive peruſal of *Naïma's Hiſtory*, than can be acquired from all the relations of our *European* travellers; and that a ſingle volume of it, accurately tranſlated, would be more uſeful to us, than the vaſt collections of *Rycaut* and *Knolles*, to which, however, I readily allow the praiſe that they deſerve.

It may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that having drawn my materials from theſe plentiful ſources, I mean to preſent the public with a *complete hiſtory of the Turks*; but I reflected, that among the numerous events which muſt be recorded in the *general hiſtory* of any nation, there are very few which ſeem capable of yielding either pleaſure or inſtruction to a judicious reader, who deſires to be acquainted with paſt tranſactions, not becauſe they have happened, but becauſe he hopes to derive from them ſome uſeful leſſon, for the conduct of his life. It ſeemed, therefore, more reſpectful to the public, and it was far more agreeable to

my own inclination, to trace out, in the form of an eſſay, the great *outlines only* of the *Turkiſh hiſtory*, leaving all its minuter parts to be coloured by ſome abler pencil, and perhaps the moſt intereſting of them to be filled up by my rough crayon, as ſome future occaſion, or greater leiſure may invite me. Whatever then be the fate of my performance, I have a claim in one inſtance to the indulgence of my reader, by having ſpared him the trouble of running over all the *idle fables*, and even the *dull truths*, with which my originals abound, and which I have ſuppreſſed in great number; ſince both of them are, in my opinion, highly diſgraceful to an hiſtorical piece, in which *nothing ſhould be written that is fabulous, nor any thing, how true ſoever it may be, but what deſerves to be read**.

As to the nature of my piece, though I have intitled it *an Eſſay on the Hiſtory of the Turks*; yet, from the age of *Elizabeth* to the preſent century, *the hiſtory of our Trade to the Levant*

* Three pages of the original are here omitted, as it appears by a manuſcript note, that it was intended to alter them.

is interwoven with it, and a few hints are reſpectfully offered for its improvement; an object of the higheſt importance to the whole nation. The part which relates to *the Cauſes of the riſe and decline of the Turkiſh Empire* was written after the model of *M. de Monteſquieu's Conſiderations on the greatneſs of the Romans*; nor am I under any apprehenſion of being cenſured for imitating ſo excellent a pattern, to which I may juſtly apply the words of *Cicero*:—"*Demoſthenem imitemur. O Dii boni! quid ergo nos aliud agimus, aut quid aliud optamus? at non aſſequimur.*"

APPENDIX.

THE following pages contain ſome compoſitions of Sir William Jones, which have not been printed. The *firſt*, a litttle Eſſay on the Grecian Orators, was written at the Univerſity, and exhibits an elegant ſpecimen of his early talents in the compoſition of Latin; more of the ſame kind might be added, but the curioſity of the reader on this ſubject, may be gratified by a reference to the ſixth volume of Sir William Jones's Works. The reader will obſerve the connection between the Eſſay now preſented to him, and the quotation which concludes the *Preliminary Diſcourſe* in the preceding page.

The *ſecond* is an Italian compoſition, written by Sir William Jones when he was ſtudying that language; and I rely upon the judg-

ment of a native of Italy, who has pronounced it claſſical and elegant. The *third* exhibits a curious ſpecimen of the *form* and *meaſure* of a Perſian Ode of Jami, and on this account it is inſerted. The *fourth*, a ſong from the Perſian, is in the *meaſure* of the original, and will not be thought deficient in beauty. The remaining compoſitions require no particular obſervation.

For want of a fitter opportunity, I here tranſcribe from the writing of Sir William Jones, the following lines:

Bahman (a native of Yezd, and follower of the doctrines of Zoroaſter) repeated this morning four glorious and pious verſes, which ought to be engraven on every heart:—

VERSES.

Make the worship of the Great Giver habitual.
Reflect maturely on the day of thy departure.
Fear God, and do no wrong to man.
This is the way to salvation, and this is enough.

No. I.

DE GRÆCIS ORATORIBUS.

Cùm id potiſſimùm dicendi ſtudioſis adoleſcentibus præcipi ſoleat, ut unum è ſummis oratoribus deligant, quem totâ mente, tanquam pictores, intueantur, et quem labore maximo imitentur; cùm verò ſtudioſo cuivis perdifficile ſit oratorem deligere, cui ſimilis eſſe aut velit aut debeat, viſum eſt mihi pauca de Græcis oratoribus differere, interque eos præcipuè de DEMOSTHENE, quem nemo eſt, opinor, qui non imitari cupiat, nemo qui eximias ejus virtutes imitando ſe aſſequi poſſe confidat; ſed *prima appetenti*, ut pulchrè ait Cicero, honeſtum eſt in *ſecundis* vel tertiis conſiſtere.

De oratoribus autem, qui *Athenis* floruerunt, tractaturus, vereor ut *Lyſiam* et *Iſocratem*, in eorum numero poſſim reponere, quos magis *politè ſcribendi*, quàm *diſertè dicendi*, palmam conſecutos eſſe puto, magis *elegantiæ* laude fuiſſe inſignes, quàm eloquentiæ gloriâ. Is enim, qui ſive pudore, ſive imbecillitate de-

territus, in arma nunquam prodeat, sed in ludo solùm oratiunculas scriptitet, utcunque eæ subtiles sint atque eruditæ, *scriptor* quidem venustus ac diligens dici potest, sed quomodo *orator* appellandus sit non video.

Alii tamen complures, quorum orationes ad nos pervenerunt, non in pompâ et gymnasio, sed in ipsâ acie habitæ, *eloquentes* verè nominantur; inter quos, acumine *Dinarchus* præstitisse videtur, vi ac lepore *Demades*, gravitate *Lycurgus*, sonitu *Æschines* et splendore dictionis; sed hæ dicendi virtutes in *Demosthene* uno omnes reperiuntur; gravis idem fuit ac subtilis, vim habuit paritèr et splendorem; nec lepos sanè illi defuit, licèt plerique alitèr sentiant, sed elatus, minax, et sui proprius.

Illum igitur unicuique vestrûm, qui legum et eloquentiæ studio incenditur, propono, quem in primis miremini, quem imitemini summo studio, cujus orationes non perlegatis solùm, sed patrio sermone reddatis, sed memoritèr recitetis; ea vos exercitatio diligentèr continuata, tales et verborum oratores, et ac-

tores rerum efficiet, qualis apud *Athenienses*, præter ipsum DEMOSTHENEM nemo fuit.

No. II.

TERZETTI.

Già rosseggiava intorno all' orizzonte
Dolce color d'oriental rubini,
E innanzi al biondo padre di Fetonte
Spargea l'Aurora rose e gelsomini:
Cantando a gara amorosetti lai
Sen gian di ramo in ramo gli augellini,
Quando presso al ruscel così cantai:
" Ahi, Ninfa mia ritrosa e vezzosetta,
La prima ond'io m'accesi e m'infiammai,
Quando ti vidi pria sopra l'erbetta,
Pien di viole e di ligustri il grembo,
Tessendo un' amorosa ghirlandetta,
Sedevi, oimè! setto un soave nembo
Di rose, e la tua mano alabastrina
Sostenea di tua gonna il ricco lembo,
E sulla mano era la guancia inchina,
Qual fior che pende sul nativo stelo,
Che imbianca, o gelo o pioggia cristallina.
Scendesti allor cred' io dal terzo cielo
Per ingannar gl' incauti e rozzi petti;
O la sorella del gran Dio di Delo,
O colei fosti che ne' boschi eletti
Di Cipro e Pafo per Adon sospira.
Dacchè mirai tuoi risi leggiadretti,
Rauco era il suon di canna e flauto e lira
Nè piacque più l'usata compagnia.
Or ogni pastorella che mi mira
Si burla della mia malinconia;
Chè fra romiti monti, e sopra il sasso
Sempre sfogando vo' l'ambascia mia;

Ed erro, non so dove passo passo,
Piangendo sì, che da sua stanza nera
Eco risponde a' miei singulti: Ahi lasso!
Ah, se mai mi darà la donna altera
Soavi baci, o quel che più desio,
Allor allor con voce lusinghiera
Canterò lietamente il fausto Dio
D'amore: Amor risponderanno i colli:
Vedranno i vezzi nostri, e'l gaudio mio
I cespugli fioriti e gli antri molli.

IMITATIONS.

Line 2. Dolce color, &c.
Dolce color, d'orientàl zaffiro
Che s'accoglieva nel sereno aspetto
Dell' aer puro. Dante, Par. c. 1.
Line 5. Cantando a gara, &c.
Odi quel rusignolo
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando; Io amo, io amo. Tasso Am.at.i.S.1.
Line 13. Sedevi oimè, &c.
Da' be' rami scendea
Dolce nella memoria,
Una pioggia di fior sopra'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea
Umile in tanta gloria
Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo;
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
Qual su le treccie bionde
Ch'oro forbito e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle:
Qual si posava in terra, e qual su l'onde;

Qual con un vago errore
Girando, parea dir; "qui regna Amore."
Pet. par. 1. Can. 14.*

Line 35. Soavi baci, &c.

Ella mi seque
Dar promettendo a chi m'insegna a lei
O dolci baci, o cosa altra più cara.
Tasso Am. Prologo.

* Sir William Jones has given a beautiful translation of this passage of Petrarch. See Works, vol. x. p. 258.

No. III.

An ODE of JAMI,

In the Persian *form* and *measure*.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes!
Sweet news of my *delight* he brings;
News, that the rose will soon approach
the tuneful bird of *night*, he brings.
Soon will a thousand parted souls
be led, his captives, through the sky,
Since tidings, which in every heart
must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
Late near my charmer's flowing robe
he pass'd, and kiss'd the fragrant hem;
Thence, odour to the rose bud's veil,
and jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.
Painful is absence, and that pain
to some base rival oft is ow'd;
Thou know'st, dear maid! when to thine ear
false tales, contriv'd in *spite*, he brings
Why should I trace love's mazy path,
since destiny my bliss forbids?
Black destiny! my lot is woe,
to me no ray of *light* he brings.
In vain, a friend his mind disturbs,
in vain a childish trouble gives,
When sage physician to the couch,
of heartsick love-lorn *wight*, he brings.
A roving stranger in thy town
no guidance can sad Jami find,
'Till this his name, and rambling lay
to thine all-piercing *sight* he brings.

No. IV.

A SONG, from the PERSIAN, paraphrased in the measure of the original.

1.

SWEET as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

2.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills;
And when the Moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on the breast thou wearest.

3.

Where could those peerless flowrets blow?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

4.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

5.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses, and soul beguiling.

6.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his blest idol styling.

Lady Jones having been exposed to some danger in an evening walk over the plains of Plassey, Sir William almost immediately wrote the following stanzas:

No. V.

PLASSEY-PLAIN*,

A BALLAD, addressed to Lady JONES, by her Husband.

Aug. 3, 1784.

'Tis not of Jâfer, nor of Clive,
On Plassey's glorious field I sing;
'Tis of the best good girl alive,
Which most will deem a prettier thing.

The Sun, in gaudy palanqueen,
Curtain'd with purple, fring'd with gold,
Firing no more heav'n's vault serene,
Retir'd to sup with Ganges old.

When Anna, to her bard long dear,
(Who lov'd not Anna on the banks
Of Elwy swift, or Testa clear?)
Tripp'd thro' the palm grove's verdant ranks.

Where thou, blood-thirsty *Subahdár*,
Was wont thy kindred beasts to chase,
Till Britain's vengeful hounds of war,
Chas'd thee to that well-destin'd place.

She knew what monsters rang'd the brake,
Stain'd like thyself with human gore,
The hooded, and the necklac'd snake,
The tiger huge, and tusked boar.

To worth, and innocence approv'd,
E'en monsters of the brake are friends;

* It can scarcely be necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader the victory gained by Lord Clive, over Seraj'uddoula, Subahdár or Viceroy of Bengal, on Plassey Plain.

Thus o'er the plain at ease she mov'd:—
Who fears offence that ne'er offends?

Wild perroquets first silence broke,
Eager of dangers near to prate;
But they in English never spoke,
And she began her moors * of late.

Next, patient dromedaries stalk'd,
And wish'd her speech to understand;
But Arabic, was all they talk'd;—
Oh, had her Arab been at hand!

A serpent dire, of size minute,
With necklace brown, and freckled side,
Then hasten'd from her path to shoot,
And o'er the narrow causey glide.

Three elephants, to warn her, call,
But they no western tongue could speak
Tho' once, at Philobiblian stall,
Fame says, a brother jabber'd Greek.

Superfluous was their friendly zeal;
For what has conscious truth to fear?
Fierce boars her pow'rful influence feel,
Mad buffaloes, or furious deer.

E'en tigers, never aw'd before,
And panting for so rare a food,
She dauntless heard around her roar,
While they the jackals vile pursued.

No wonder since, on Elfin Land,
Prais'd in sweet verse by bards adept,
A lion vast was known to stand,
Fair virtue's guard, while UNA slept.

* A common expression for the Hindustanee, or vernacular language of India.

Yet oh! had ONE her perils known,
(Tho' all the lions in all space
Made her security their own)
He ne'er had found a resting place.

No. VI.

On seeing Miss * * * ride by him, without knowing her.
Cardigan, August 14, 1780.

So lightly glanc'd she o'er the lawn,
So lightly through the vale,
That not more swiftly bounds the fawn,
In Sidon's palmy dale.

Full well her bright-hair'd courser knew,
How sweet a charge he bore,
And proudly shook the tassels blue,
That on his neck he wore.

Her vest, with liveliest tincture glow'd,
That Summer-blossoms wear,
And wanton down her shoulders flow'd,
Her hyacinthine hair.

Zephyr in play had loos'd the string,
And with it laughing flown,
Diffusing from his dewy wing,
A fragrance not his own.

Her shape was like the slender pine,
With vernal buds array'd,
O heav'n! what rapture would be mine,
To slumber in its shade.

Her cheeks—one rose had *Strephon* seen,
But dazzled with the sight,
At distance view'd her nymph-like mien,
And *fainted with delight.*

He thought *Diana* from the chace,
  Was hastening to her bow'r;
For more than mortal seem'd a face,
  Of such resistless pow'r.

Actæon's fatal change he fear'd,
  And trembled at the breeze;
High antlers had his fancy rear'd,
  And quiv'ring sunk his knees.

He well might err—that morn confess'd,
  The queen with silver beam,
Shone forth, and *Sylvia* thus address'd,
  By Tivy's azure stream:

"Let us this day our robes exchange;
  "Bind on my waxing moon;
"Then through yon woods at pleasure range,
  "And shun the sultry noon.

"Whilst I at Cardigan prepare
  "Gay stores of silk and lace,
"Like thine, will seem my flowing hair,
  "Like thine, my heav'nly grace.

"My brother Phœbus lost his heart
  "When first he view'd thy charms,
"And would this day, with dang'rous art,
  "Allure thee to his arms.

"But Cynthia, friend to virgins fair,
  "Thy steps will ever guide,
"Protect thee from th' enchanting snare,
  "And o'er thy heart preside.

"In vain his wiles he shall essay,
  "And touch his golden lyre;

" Then to the skies shall wing his way,
" With pale, yet raging fire.

" Should he with lies traduce the fair,
" And boast how oft he kiss'd her,
" The gods shall laugh while I declare,
" He flirted with his sister."

No. VII.

Au FIRMAMENT.

" Would I were yon blue field above,
(Said Plato, warbling am'rous lays)
" That with ten thousand eyes of love,
" On thee for ever I might gaze."

My purer love the wish disclaims,
For were I, like Tiresias, blind,
Still should I glow with heavenly flames,
And gaze with rapture on thy mind.

No. VIII.

SONG.

Wake, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
Can ye, idlers, sleep so long?
Quickly this dull silence break;
Burst enraptur'd into song:
Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,
No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not, that Winter drear
Still delays your promis'd tale,
That no blossoms yet appear,
Save the snow-drop in the dale:

Tell me not the woods are bare;—
Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillocks, view the meads:
All are verdant, all are gay;
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health, and Youth, and blooming May.
When she smiles, fresh roses blow;
Where she treads, fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagley, hail!
Fear no more the chilling air:
Can your beauties ever fail?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom.

Amongſt the manuſcript papers of Sir William Jones, written in Bengal, I find the delineation of the plan of a Tragedy on the ſtory of SOHRAB, a Perſian hero, who acts a ſhort, but conſpicuous part in the heroic poem of Ferdûſi, the Homer of Perſia. The ſtory in the original, is in ſubſtance as follows:

RUSTUM, the hero of Oriental Romance, was married to *Tahmina*, the daughter of the king of *Summungan*, a city on the confines of Tartary. He left her in a ſtate of pregnancy, giving her a bracelet, which, in the event of

the birth of a child, ſhe was to bind on its arm. She was delivered of a *ſon*. *Tahmina*, apprehenſive that *Ruſtum* would deprive her of him, informed him, that ſhe had a daughter, and *Ruſtum* entertained no ſuſpicion of the deceit. *Sohrâb* inherited the heroic ſpirit of his father, whom when he grew up he was moſt anxious to ſee, and when he had attained the age of puberty, he formed a plan for attacking KAOÕS, the king of Perſia, in the declared intention of depriving him of his crown, and placing it on the head of *Ruſtum*.

AFRASIAB, the ſovereign of Tartary, who was appriſed of the parentage of *Sohrâb*, eagerly ſeconded the views of the youth, as a long hereditary enmity had ſubſiſted between the two monarchs of Perſia and Tartary. He accordingly offered to furniſh *Sohrâb* with an army, ſending with it, at the ſame time, two generals, on whom he relied, with ſecret inſtructions to prevent the diſcovery of *Ruſtum* by *Sohrâb*, and to endeavour to bring them to ſingle combat, hoping that the youthful vigour of *Sohrâb* would overcome *Ruſtum*, and pave

the way to the conqueſt of Perſia. After the death of *Ruſtum*, he propoſed to deſtroy *Sohrâb* by treachery. This inſidious ſcheme ſucceeded in part. *Sohrâb*, with the Tartarian army invaded Perſia, and was oppoſed by the Perſian troops, whom he defeated in ſeveral engagements. The anxious endeavours of *Sohrâb* to diſcover his father, were fruſtrated by the falſehood and treachery of the generals of *Afraſiab*, and the two heroes met in battle without knowing each other, although *Sohrâb* ſuſpected his antagoniſt to be *Ruſtum*, and even mentioned his ſuſpicion to him, which *Ruſtum* denied. The two warriors engaged in ſingle combat three times; on the ſecond day, *Sohrâb* had the advantage, and *Ruſtum* ſaved his life by artifice; on the third, the ſtrength and ſkill of *Ruſtum* prevailed, and he ſeized the opportunity by plunging his dagger in the breaſt of his ſon, who, before he expired, diſcovered himſelf to his father, and was recognized by him. The diſtreſs of *Sohrâb*, the affliction of *Ruſtum*, increaſed to agony by the ſight of the bracelelet, which he

had preſented to *Tahmina*, on the arm of *Sohrâb*, and afterwards exaſperated to madneſs by the refuſal of KAOOS, to ſupply him with a remedy which he poſſeſſed of infallible efficacy, and the inconſolable anguiſh of *Tahmina* on learning the death of her ſon, are deſcribed by *Ferduſi*, with great beauty and pathos; and the whole ſtory forms one of the moſt affecting and poetical incidents in the Shahnameh.

I wiſh it were in my power to gratify the reader with a tranſlation of it, but I want both time and abilities for the taſk. I ſhall, however, venture to preſent him with the verſion of a few lines, which *Ferduſi* puts into the mouth of *Sohrâb*, immediately after he had received the fatal wound, deſcribing the mode in which the two heroes diſcovered each other; the paſſage in the original at leaſt) is neither deficient in merit nor intereſt.

To find a father only known by name,
Wretch that I am, I sought the field of fame.
Vain hope! thy hand has seal'd a mother's woes;
On the cold sod, my head must now repose.
Yet, hero! deem not unreveng'd I bleed,
Paternal vengeance marks thy ruthless deed.
No! couldst thou quit this earth, and viewless trace,
On airy pinions borne, the realms of space,

Or like a fish, the ocean's depths pervade;
Or like the night, involve thy form in shade,
My sire, pursuing, shall revenge my death.
"What sire?" the victor cries with fault'ring breath;
"Rustum!" (the youth rejoins) "*Tahmina* fair,
My spotless mother, nam'd me *Rustum*'s heir."

The plan of the propoſed Tragedy, appears to have been frequently reviſed and corrected; the buſineſs of each act is detailed, but after all, it is too imperfect for publication. From the introduction of a chorus of Perſian Sages or Magi, it may be inferred, that Sir William Jones propoſed writing it, after the model of the Greek tragedy, and he certainly intended to obſerve a ſtrict adherence to the coſtume of the age and country, in which the events of his Tragedy were ſuppoſed to have occurred.

The following Epode, is the only part of the compoſition ſufficiently complete for the reader's peruſal.

EPODE.

What power, beyond all pow'rs elate,
Sustains this universal frame?
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Etherial space, or subtile flame;

No; 'tis one vast eternal mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name.
He forms, pervades, directs the whole;
Not like the macrocosm's imag'd soul,
But provident of endless good,
By ways nor seen, nor understood,
Which e'en his angels vainly might explore.
High, their highest thoughts above,
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,
Wrought in his heav'nly essence, blaze and soar.
Mortals, who his glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him adore.

I annex a *fac-ſimile* of the writ ing ofSir William Jones, and I cloſe the volume with ſome lines on his death, written by her Grace the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, and inſerted at the particular requeſt of Lady Jones.

On the Death of Sir WILLIAM JONES.

Teignmouth, 1795.

Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius fram'd,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Diſtinguiſh'd him, whom kindred ſages nam'd,
"The most enlighten'd of the ſons of men."*

Upright through life, as in his death reſign'd,
His actions ſpoke a pure and ardent breaſt;
Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
His friends rever'd him, and his country bleſs'd.

* Dr. Johnson.

Admir'd and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won;
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And Science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
Who, while the sage they honour'd, lov'd the friend.

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

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